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HURRYING YEARS

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THESE HURRYING YEARS

AN HISTORICAL OUTLINE

1900–1933

GERALD HEARD

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To

C. W.

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THESE
HURRYING YEARS

INTRODUCTION

> The whole of this (our) tradition is warped by the vicious assumption that each generation will substantially live amid the conditions governing the lives of its fathers and will transmit those conditions to mould with equal force the lives of its children. We are living in the first period of human history for which this assumption is false.
>
> Dr. A. N. Whitehead: *Adventures in Ideas.*

The above passage explains why this review of the last thirty years has been made. This our generation is unique. Beside its strange experience, the experience of all other generations is commonplace. Many exciting events befell many of them. Some lived through periods of great achievement : others saw the social order they had thought eternal fail and collapse. But none saw events move so fast that a man in his one lifetime lived through several epochs. However fast events moved, at least several generations were included in one epoch. However deeply their social circumstances were shaken, still the main part of their beliefs remained apparently unshaken. The government and the priest might go. The assumptions as to the nature of man and the world seemed immovable.

Ours is the first generation to find this age-long process reversed ; to find our fundamental ideas of man and the universe changing, growing old and dying, more rapidly than do our brief bodies. From the palaeolithic period, when it took three hundred generations to change the style of chipping a flint axe-head, to the Victorian era is, in this respect, one age — and ours is another. For

not only have we seen all our fundamental ideas, conceptions and assumptions begin to move away like clouds when we thought they were eternal rock, but ours is the first age to realise that circumstances will never again settle down and set hard. We see that there is no unmoving foundation, no absolute datum line underlying everything, and no probing can now ever hope to find it. All the ages before us imagined that the outer universe was firm ; on it was reared the social and moral structure, and the fluctuations of our short lives might be measured, ranged and assessed against that eternal canon.

In short, ours is the first age to suspect how much not only the obvious social order but the apparent natural order are made by ourselves and change because of changes in ourselves. Past ages made assumptions about unchanging outer nature because they did not know their inner nature. That inner nature moved so slowly that they assumed that the reflection of the outer world which it gave was reality itself.

This discovery, that everything is changing so fast and can be changed so radically, is painful. We are frightened when we discover how shapeless and ductile circumstances really are. We do not wish to realise how much that we have taken to be ' the forces of outer nature,' ' inevitable conditions ' and ' the hard logic of events ' is nothing of the sort. We shrink from the huge additional responsibility in understanding and action that such a change of view entails. For if not only our social system but even the outer world is not ' a mass of inescapable hard facts ' but a construction which we have made out of selected experience, then we can-

not put the blame on the facts, as all other generations believed they honestly could.

We cannot say how largely we may remake the world if we have the will. The fact that the human will matters so much is far from welcome. We are used to depending for our justification on external, unchanging codes, and for our excuse on external, unchanging nature. To find both justification and excuse melting away gives most people a sense of insecurity which amounts to moral vertigo.

That, then, is the second reason for making a review of the last thirty years. The first reason is that we are really in a new age, and one that moves so fast that we in our generation live through as many events as did a whole epoch of generations in the past. That is what may be called the historian's reason. The second reason is the sociologist's reason — that we are refusing to recognise this fact. We have not woken up to what has happened to us ; we are fighting against waking up, and yet if we do not wake up we may suffer disaster.

For there can be no doubt that new powers unbelievable to our grandparents are daily being put into our hands in ever greater number and of greater capacity, and if we will not realise that they are new powers, if we go on thinking in terms of the past, we shall shatter the present and cause the future to miscarry. Because we have new powers and new creative freedom we can damage ourselves and our future as no other age could even imagine.

This is a familiar warning, and the conservative reply to it is 'Alarmist.' Quite possibly that reply is sound enough if it is directed against the present popular warn-

ing — of the peril under which our material civilisation lies because of our new physical powers. Excess of new physical power and means in the hands of men aiming only at the old ends is only a brief preliminary danger. The real risk is that advance in discovery does not stay still. It changes in quality as well as in quantity. Briefly, it is in new psychological knowledge that the supreme danger of civilisation now lies.

If we shall use our increasing psychological knowledge (through propaganda, mass-suggestion and the power to play upon the atavistic sides of men's natures) so as to reconstruct a past which is already dead, then we shall be tying ourselves to a corpse. If we fear responsibility and freedom so much that we will even use freedom and creativeness to re-create for ourselves fetters and prisons, then we shall go mad. For this attempt to use new powers and means to re-establish old ends is to set up a conflict in ourselves between two sides of our nature — the side that dares advance and the side that cowers back in retreat.

Such a conflict can only have one of two outcomes. The way the new powers work may rouse men in time to realise that they must find new ends worthy of such powers. If men are not roused to alter their ancient outlook, then the only alternative is the collapse of the social will under the strain of the internal conflict. Civilisation's power to continue is in peril not through physical assault but through the rapid spread of a social neurosis caused by conflict. 'Revolutions take place first in the mind.' That is a familiar saying. We have now further learnt that social decay and collapse also first take place in the mind. The Graeco-Roman world

collapsed through 'a failure of nerve.' The economic and political confusion that finally supervened was simply a final symptom of the failure of the will to sustain and persevere in the social order.

This essay, therefore, is not ordinary history but a current diagnosis, the journal of a contemporary of these events — a stop-press report of the greatest social earthquake which has ever shaken mankind. The intention is, behind the phenomenal convulsion to detect the profound psychological cause. As during an earthquake those involved are bound to be distracted by the trembling of their own houses and the surface destruction in their own street, so to-day the danger is that we are so shaken and dazed, or so set on trying to save our possessions from slipping into the cracks that open under our feet, that we may fail to realise how deep is the 'centre of the shock' that has overset us. When an immediate tremor dies down we hurry back into our homes and begin to restore everything. The duty of a seismologist is to tell the inhabitants of an earthquake zone from what depth the quake is spreading and whether after one shock the rock-tensions have been relieved or whether further and more violent shocks are to be expected.

The form this book takes is, then, dictated by such an estimate. The writer believes that all the outward shocks we have experienced, wars, revolutions, disconcerting discoveries, violent changes in values and ideals, are only symptoms of a vast 'subterranean adjustment' below the ordinary consciousness of the human mind. He believes that there is one consistent theme behind the chaos of modern events, and that if that theme is grasped,

then, and then only, can sense be made of what has happened, direction given to what is happening, and order and creative development given to what is to happen.

That theme is the increasing consciousness of the human mind, increasing consciousness of a new revolutionary knowledge of what outer nature actually is, what the mind's own nature is, and of the profound, mysterious relationship between them. In our generation that upheaval, slowly pursued for aeons before, has reached the threshold, the surface on which we usually live and which we assume to be the whole of being. It is now beginning to break through. We are seeing the first fine cracks that show where the earth is about to split open, the first trickle of the lava which is about to pour out of the molten depths.

Most people are fighting against facing that knowledge. They wish, therefore, to believe that the symptoms of it which force themselves on their attention — the chaos of social and political life to-day — are passing phases due to outer accident — to economic maladjustment, to social inequality, to national traditions. They will not, if they can help it, realise that these symptoms, like the preliminary earthquake tremors, are the first signs of an upheaval which must transform the whole landscape of their lives.

In this book, therefore, the Diary of those political, economic and social events which used to be supposed to make up history is treated frankly as a series of symptoms, a dust and debris screen behind which we have to detect those movements and heavings of deeper forces which fling the petty structures of our earlier making in ruins about us.

After the outward story of each decade there is therefore given a sketch of some of the main forces working behind and working through.

That, however, is not enough. If the above diagnosis is correct and a profound and suddenly accelerated change in human consciousness is the real cause of our generation's catastrophic changes, then even the Forces Behind are themselves in their turn only symptoms of this deeper force and its working. These varied Forces Behind are conscious attempts to adjust to a profound subconscious drive or Trend. The varied forces, because they are far freer and more sensitive than the official procedures and collisions, which are the subject of the Outward Scene, affect profoundly that outward scene. But they themselves are not the final cause. The revolutionary or the discoverer, though he appears the master of his times and seems to give the outer world his terms, is himself a piece, if a more sensitive piece, that is obeying the unseen undertow. The final cause is the subconscious urge which the revolutionary and the discoverer can only attempt to assuage or at most to interpret.

If, then, the Outward Scene can only be understood by some estimate of the unofficial enterprising Forces Behind, they in their turn can only be rendered comprehensible if we can estimate, however generally and vaguely, the tremendous unconscious underlying tide which provokes these varied reactions — social organisations, scientific discoveries, art practices and philosophic speculations.

To use once again the earthquake simile : the Outward Scene is the town actually rocking to ruin. The

Forces Behind are the seismic waves running up to the surface, across the countryside, raising tidal waves, making volcanoes erupt, splitting open the earth, sinking the coast-line and rolling the slopes into the valleys. The Trend is the earthquake centre itself, occurring at such a profound depth that we can only estimate its nature by calculations made from the wide area it affects and the varied derangement it causes. As with the earthquake centre so with the revolution in the Subconscious which we are enduring in this generation ; we can only know and define its nature by calculations based on its symptoms.

But if in the confusion we dare keep our heads, continue to take our readings and to correlate our estimates, determined through the local confusion to discover the general underlying process, though we may be gravely shaken, yet we may understand what is happening, and whether by us, or by those who will use our material, a new order ' according to Nature ' will be framed.

PART I

1900–1910

CHAPTER I

THE OUTWARD SCENE

As the Introduction has stated, it is the belief of the narrator that this generation is distinguished from all others by its growth in self-consciousness. Whether the story that fills the following pages will substantiate that belief or not, it is at least clear that here at the beginning, in 1900, a certain self-consciousness of the actors helps the historian. For it looks as though they were aware that a great century of change was over, and that the new century that succeeded it would be one of immense settlement — settling of accounts which had run ahead of reckonings, and settling of established institutions undermined by innumerable piecemeal changes.

The year 1900 is therefore not an arbitrary date to take as our 'bench mark' from which to measure our growth and calculate our rate of change. Men were jarred by their calendars into realising that a time was up, they must make decisions; and topical circumstances enforced the calendar.

Yet that part of the geographical world which took the first step into the new historical world was not running by our calendar's time-table. It was China which set the first world-visible mark on the new century. All through the nineteenth century the tension between the Mongol world and the world of Europe had been growing. China, as the main representative of that Mongol world, had been the first to become involved. The

Occidentals had with their shipping made the whole earth, with its pathway of oceans, one incessant roundabout. With their feverish trade activities, and their need to expand their markets for the goods which their inventions multiplied, they invaded the ports of China. Rapidly they proved that they were as efficient in war as in trade. China had to submit to trade dictation, to ceding ports, to making treaties, and to granting the detested and despised but irresistible foreigner the right (extra-territoriality) to be dealt with only by his own courts and not by the courts of the country on which he had forced himself. Her attempts to free herself from this humiliating position only exposed further her weakness, while the terms exacted by the conquerors, such as the Opium clauses, confirmed the Chinese, who were concerned for the welfare of their people, in the belief that the West was not only barbarous but wicked.

An organised revulsion of China against the invader was, however, delayed by divisions and conflicts among the yellow peoples themselves. China had given her culture to Japan. Japan was in this matter almost wholly imitative. But in the nineteenth century, when a new influence began to invade the Pacific, the imitativeness of Japan stood her in good stead ; while the pride of China in her originality betrayed the elder nation. For, when the Japanese realised that the American flotilla, though manned by creatures as uncultured as the Huns, was nevertheless a war machine more efficient than that of Genghis or Timur, they were willing to copy this atrocious achievement of intelligence just as thoroughly as they had copied the artistic and philosophic masterpieces of the Chinese. The imitator's

standard can seldom go beyond efficiency. He is generally incapable of thinking out for himself ultimate values and final purposes. In consequence, Japan had the reward of efficiency. Learning with a speed that astounded even Europe, and took China completely by surprise, within a generation of accepting the new technical teacher she had challenged China and, like a pigmy armed with an automatic against a giant with a blunderbuss, had won. Japan had done the Occident's work for it. China sank into a deeper helplessness. Faced with such facts, the extraordinary woman who was ruling China with the title of Dowager Empress — a woman more remarkable than Catherine of Russia or Elizabeth of England, for she had risen from being a concubine — decided on the same course which another reigning woman, Catharine de' Medici, had taken when she ruled a distracted country. She resolved to exterminate the alien element — to order, on an appointed day, all Europeans to be massacred. In doing this she had behind her the enthusiastic and violent popular movement called the Boxers — 'the Righteous Fists.' It is possible she had so to order as much for her own safety as for the satisfaction of her own hatred. The movement, however, largely miscarried — to the good fortune of China and to the lasting honour of some noble Chinese. When, in June 1900, the Imperial Rescript was sent out, some of the Mandarins secretly warned Europeans. At the cost of their own lives these heroic philosophers did their utmost to neutralise their mistress's short-sighted act, not because they could hope for anything but death for themselves, and certainly not because they could sympathise with the Western intrusion which had pro-

voked this reprisal, but because their Confucian philosophy dictated such behaviour.

The Occidental Powers (among whom is, of course, included the United States) imagined, however, that all their nationals had perished. Memorial services were held for those who were still alive and defending themselves in the fortified Legations. The prayers were misdirected, but probably did no harm. The punitive inter-European expedition unfortunately did not go astray, and did incalculable damage. Many Occidentals had been murdered, amongst them the German Minister. It was under the sense of this insult that the neurotic Emperor William, his mind as usual filled with muddled history, told the German contingent to behave like Huns. There is never any need to tell excited human beings to behave violently. The phrase, with the same degree of poetic justice with which it was used, stuck to the Germans and, as we shall see, was of incalculable value in that propaganda war which did so much to decide the war of 1914–1918. The acts of the united Occidental Expeditionary Force struck a blow at the prestige of the West from which it has not recovered. That they killed a great number of Chinese is not the gravamen of the charge against them. The tree of life in China has been so fruitful that life has never had its proper value there. The real deed of barbarism was the sack of the Peking Summer Palace ; not merely the looting of incomparable works of art which were the memorials and milestones on the superb processional way of Chinese culture, but the actual smashing to pieces by Western soldiers of carvings and records which were irreplaceable, a permanent loss to the world's loveliness, a destruction of part of

humanity's spiritual capital. The Occident had indeed shown itself to be civilisation's ancient enemy, the Hun — the armed animal which can smash creativeness, the devastator which makes a wilderness and calls it peace.

After this triumph an indemnity was also demanded. Here, however, reason began to return, and the extreme West showed an understanding which must have startled those in the East, who could still reflect. The United States resolved that her share of the indemnity should go to educate the Chinese. This significant fact shows the historian that in America, at least, a more generous and perhaps a simpler mentality did still believe that the West had something to give and not only to take from China.*

The United States was at this moment (July 1900) going through a crisis in her national life. The war with Spain had been as spectacularly successful as was the Japanese war with China. But too complete success (as we shall see in 1918) can be embarrassing. Spain's collapse left a vacuum, and the most awkward corner of that vacuum was in those large and inconveniently situated islands, the Philippines. The long tendril of the Japanese island empire, now full of a new sap, was already swinging down through the Pacific looking for holds. The great Western expansion of the Occidental peoples now gazed over that Pacific and saw on the other side not any further empty prairies, 'dawn lands for youth to reap,' but dream lands where empires slept — and stirred. The migrating races had made their circumnavigation of the world. The great seam, fault and

* Since then the English have also remitted the debt.

frontier of the world — the new century began to show — was not the Atlantic, not between the 'new' world and the 'old,' but the Pacific, between the Occident and the Orient, between the Caucasian and the Mongolian.

The races were not ready for the contact. The Nordic branch of the Caucasian race had, owing to a native restlessness and opportunities in its take-off, got the lead in this migration and dominated its moral standards. Interbreeding of the two races was assumed to be an outrage. The problem was not considered scientifically. No evidence was called. A principle was assumed to be involved. In the succeeding chapter we shall see how quickly Japan was preparing herself to make invaluable contributions to science. Since the Jesuits in the seventeenth century had written home from China, Western opinion had known that the Mongolian peoples had created arts, philosophies and ethics which were equal to any possessed by Europe. These facts went for nothing. The races, the Americans believed, must not mingle, and as they must not mingle they must be kept apart. The West, however, was not prepared to stand still, and now that Japan had caught the restlessness of the West, she too was growing in powers, in numbers and in expansionist ambitions. A race for the Pacific had begun. Spain falling out forced the United States on. Cuba had been the bone of contention, Cuba at the United States' heel. The Philippines were the *damnosa hereditas* of too easy success. They could not be left to the Japanese. Yet the United States was determined not to repeat the mistakes of Old World's entangled expansions. The Philippines should be held only until they could hold themselves. The conquest

was, however, as unpleasant as are most conquests by a more efficient force of 'irregular' resistance. Before the Philippines could be held they had done and received considerable damage. Still, the month before the Summer Palace was wrecked in Peking by Western troops, the United States Government decreed that the Philippines should cease to be under military rule, and the civil government, which was to lead to independence, was set up. Governor Taft, formerly military governor, in time to be President of the United States, became the civil chief.

This great problem of the Pacific, which bids fair to make the name of the greatest ocean as much of a misnomer historically as meteorologically, crystallised out a stage further when, on 1st January 1901, Australia was created a single Commonwealth. The marsupial continent of Australia, a world so unsuspected that beside it the New World of the Americas was culturally ancient, is the third confusing factor in the Pacific tension. Here, for the last time, the incessantly restless Nordic found the vacuum into which he assumed he could always and everywhere expand. The aborigines, even fewer and more alien than the red men of America, he easily drove off and nearly exterminated. Indeed he would have done so, as he did with the still more interesting part of that primitive stock in Tasmania, had not the mysterious continent checked Nordic expansion. In consequence of this, the emigrants from England really only succeeded in making an Empire of the Rim. Indeed it was less than even that, for it was almost wholly confined to the south and east sectors of that Rim. Northern Australia, the side which looked out on the

highly problematical Pacific basin, was and has remained practically uninhabited. Even after a generation of federalisation (1934), the Northern Territory, an area ten times that of England and Wales, only contains a population of some 5000 whites, while the rest of North Australia to west and east of this Territory adds little to that total. Yet to Australians it seemed as obviously right that they should reserve this vast area wholly for themselves as for a farmer to warn off trespassers from a fully cultivated field. From Perth on the extreme west round to Rockhampton on the far north-east a widely scattered series of coast towns grew up. These were connected by sea because the heart of the continent was desert, and subject to such conditions of drought and heat that it is yet to be proved that a race evolved like the Northern races, under conditions where cloud and damp are natural, can endure the climate. The transcontinental rail has been pushed through from east to west, but the nest of lakes, Torrens, Eyre, etc., have been proved to be salt sheets, not water, and the centre of the continent is probably drying up still further. Even more peculiar is the fact that over half the population was, and is, situated in the Big Five of these coastal towns.

Yet in 1901 the problems inherent in such an extraordinary situation had not become acute. Australians were helping England in the South African War against the Boer Republics. The British Empire was still something which London imagined it somehow owned. The English Fleet was for Australia's protection just as much as for London's. So this step, of joining up the five various settlements — Western and Southern Australia

(which ran to the north of the continent, illustrating vividly how little the centre and the north of the continent then came into practical politics), Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland — seemed a natural step in the hierarchy of Imperial ascent. The States made one Commonwealth, and the sum of Commonwealths should make the free democratic Empire.

There were, however, problems of Empire which refused to be solved by such simple addition. The simplest, but at the moment the most inflamed, of these was South Africa. There the war, which had started with an almost hysterical enthusiasm (an enthusiasm which culminated with the relief of the small shack town of Mafeking), as the second year of the century came on was getting a steadily poorer Press. It is worth noting that after the Mafeking outbreak the English never again in this generation have suffered from mass hysteria. It may be that they have passed through an emotional experience and have woken up in the soberer mood which the experience of reality engenders ; it may be that their youth of action and display is over, and they have come to look on their own heroics as we generally view the self-laudation of others — as something more than a little ridiculous and indecent ; it may be that they are becoming subject to that growing self-analysis which the development of consciousness must provoke. Certainly at the beginning of the century England was on the water-shed of Imperial expansion, and somewhere between Victoria's Diamond Jubilee of 1897 and the South African War the divide was crossed. The Empire had been 'acquired in a fit of absence of mind.' No one was quite sure of its use until Disraeli, with the love

of appearances which haunts the race which can always make money because it can always imagine and make others imagine that money is real wealth and power, saw its window-dressing possibilities. In South Africa the money-masters wanted out of the way the reactionary Boer-farmer Republics which were sitting on the two great Gold Reefs — the greatest source of gold the world has ever known — not to speak of unlimited diamonds. The English who came up from their two provinces, the Cape and Natal, were being used with unfriendly suspicion by the Boers. Trouble dating from the first colonising of the Cape, when the English followed the Dutch and thrust the Dutch north, was now coming to a head. It needed, however, a man half German in stock and wholly German in his educational outlook, Milner, to push things with un-English thoroughness to an ultimatum. Yet when direct action was decided, Arthur Balfour, Milner's superior in all but action, declared 'We shall muddle through.' Muddle the English did, and their muddle-headedness was such that they could not understand the unanimous hostility with which the world's Press and opinion regarded their attack on the Boers. During the war it is, however, apparent, as noted above, that they began to wake up and ask what they were up to. They were sobered, too, by the death of the ancient Queen. They felt that the old century had indeed vanished with this venerable landmark, and that changes, which could be postponed so long as that ancient symbol stood, must now be made.

The man who wanted the war, Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Minister (the name already has an antique ring), was, however, still in power. On the smart but

doubtful principle of getting a trustee to sign an order for you when he is not wholly sober, the Conservative Government had gone to the excited electorate and at the 'Khaki Election' obtained a majority. Chamberlain, a *novus homo* of great ambition, going through the familiar evolution that transforms this type from a radical to an autocrat, was still not in possession of Party or Government. He had to 'glorify his office' and make it the centre of the lightnings. The war had failed him. He was too much of a realist not to realise that. In 1901, exasperated at the Boers' resistance, which was doing for his career what Acre had done for Bonaparte's, he openly threatened he would 'use Prussian methods' on them if they would not yield. The remark is important not only because it illustrates the new type of man who was increasingly to influence English Conservatism, but because of the repercussions this undiplomatic language had in Europe. Von Bülow, just become (1900) the Emperor's Chancellor, a man almost as anxious to appear civilised as was Frederick of Prussia, protested angrily at such an imputation. A man of culture, rank and appearances, a lover of Italy and Machiavelli, he was scandalised and mortally offended at the English screw-maker's boorishness, and from that hour the relations of England and Germany became more difficult. The Kaiser's sympathetic telegram to President Kruger as far back as 1896 had stung the English. Now the Germans were stung. Chamberlain himself attempted to come to an understanding with Imperial Germany, but in vain. Even the strange offer to share Portugal's colonies made in 1898 by the cool Balfour had to be kept so quiet that it could appease no one, and the Permanent

Foreign Secretary Holstein, a paranoiac, decided that when England in 1901 refused to join the Triple Alliance she was 'the enemy' for which his diseased but tireless brain was always searching.

Yet, in spite of personal words and relations deciding so largely the fate of millions, the English Parliament was still looked upon as the ultimate form of government. It was, therefore, not only in England that changes in its procedure were watched with a sense of significance. When it met in September 1901 'closure' was 'greatly improved.' By this means the Opposition's power of obstructing business by simply continuing to talk — sense sometimes, but more often 'for Buncombe' — was checked. Freedom was ceded to efficiency, and Government gained another step whereby, under democratic forms, the Executive could proceed untrammelled by the Legislature. The old Debating Society was being politely shelved, and while preserving the form (as the English love), the exigencies of 'getting business done' removed the Commons' debate more and more to the same level as the Commons' prayers.

Almost at the same time democratic forms also sustained a shock in the other great Democracy, the United States, by a homicidal accident. President McKinley, a good Grand Old Party man, was assassinated, and Theodore Roosevelt, a man of inexhaustible activity and immense possibilities of popular appeal, was by that act automatically released from the Vice-Presidency in which, according to ancient American custom, the Party Bosses had, as they hoped, immured this all too strenuous liver of life. Very soon he was to show with his 'big stick' policy and his power of using slogans that here was a

man who would open a new chapter for Democracy, and that Peace and the People's Will need not be synonymous.

Peace, however, when reason and goodwill cannot achieve it, can fortunately sometimes come about of itself, like war, by popular instability, by exhaustion of the will to war. The South African War had petered out. No one wanted it to go on. An English King was about to be crowned and the dove of peace would be a convenient decoration in the pageantry. The Boer Republics yielded. The old Boer reactionaries were out of the way, the greatest, Oom Paul Kruger, the ex-President, an ancient exile. The young Europeanised Boers, Botha and Smuts, capable realists, knew that they could shape South Africa as they liked if only they could get a free hand. The peace signed on 31st May 1902 gave the promise of self-government, and if England honoured the pledge — as she might when the Conservatives should have given way to the Liberals, many of whom detested the war — then the Boer, by his numbers, in any democratic constitution would hold power, and the dual controllers, Botha and Smuts, by their skill, prestige and race, would rule South Africa.

Joseph Chamberlain, still the fierce old man of the reigning clan, swept out to South Africa after the war to see whether he had sustained a decisive defeat. Milner still governed for him, but it was clear that the whole Imperial destiny would gang aglee if the Conservatives 'went out.' Something must be done to save the Party and the Empire with one stroke. With Tariff Reform he believed he had found his weapon. The Colonies — now to be Dominions — should have Preferences for

their produce. Free Trade should cease. The Empire should draw together, and England should become 'Imperially minded.' Milner's scholarly Oxford young men, with whom he hoped to govern South Africa and make it a model of Imperialism, worked out details. The time for unconscious growth and expansion was over. The Empire must become more than an organism, more than an emotional racial confederation ; it must become a reciprocating engine. It should give England food, and England should give it machines and all manufactures. Yes, and England should give it her Fleet, and it should give England subsidies to that Imperial Fleet which England should build. It all looked as concrete as cement, worked out on paper with endless figures, diagrams and detail, but it was only a dream — a dream of German mechanical thoroughness quite alien to actual organic life and the way peoples and constitutions do in fact grow.

Chamberlain, however, returned assured that he could set history as he wished and that he would win. In South Africa he saw not only the Pyrrhic victory over the Boers. He saw the place where that dreamer of Imperial dreams which quite surpassed his Birmingham fancies had lived and worked. Cecil Rhodes was dead, but the Rhodesias which seemed to point to an All-Red (which then meant an All-English) Africa were plainly on the map. He went to Egypt. There, too, England was expanding. There, too, there might be a little trouble near the sea-board, but the immense assimilative power of the great sea-Kraken of Empire would swallow up Egypt proper as it had swallowed up the Boers. Milner in the South would be answered by

Cromer in the North : both men infinitely efficient, upright and strong in their faith in the British Empire. It seemed the will of Destiny that the Cape to Cairo Railway must go through. English power drew down from the North and up from the South, as in the typhoon the whirling wind-spout gyres downwards to the ocean and from the ocean the water-spout rears itself to meet it, until sky and sea are linked by a pillar of cloud. On the Great Lakes, named after Victoria and Albert, and one the source of the immemorial Nile itself, the union would take place.

And Africa, though a continent, was only a province of the Empire. Australia, another continent, would be another firmly bonded province. Canada would be yet another, and so reciprocally bound that instead of the United States drawing it as the larger body must the smaller, the United States herself would come within the orbit of this Super-Empire. Rhodes's dream of the English-speakers ruling the earth would thus become actual.

In spite of appearances, in spite of all the forces which seemed to be making for the success of a bold Imperialist policy, the great design was no more than a design ; the forces which really had the future in hand were set in an opposed direction. The Foreign policy of England attempted to clear the world-field for Chamberlain's immense effort. We have seen that Britain was, after all, at that stage and time (1902) only an Empire of the Rim, of the Coasts : only an expansion of the factory-trading-post Empire known since the Phoenicians. Not only was Australia a rim of cities stretched out along an immense coast-line. British

South Africa from Cape Town to Durban clung mainly to the littoral — the Boer had it in the rear ; and Canada, when the Arctic uninhabitable swamps were left out of the map and the populated belt was shown, it too was only a rim on the northern frontier of the swarming United States. Such an empire, scattered round the Seven Seas, could only be maintained even for a moment by predominant sea-power. Yet even in the Pacific there had sprung up, as it were in the night, another island empire which also had to maintain itself by its strength upon the seas. As we have seen, Japan's victory over China, five years before the century began, had allowed her to reach down as far south as Formosa and the Pescadore Islands. The English Foreign Secretary acted with that realism which years after he was to show in old age (1917). This time it brought him prestige at home, though astonishment in Europe and something more like dismay among the politically-minded in America. In January 1902 he made an alliance with Japan. Britain recognised that a new Power was come into the world, and a new Power which must be naval, and had proved she could be. She could be squared by courtesy and fair dealing. Across the ways of others lay her immediate path. England and she might share the Pacific ; she north, England and her family south of the Line. Set so far apart, the two naval island Powers had as a common anxiety the huge avalanche of Russia, ready to slide down either on to the Indian frontier or the Japanese coasts. Japan had tried to come to terms with the Tsardom. Now she turned to England, and a common suspicion, as usual in diplomacy, was taken as a basis for mutual trust.

The first stroke in the world of foreign affairs to make the Empire grow into a definite constitution had brilliantly been taken.

It was on the Home Front, on that part of the field which was commanded directly by the leader, Chamberlain himself, that the first and fatal check was sustained. The attempt to launch the Tariff Reform campaign, which was the essential step which England was to be made to take, met with opposition in every direction. The stolid Elder Statesman of immense prestige, such as the Duke of Devonshire, a man whom the country knew as a sportsman, proved as suspicious of fine talking as they all were by the fact that he had yawned in the middle of one of his own parliamentary speeches, a man, therefore, of probity and intuition, was solidly against Protection. Perhaps even more damaging was the Laodicean attitude of the Prime Minister himself, Arthur Balfour. He would neither come out nor clear out. He defined, refined, hesitated, qualified. No cause could win with such leadership. Naturally all the Liberals were against him, a phalanx now showing its weight as the differences which split it during the war disappeared and the challenge to Free Trade closed its ranks. The professional economists did not believe in Protection : the people in the country were afraid of attacks on food. The economists gave arguments to the Liberal spokesmen, especially to the incomparable demonstrator Asquith, who passed them on to huge audiences which were emotionally receptive, full of the wish to believe, and tired, in any case, of the old Government. Chamberlain was completely 'outgunned,' and though a Press which could be largely con-

trolled by interests to which Tariff Reform would have been a godsend (the Imperial Tobacco Trust was naturally one of the most generous supporters of the campaign for Protection) backed him heavily, it was clear that he was sailing into defeat.

This issue, however, is, as has been noted, far too large a one to be considered as a matter of domestic English politics. As when James II and William of Orange met on the small river in a corner of out-of-the-way Ireland, more was at stake than their crowns, the forces ranged across Europe fighting for the headship of Western Civilisation backed sides, so in Chamberlain's Tariff Reform was involved the fortunes of Imperialism and Nationalism, of economic domination and of philosophic Liberalism.

To see how the world tides were set against the success of a real British Empire, we must see how world polity had shaped in these decisive years. Europe itself was cracking. It was essential that Europe should stay still if England was to make actual her ring fence. The point of fissure in Europe was, everyone knew, where the Turkish Empire lay tumbling to pieces while, through the cracks, the long-imprisoned National forces broke out into a world which had gone on without them. France was quiescent. She had her huge African territories to develop and a Parisian-pleasure-loving King to flatter her. An arbitration treaty was signed between the two countries in 1903. Germany might be kept quiet. Was not the English King the Emperor's uncle, and an arbitration treaty was next year to be offered to her also, and was to be accepted. These treaties were not in reality war preventatives, but they

showed there was no immediate intention of hostilities. What could not be prevented, however, was the Turkish subsidence, and the collapse of that part of the European arch would of necessity shift the whole uneasy accumulation of Great Powers, whose pressure against each other made the Balance of Power.

Suddenly Servia, as the small state was then called, tumbled blood-red into the limelight. The King, Alexander, had been as unstable — he gave Constitutions and then tore them up ; indulgent — he married a lady of no reputation, raised her to the throne and let her meddle with politics ; and inept — he sought Austrian help against the passionate will of all Servians who could talk politics — as only a King can be. The reaction was frightful. On a June night in 1903 Army officers in a prearranged plot broke into the palace and murdered the man and his wife in a way which should have warned Europe what to expect from the Balkans. More shocking still, the regicides, who had performed this atrocity, nominated as their King Peter Karageorgevitch, who never, either by disowning them or by instituting a legal enquiry, troubled to dissipate the suspicion that he had been an accessory before the fact. Edward VII, who was probably well informed in this matter, refused to send any representatives to the homicidal Court. But the deed was done, and it was the consequences which concerned all Europe so gravely. For it meant that Servia was throwing off Austrian influence and looking across to Russia. The World War drew a long step nearer, and the dream of a British Empire serenely indifferent to an archaic Europe proportionately faded.

Russia, however, was by its sheer size to be drawn

temporarily away from Europe, and so a respite was granted. The British Empire could nevertheless gain little from this respite for two reasons. In the first place, by November of that year (1903) Roosevelt showed he intended to make the United States just as great a Power as England. He too would launch his country on a forward policy. We have seen how the Western expansion of the European peoples, especially of the Northern stocks, had led to the Pacific basin becoming the area from the eastern and western rims of which the Occident and the Orient Caucasian and Mongol now looked at each other. We have seen the sudden awakening of Japan. This awakening had been treated in two completely different ways by the two great branches of the Northern Europeans who were brought into political touch with this most imitative of the Mongolian peoples. The English had made an alliance which was now serving the purpose Japan had intended. The United States could not solve the difficulty in that way. Conventionally she was bound not to make such alliances : practically she could not. In the Philippines she was ' distinctly up against ' Japan's outpost, Formosa. If you cannot make an alliance you must prepare for what are euphemistically called eventualities. Roosevelt, who had no intention of drawing back the United States from her Imperial expansion, began to prepare : he began to cut the Panama Canal. This needed a great effort. Technically it was difficult enough. The isthmus was mountainous and volcanic. The French had been defeated by fever. To geological obstacles the mosquito raised an even greater obstacle. Roosevelt, however, was equipped to deal with that. Scientific

knowledge, mechanical and medical, would cut him his path. But man also stood in the way. Colombia owned Panama, and Colombia obstructed, for there is less love between Nordic America and Latin America than there is between Nordic and Latin Europe. Yet the Latin Americas hate each other almost as much as they detest the 'Gringo.' The province of Panama was easily discovered to be in revolt against the tyranny of Colombia. In November, with a little assistance from the United States, champion of liberty, Panama was free, and a new and grateful nation self-determined to cede to the United States the zone where the canal should run. The United States Fleet would now in a few years be able to swing from East to West as need called. The cutting of the canal showed that, humanly speaking, the smaller lake of the Atlantic was now to pour into the Pacific, and there the final conflict and mingling of the world-wide waves of racial expansion must be settled. The Pacific was not to be left to England and Japan to partition.

The second event which decided that the British Empire should never be a full political reality was owing to the consequences of Russia's distraction from Europe. Early in 1904 the Tsar had drifted into war with Japan. No one had expected Japan to win, but most onlookers thought that before she went under she would damage Russia, a consummation which any Power owning India cannot wholly dislike. Japan, however, won a series of spectacular victories, and though Britain might congratulate herself on being the victor's ally — though the most passive of allies — Japan's stature, now that she had defeated a Great Power, was doubled ; she herself

became a First-Class Power. Nor was that all : Russia herself was so shaken that it became doubtful whether she could keep her position in Europe. People began to suspect that, immense as she was, she might after all be largely hollow. If that were so, it might be even worse for the precious Balance of Power than if she were too strong. Since 1893 France and Russia had been allied. French savings kept the Tsardom solvent, while the Tsar's millions of moujiks were supposed to make up the balance of man-power, in which vital numbers France, owing to a saving peasantry, was always falling behind Germany. England was already drifting into a compromising friendship with France, who later on was to threaten her so effectively with having had dishonourable intentions that the English might just as well have accepted an alliance for all the freedom that their ambiguous position was to give them. If, then, Russia crumpled, good-bye to Imperial dreams : England once again would be simply one of a group of Continental allies. This year (1904), therefore, German relations were again tackled. Edward VII went to Kiel. The Anglo-German Arbitration Treaty already mentioned was exchanged, and yet the men actually trying to do the work knew that it was not done. The European situation was too shaky for anyone, least of all Germany, to know what she would do. Treaties to be effective must be made not when danger is approaching, but when it is past.

Nor was the Imperial Party managing to govern the Empire without great protest at home and abroad. In the new province of the Empire, South Africa, a bad psychological blunder had been made through the too

hasty wish of the Mining Interests now to get on with the exploitation of the Rand's mineral wealth. Chinese labour, indentured for three years and bound to live in compounds, was to help to run the mines. This move united humanitarians (who throughout the world hang like benevolent but embarrassing vultures to see where a Samaritan falls, and then to pounce in a swarm on his robbers), English Liberals (who wished for many motives to attack and discredit the Government), and, on the spot, the reactionary Boers (who objected, certainly not on humanitarian grounds, but because their country was being polluted by yellow raff). Chinese labour was to be one of the slogans with which the Imperialist Government was to be swept from power, British Imperialism put out of office for a decade, and all its high hopes made for ever dreams.

Meanwhile Russia staggered from bad to worse and blunders aggravated disasters. Beaten in the field, she ventured to attempt the converse of the supreme effort of Hannibal, who when he could not hold the sea marched round the Mediterranean by land and met Rome outside its own gates. Russia would send her Fleet right round from Reval and the Baltic, out into the Pacific. It was, we now see, a gesture almost pathetic in its futility. And the abject state of the Fleet's morale was shown when off the Dogger Bank on the night of 21st October the ships opened fire on a British fishing fleet, thinking they were Japanese destroyers. England almost went wild, but the scandal was hushed up, and when the news came, next spring, of the butchery which the Japanese Fleet inflicted at Tsushima, a certain pity for these victims was generally felt. The ruling classes

in Russia and all who were politically conscious realised the desperate state of the empire. In January of the New Year (1905) an enormous petitionary mass, partly organised, partly spontaneous, went through St. Petersburg to appeal to the Tsar for all those things — liberty, peace, a new constitution, bread, rights and justice — for which people ask when the order that has acted for them and used them shows that it is breaking down. Though advancing unarmed and many praying, they were driven back by military with considerable slaughter, and the day became known throughout the world as Red Sunday. The end of the old Imperial order in Russia was, however, not yet. Concessions were made, and a Duma, an assembly of representatives, was actually summoned. Some people thought Russia might now start on the familiar political evolution of other states and autocracy slowly yield to more widely based powers. The hope was vain, and, as we see, the tide of events was set against such a solution.

Peace with Japan also undoubtedly encouraged the Tsarist Ministers and perhaps the Tsar. Roosevelt, anxious to end the war and to heighten his own prestige, invited, during the summer of 1905, Russians and Japanese to send delegates to the United States as a neutral land where they could discuss the possibility of patching a peace. It was clear that both combatants had fought each other to the verge of exhaustion. Japan had cleared Russia from the Pacific and on land had won a series of resounding victories, but they had cost her nearly all her military resources. Round Port Arthur it was proved, at the terrible cost that generals require before they can be convinced of a fact not noted

in their training manuals, that an attacking force can make no headway against an entrenched position unless that position can first be stunned by intense bombardment. The great battle Liao-yang showed that a new sort of warfare was on the threshold. Its three characteristics were : (i) the immense extent of the battle-fronts, which rendered the commanders often ignorant as to what was actually happening ; (ii) the great increase in the power of the defensive against the offensive — even the repeating rifle, used with determination from trenches, made massed attack fatal and necessitated an open order of advance which contributed to the difficulties of command : at this victory the Japanese lost 23,000, while the Russians lost 19,000 ; (iii) the increasing dependence upon munitions — a fact that again favoured the defensive and penalised swift advance. These were, however, all 'base mechanic facts' which the military mind was unwilling to face though they concerned it so closely. Bainville, in his classic *Life of Napoleon,* has suggested that even at Leipzig the battle was too vast and got completely out of the hands even of the Emperor. Certainly the Japanese had no commander equal to him in military genius, and as certainly they were involved with arms and fronts more difficult to handle than any he faced and used. The other great battle of the Russo-Japanese War, that of Mukden, again illustrated these unwelcome facts — that war was getting too big for clear strategy, and that therefore it tended to collapse into war of position, trench-warfare, the stalemate of generalship, and (another fact making for the stalemate) that the offensive lost disproportionately to the defensive. Japan was therefore, in spite

of victories, as exhausted as Russia, and her resources, though more easily released, were slenderer. A peace was as necessary to the one as to the other. The only problem was how Japan was to face the world (and the Japanese Government its people), after such victories, without proportionate spoils. She gained barren pieces from the extreme territory of Russia's Pacific coasts, but she had to do without an indemnity. 'Not a kopek,' boasted the Russian Minister Witte, and it was a justifiable boast. The Japanese negotiators were in public disgrace, though their authorities knew that they had done all that could be done. It is now possible to see that when Russia promised to withdraw from Manchuria one of the greatest tides of Occidental expansion turned, and in the aeonic fluctuations of 'East' and 'West' the initiative was now passing to the 'East.' At the moment the rulers of Russia could congratulate themselves on having come out of an unexpected disaster unexpectedly well. Vocal opinion in Russia was relieved. The Tsar had granted a Duma, and his Ministers were free again to calculate how long it would be before these concessions might safely be withdrawn. They had great hopes that more successful foreign adventures, which the gigantic frontiers of the Russian Empire offered in so many diverse quarters of the world, might rehabilitate them and their master with that public opinion which always responds to Nationalist success however empty that success may be. There was Constantinople — not ripe to pick as yet, but a plum which must soon fall, and more probably into Russian hands than into any others. And there was always the series Persia, Afghanistan, India. India

had been since the beginning of the century under perhaps the oddest, most able and yet most 'impossible' Viceroy she had ever borne. In January 1899 young Curzon, as sure of his divine right as any Tsar or Stuart, but of great intellectual power, was sent out to rule. He made fast the frontiers toward Persia and Afghanistan. In 1904 he forced a mission even on Tibet and had a treaty, with Chinese assent, signed with that snow-bound theocracy of Lamas at Lhasa. He restored the ancient monuments and had explored the vast neglected field of Indian archaeology. A scholar, orator, administrator, man of letters, martinet, he advanced studies, reorganised the state, patronised culture, and alienated nearly everybody. He was at once the most cultivated and the most discourteous of men, an incomparable negotiator, yet crude beyond belief in personal relations. He stirred up opposition everywhere, but continued to thrust through his reforms, the one that awoke most protest being the attempted partition of Bengal. But this was not to cause his fall. In 1905 he met his match in rudeness. Kitchener, with greater prestige as the avenger of Gordon, the conqueror of the Sudan and the dispatcher of the long incompetent operations in South Africa, was holding the lesser Indian position of Commander-in-Chief. He was not a man to serve under a bully, however august that bully's position or however great his personal ability. When the clash came, Curzon found it was he who had to go, early in the second term his gifts had won him. He had few friends, and the Home Government decided against him. During the next few years dictatorial efficiency was followed by schemes for reform. Lord Morley, the

Liberal Secretary for India, determined to rule as he had ruled in Ireland, firmly but with an eye to future freedom. Whether this was a sterile compromise or a creative balance neither the history of Ireland nor that of India yet makes clear.

In England naturally also, Liberalism and the evolution of popular government seemed about to resume their course. The Imperialists had failed. At the election, when at last Balfour went out to what he had deferred so long (because he probably knew that return was impossible), the Liberals swept all before them. Balfour himself was deprived of his seat. Victory for the moment made the Liberals solid. Campbell-Bannerman inherited the great power of an undisputed majority. At once he acted as he said he would. He gave South Africa the self-government promised, and Imperialism was doomed. The effort had been too much for Chamberlain, and not long after he had a stroke. Balfour, put in for a safe seat in the City, led the diminished Party, and no doubt did not unduly miss so dynamic and so crude a lieutenant. The Liberals were not, however, to be allowed to build in the place of the vanished dream palace of Imperialism a series of small, comfortable, semi-detached national homes all over the world. Some of the forces that had shattered Imperialism were even more inimical to the Liberal dream. The main obstacle, as ever, was Europe itself. A Little Englander was *ipso facto* a Continental or hanger-on of the Continent. The time for 'splendid isolation,' every practical man knew, was past. England, living immensely on exports and imports, the very breath of her life a world-wide trade, must either have an Empire

that really sustained her, or alliances. The 'C.-B.' Liberals did not like to face this. The Imperialist Liberals, who had never been pro-Boer, and so had split the Party, were on the other hand quite willing to accept the fact. The support which Campbell-Bannerman might have had for a thorough Home policy was weakened by the appearance of a definite Labour Party of twenty-nine Members. These men were now Socialist, not Liberal.

Abroad, also, events were not standing still. The restlessness of Germany and her sense of inferiority were shown by her interference in Morocco. If the French claim to this Moorish Empire was not good, the German claim was certainly a little worse. Chancellor Bülow played his first cards, however, with tact. All he did was to get the Kaiser to sail to Morocco and there tell the Sultan that this state should always be independent. He said Germany wanted nothing herself, but merely to prevent wrong being done. The thing that really mattered was not the German statement : it was the reaction first of France and then of England. The *Matin* openly declared that England stood by France, evidently regardless of rights or wrongs, and though no Liberal Government could quite allow that, a Government which was really deeply divided on Foreign policy could not speak unambiguously. The pure Liberals did not enquire what the Foreign Secretary Grey, a Liberal Imperialist, was doing, and he saw no reason for hurting their feelings by telling them. The ominous thing was that the country, English public opinion, felt that Germany was pushing, violent, threatening, and sympathy shifted, like a ship's cargo in a storm, on to the

French side. The French, however, themselves pushed too hard. Their Foreign Minister, Delcassé, carried some of his Government with him in a wild belief that England was now secured and Germany could be struck. Fortunately he failed and fell. But England, frightened by Germany's intransigence on the sea, still let herself incline toward France. Henceforward English policy went with a bias, and the course tended to where, at last, Germany and England should find themselves across each other's bows. The French case no longer needed to be argued. The German needed the most patient clarity and caution. It was just this, as we now know, that it was not to get, for of the three men who had Germany's Foreign policy in their hands, the Emperor was a neurotic whose wish for display and theatrical renown would have embarrassed the most honest and pacific of Ministers ; while of this actual couple of Ministers, Bülow the Chancellor was an unprincipled and shifty man, who believed that all men are bluffing, and that you may always safely call their bluff, and Holstein the Permanent Secretary was an obsessionist whose unremitting labours were directed with an almost insane pertinacity to bring about war. As, however, the career of this fatally unbalanced man closes with the Algeciras Conference, held in the next spring (January-April 1906), this incident in the pre-war condition had better be noted here. A conference was convened at this place and time to settle the Moroccan problem. It decided — with Spain and Italy as 'neutrals' — against the German Powers, that France had 'priority' in Morocco. Germany had again lost at the diplomatic chess-tournament, and again fingered her gun nervously. It was all

a plot, she felt, to surround and crush her, and all who watched her drew together as they saw the paranoiac look in her face. Still, the price of the failure was exacted from the devoted and almost demented Holstein. He was dismissed, yet his spirit continued to inspire Germany, the spirit that first threatens because it believes all men are driven, as is itself, by fear, and then, on the threat being defied, believes all men are in a conspiracy to destroy it.

The practical result of all this ill-tempered and suspicious dealing was that the English War Office, controlled by a Scots Imperialist lawyer, of whom more must be said soon, got permission for its General Staff to concert strategic plans with the French General Staff that summer. We now see how such preparations against ' eventualities ' did their bit to provoke what they were ostensibly to prevent. Liberalism, however, thought that you could make complete preparations for a particular war and yet not bring that war any nearer. Surely the conscience, an organ supposed to be highly developed among Liberals, could at least have told them that no man is free at the moment of action. Then it is that what he has prepared fulfils itself.

The Liberal Party continued, however, to try and not think too much of what might happen abroad, and to get on with their Liberal aims. South Africa was free, that was something : and now they must deliver their Nonconformist allies at home who had been opposing the Church of the Conservative Party because in the name of education ratepayers were made to support Church schools. The House of Commons, of course, is not a body suited to discuss religion. Probably no

debating body is. The behaviour of the Church Fathers in Council strongly suggests that this is so. Certainly Parliament had Ecclesiastical Conciliar precedent for the animus and lack of charity, the heat and lack of light with which it debated how a child may be taught to apprehend the supreme mysteries of the universe and to behave in accord with the loftiest code of ethics known to the world, the central tenet of which is love. The final forced decision of the Commons was called 'simple Bible teaching' by its champions (as though anyone at that date who had studied the Bible could imagine that Bible teaching could be simple), and more briefly, wittily and memorably 'Birrelligion' by its opponents. It was really only important because the House of Lords threw it out, and so began to raise a hornet's nest of constitutional issues, a few of the more prominent of which were : Can a Liberal Party ever get any of its Bills through a Second Chamber ? Is the heredity principle really a possible way of picking efficient rulers ? Should Bishops of the Church of only part of the nation be able to help veto the wishes of a majority of the nation ?

Foreign affairs were at this moment, as doctors say of an unhealthy condition which yet does not merit immediate operation, sub-acute, and romance helped to make people think that everything was really well. The young King of Spain, clever heir to an uneasy seat, came to England and chose a Battenberg girl, who changed her religion and became another, but very different, Queen Victoria. That they were both nearly blown to pieces on their wedding day, since the plot miscarried, did good to his position. A man of courage, ability and

finesse — though in the end these did not save him from having 'to go on his travels' — he had a considerable reign in front of him during which he would preserve Spain as a European backwater, a survival, if not from the Middle Ages, of the Early Modern. As far, then, as the English were thinking of Foreign policy they were thinking of their English Queen of Spain, and Spain meant to them not modern complications but old-world romance, ease, high-born tradition, courteous inefficiency.

Some thinking, however, had to be done by the great English Liberal Party, not only on constitutional issues but on the horrid, illiberal possibility of war, so the War Office found its spokesman in 1907 in this extraordinary Scots lawyer, Haldane. He had always been a Liberal Imperalist, and only joined Campbell-Bannerman when he saw that the strange Rosebery, his natural leader, would, for obscure psychological reasons, never lead. Haldane was almost as German as Milner. Germany was, he once said quite truly, his spiritual home, a phrase for which he afterwards, when the war he prepared for came along, paid with political banishment. He went to the War Office and called the Staff round him, asked them to teach him, mastered and ordered what they could tell, prepared a scheme which as far as they could understand incorporated their wishes, and then went down to the House of Commons and read off the elaborate instrument to a House still less able to follow him. But War Office and Commons both felt that he knew his job and could both learn and teach, organise, inform and supply. As was proved when it was used, he made an Expeditionary Force for the Liberal Government far more effective than any Conservative

Government had ever had, or even attempted to have. He equipped the party of peace with a first-rate weapon of offence. The only trouble was that no one could imagine that he had done it. If you have troubled to put in your pocket an uncommonly effective automatic, it is a pity not to let people with whom you may have trouble know that it is there. A great deal is to be said — the most is to be said — for going among suspicious people with clean and open hands. But if you cannot abandon arms, then nothing is to be said for letting other armed people, against whom you are continually knocking in your struggles to get to the counter or the bar, imagine that you still only have a saloon pistol in your pocket when they have all changed theirs for automatics. How far Haldane realised what he was up to it is hard to say. He was a trained German metaphysician, and such a mind does not lightly say what it means. What is certain is, that the clear French mind continued to clear the decks for action, and at this time (1907) the French managed to persuade their old ally Russia and their new friend England to agree to spheres of influence where their interests clashed, so that their hands might be free to defend France. One more provision and the board was set. Russia and England were not to quarrel. The French and English Army Staffs were to plan in common. It only remained that the French and English Fleets should come to an arrangement, and this was done so that England should move her Fleet out of the Mediterranean into the Channel and North Sea. Was Germany being surrounded by enemies or was she making enemies all round ? It all depends whether you stood round in the ring or at the centre.

The Territorial system, which was the other side of Haldane's New Model, was to provide against invasion. There he was wrong. Modern war had — though no one knew it — made invading a country, unless your sea-route could be kept continually open, the certain path to a Sedan. A modern army without munitions, and a constant stream of them, is as much a danger as a snake with its poison bags cut out. Once England should lose the sea no invasion would be necessary. Without a man being lost, the Power that so held this island could in a fortnight obtain its unconditional surrender. Yet here again those who had the defence of the country in their hands were unwilling to realise that warfare had changed and the capacity of this country to maintain itself as an island Power was also gravely altered. This out-of-date point of view was illustrated by the refusal of leave to construct a tunnel under the Straits of Dover. It was feared that this would breach England's sea defence, when, as was to become clear in the War, the sea might easily become to our dense oversea-fed population not a defence but a stranglehold, when a land connection with an ally might have kept that noose from ever tightening round the nation's neck.

The new year (1908) had only reached its second month when assassination again insulted the old order. It was, however, less of an injury than an insult, for the death of the King of Portugal and his heir not only left the younger son Manoel to reign a little longer and so broke the shock to royal susceptibilities, but even the end of Monarchy in this furthest-out of the European kingdoms did not upset the jarring interests called, propitiatively, the Concert of Europe. Two months after

(April), there did occur a death which affected European policy, though it was of a commoner. Campbell-Bannerman died, and the leadership of the Government went to Asquith. Campbell-Bannerman was a sincere if not quite clear Little Englander, a man who repudiated Imperialist expansion and who believed if you treated nations as free equals you ought to be able to avoid war. Asquith had a clearer but less constructive, and so called a more realistic, mind. He did not like Imperialism : he could see through Chamberlainism as clearly as he could see beyond Little England. The trouble was that when he had seen through the dreams Little Englander or Imperialist might by their faith have made materialise, he himself saw nothing. He saw the foreground clear and hard — the future he saw as limpidly black as the night sky. 'The trouble about Asquith,' once said Arthur Balfour, himself a man who saw the immediate difficulties so clearly that he could not imagine that anyone could shape a future, 'the trouble with Asquith is that when he came to the top he was a tired man.' Yet it is more true to say, when we compare the critic and the criticised, that some men are born tired. If they are not the cynics of whom as Oscar Wilde said, 'They know the price of everything and the value of nothing,' they are their first cousins, the ultimate pessimists, who see with painful clearness the cost of purchase and are ignorant of anything of final worth which may be bought. The practical policies of such minds usually lead to war, though they do not like it. Balfour and Asquith both declared wars they had not been able to prevent. Neither had the vision to create conditions which might have turned the tide making for war into

other channels. They could play the parliamentary game better than their fellows, but they could not make new laws of politics. In consequence, as we shall see, both of them in turn had to yield control to men who, when collision had definitely come in place of orderly advance, did at least definitely believe in collision as the way through.

For the time being, however, Asquith advanced Liberalism along the course set for him by his seers. He passed the Old Age Pensions Act, an Act which definitely acknowledged national 'social solidarity.' Abroad also Liberalism did not seem a power without vision or future. On the contrary, something claiming its name broke out in, of all unexpected places, Turkey. Turkey, the dying, had been an unconscionable long time about it, largely because for a generation it had had as its sole ruler a man whom, because he awakes much of the humanitarian revulsion that Louis Onze excites, it is hard for our age to judge fairly. Abdul Hamid (1876–1909), given by one of our own more emphatic poets as constant epithet 'the Damned,' was neither a splendid nor a nice man. He was as nervous as a cat — it was said he himself shot dead one of his gardeners who moved too quickly, and so to his mind suspiciously, as the Sultan was pottering among the flower-beds — and as cruel as an ape.—A physical coward and a butcher does not get a fair hearing from any Northern people. When these charges are proved, his advocate may throw up his case. And yet Abdul was a remarkable man and, quite apart from the question whether he might have been worse, he did hold Turkey together for much longer than most people thought possible.

And his enemies were not merely among Unbelievers. Many Turks themselves, though they agreed with him that the only good Armenian was a dead Armenian, and so viewed his massacres much as English people view Rat Week, felt that he was an anachronism. Probably he knew much more about government than they. But young people educated and emancipated in Vienna and Paris felt that Turkey should come up to date and be efficient. It may still be wise to kill vermin like Armenians, but you should do it with Maxim guns, not with bayonets. Then you will show Europe you are the equal of any of these culture-proud nations. A few of the Younger Turks had even gone further and become infected not only with European efficiency but European sensibility. They wanted learning, hospitals, sanitation, schools, freedom to research and understand. Abdul, however, made no distinction between these creatures. They were all as bad as Giaours. It did not matter which of the European viruses had infected them, they were all diseased and should be cut off. Europe, however, was always on his back. Turkey had beyond hope lost the initiative. He was fighting a rear action, he knew. The Powers were always pressing down, and, like wedges with these weights behind them, Servia, Greece, Roumania and Bulgaria split ever more deeply his empire. He used all sorts of violence when he could — did not even the Christians so ? They assassinated, guerillaed, raided. He counter-atrocitied. It had gone on without stopping for more than four hundred years — a particularly dynamic form of the Balance of Power. With Allah's help it might go on for another four centuries. *Dis aliter visum.* The Young Turks were far

more serious and their efficiency was far more effective than the Caliphate fox had calculated. He saw he must throw them a sop. He, too, ceded a Constitution, then played off the conservative religion, of which he was conveniently head, against those obviously immoral innovators. Some were killed by the populace, who are always ready to avenge outraged orthodoxy, and Abdul rescinded the Constitution. He had entertained great hopes from Religion. It was true that the strange modern force of Nationalism was setting against him, but why should he not use the greater power of the Faith ? The Lutheran romantic William of Germany had recommended a religious Pan-Islamic movement to this queer, unpersonable, cynical Leader of the Faithful. It certainly was a good idea if it could be worked. You could dish your own Whigs and Radicals, upset the English in Egypt and India, and perhaps even crush for good your own turbulent subject peoples. The only difficulty about leading the Faithful is that you must have faith. That essential item had been overlooked, quite naturally, by the Lutheran talking Mohammedanism and the Sultan whose life had been guided by Faith's antinomy Fear.

So, though he did dissolve the Constitution, his victory was passing. In July 1908 suddenly the Young Turks — whom Europe seemed to have made irritatingly and un-Turkishly insistent — again appeared and the Constitution had to be restored. Then Abdul — as he himself realised — was more than damned, he was done, and this mysterious figure disappears from history. His disappearance, however, alarmed the Powers, who, we have seen, are likely to be thrown off their precarious Balance

just as easily by someone falling out accidentally as by someone falling on offensively. Austria had felt uneasy ever since Alexander of Servia's murder had severed her influence in that state in favour of Russia. Russia now seemed convalescent. If the Caliphate, which the Kaiser had tutored and patronised, was gone for good, who could say that Russia might not be invited into the Straits and become with a single gesture arbiter of the Balkans ? The Tsardom would recover its prestige : the German *Drang nach Osten* would be shut off for ever. Russia, it was clear, must attempt this, and it was equally clear Russia must be forestalled.

Hence the seizure by Austria of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina on 7th October 1908. A tremor went through Europe ; there were subterranean rumblings, but no open fissure appeared. Russia was not ready, and many onlookers thought that if Austria were allowed to take the two provinces she might be assuaged in her feelings against Servia. At that time it was yet to be taken for granted by England that Russia must always be favoured and the Central Powers discouraged. England still felt for a Balance in which she would not be sunk to the position of one of the counter-weights but remain as Rider on the Beam.

Restless expansionism was also calming down in another quarter. In 1908 Taft, the large, easy-going lawyer-governor, succeeded Roosevelt the dynamic. Roosevelt had obtained a second term after the part of a first term which he inherited from President McKinley on his assassination. Now, as he could not expect to get a third term, he put in Taft to act as his Chancellor or *locum tenens*. Undoubtedly, without the

active support given by his predecessor and the immense prestige which attached to Roosevelt, Taft would not have been elected. Yet, as frequently happens, the nominee in office would not take orders, and this split, as we shall see, had incalculable consequences for the world at large.

The preparations which would end by giving the United States a decisive voice in European and world affairs went on, and at this time a turn on the road was reached when England began to forge her new weapon, the *Dreadnought*. This battleship was undoubtedly both a triumph and a problem of specialisation — a triumph because as a battleship it probably was at that moment without a rival, a problem because it was not at all certain that the rival builder, in this case Germany, would play ship for ship : she might try an original counter. For with the growth of these monster ships two of the problems which mere increase in size must raise had appeared. The first was vulnerability. Could the monster really be protected ? The second was visibility. On how many days in the average week was the visibility good enough, for instance in the North Sea, for her out-ranging guns to be effective and impose their superiority ? These issues (the influence of applied research on policy) properly belong to Chapter II of this Part and must be left. But the *Dreadnought* has to be mentioned because of its immense political repercussions. It undoubtedly inflamed shipbuilding competition, perhaps unavoidably, and as certainly, what seemed then its almost prohibitive cost (between one and two millions) caused money to be stinted in social reform. The Liberal Imperialists were as clear as any Conserva-

tive that national defence came first, and that that defence necessitated that Germany must be kept for ever behind England in her shipbuilding programme. Admiral Tirpitz, in consequence of the *Dreadnought,* increased the German naval building plan, according to plan, by adding 'Dreadnoughts' to his High Seas Fleet, and the expected and prepared war was a step nearer.

Nevertheless another step was taken in national Liberalism when the Minimum Wage Act was passed at this time to protect persons in the sweated industries. The principle of *laissez-faire* was put aside at the dictate of humanitarianism. Another Liberal move at this time had a smaller appeal but excited stronger passions : that was the Bill to Disestablish the Church in Wales. In nothing have the English shown the peculiarity and the unconscious subtlety of their nature more than in their strange, drawn-out dealings with their National Church. After the Cromwellian experiment in dictatorship had been called off and England had decided to evolve and not revolve, the English Church had held the three Kingdoms and the Principality in fee — or to be more exact, in tithe. Then Scotland broke the Episcopalian yoke from off her Presbyterian neck. After a very long rest, Gladstone relieved Catholic Ireland of her highly undesired Anglican establishment. Another pause ensued, and now the Church in Wales was in question. There, too, it was not the religion of the majority, and the Nonconformity, which claimed to include larger numbers, felt bitterly against it. Yet a powerful minority wanted to retain it, and the measure became a full Party measure. Indeed, among the Conservatives, many, like the still powerful house of Cecil, felt it a

matter of conscience, and F. E. Smith, the Party's new battering-ram, seeing that he would here have passion behind him, cried out, with an extravagance some of his Party must have believed (he was too shrewd else to have made himself a laughing-stock), that it was 'a Bill which had shocked the conscience of Europe.' A Europe which could be so shocked would not have been the Europe which was giving statesmen nightmares. As Chesterton said pithily, 'Chuck it, Smith.' But Smith did not ; he knew what he was saying ; he knew his audience ; though he certainly did not feel what he said. The retreat of Established Anglicanism across the Welsh Marches might have been postponed indefinitely by the rising tide of Party passion had not a larger cause of hatred in six years' time swept away in its deluge all domestic controversy.

Even in 1909 a complete distraction was provided in England by the man who was becoming known as a master at drawing attention to himself. What Chamberlain too late had tried to do for Conservatism, Lloyd George was resolved to do for Liberalism — he would give it a Crusade. As Chancellor of the Exchequer that could best be done through a Budget, and certainly no Budget ever excited England more or more completely shut out for the time being the rest of the world. Home Rule for Ireland, the Armament race with Germany, were all lost sight of in the dust of the Taxation conflict. The Conservatives opposed it tooth and nail, certain that the Lords were solid behind them. Lloyd George on his side was glad to make it a 'social Budget' — a cleavage between privilege, which was to be bled, and communage, which was to be fed. The sheer strain on

the parliamentary machinery was grotesque. It was not devised to stand such pressures. Night after night men argued and then voted, quite unaffected by arguments, and wrangled out of ragged nerves when they might just as well have sat as dummies and had their polls counted. The Attorney-General who had to carry the Bill in many of its innumerable details through the House never recovered from the strain. At last it reached the Lords, who ejected it as lightly as a dog ejects medicine. Still, if an inevitable reflex, it was a grave step to take ; and some of the wiser Lords realised fully what they were doing. For constitutionally the Budget is of course a Money Bill, and as the Commons hold power because they hold the purse, the Lords may not tamper with this right. As those Lords and Lloyd George both realised and calculated, the Budget brought to a head the whole constitutional question of a Second Chamber which vetoes the Bills of the First Chamber though that Chamber has behind it a large majority in the country. The issue was not one Act or a few taxes ; it was an issue of the principles of government. Where did the power to rule actually lie ? Was it balanced between a Chamber now elected by a majority which wanted its conditions changed and its circumstances made more comfortable, and a minority which, possessing powers, comforts and privileges, would have to yield much of these if the majority's state was to be improved ? Or was power really entirely in the less comfortable majority's hands ? Had they simply to wake up and take, or did the Constitution say that they could only have what the others could be prevailed upon to yield ? Politically England always

evolves. Its one real revolution (1642–1660), though far more cautious and successful and leading to a Government far more moderate and efficient than most revolutionary Governments, was revoked and political evolution again assumed. You have only, however, to accelerate evolution sufficiently to get all the appearances of revolution. The Imperialist episode at the beginning of the century had held up political evolution — only a few years, but those years were years of rapid change when corresponding political change was required. If the Imperialist episode had been more than an episode, if the Empire had become a reality instead of remaining an arrested emotion, then political evolution could have expanded into the new channels which would have opened. The democratic Dominions, if they had come into a real federalism, instead of each following its own development, would have infected archaic England with their ideas of enterprise and equality. The Empire moving away left England feeling a gap, realising dimly that if the Radical steel-maker's realist plan was after all a dream, then the Conservatives had no aim but to let the country slip back into traditional ranks and harden further into castes. This was neither good business nor good romance. It was simply lack of vision and lack of plan. The Lords were not leading : they were on the defensive. The vested interests had no initiative, they were invested. Balfour still led the Conservatives with the tactics of a Cunctator, suited perhaps to wear down an invader on the home soil, but woefully out of place as a policy used against a majority of his own countrymen. Chamberlain was a paralytic. The new Smith was an adventurer, anxious and able to

fight, an incomparable tactician, but little concerned with strategy and plan. Tariff Reform was a link of Empire — it was designed for Imperial Preference. If the trucks refused to join up with the engine, what was the use of the link ?

Lloyd George with his Budget had therefore seized the initiative. The Lords could only wait while Asquith drew the lines round their position by consulting the country. The country gave him his mandate to proceed against the beleaguered Lords. In January 1910 he was returned with a majority. He had, however, lost the independent majority which till then Liberalism had enjoyed. He could only hope to pass his measure through the Commons if he obtained the help of the eighty Irish Members. Undoubtedly he had lost many seats to 'Unionists,' men whose principal political dogma was that the Union between England and Ireland must be maintained. It was known that the Liberals were naturally pledged to give Ireland self-government. As long as they had a large English majority they could delay and pass Acts which would cost them less. By depriving them of that independent majority the Unionists had compelled them to act at the order of the Irish. So parliamentary politics work, and so, as we shall see, the Simple Party, having brought about the very state it was most anxious to avoid, and seeing the Lords, its buckler against the superior fencing of the Clever Party, about to be manœuvred from it, grew increasingly impatient of parliamentary methods. Conservatives began to think whether, if only character, courage and will were let count, and not adroitness, intelligence and

skill, the retreat might be stopped, their order saved and the Union preserved.

So the first decade of the century was completed in England. It seemed that the next must be filled with rapid domestic developments, crises, and perhaps revolutions or partitions. Surely on every side interests would be so keenly engaged that Europe would sink into the background, as it had when the Parliament and the King fought out their quarrel two hundred and fifty years before ? The old passions were there, the men who spoke and threatened were still thinking as though the seventeenth century was to-day, but the world had shrunk. Owing to the play of forces which politicians were far too traditional to notice, new means had rendered the old ends unattainable. Still, natural changes are under no necessity to warn creatures of instinct that the path they have been used to take is no longer there. Reason can say it will not be wise to go any longer in that direction. Instinct is free to go, perhaps must go : the only consequence will be that in the end it will break its neck.

Before leaving this decade of cumulation, one more effort of reaction, an effort that rang through Europe, must be noted. Spain, as has been said, was a charming survival, out of the political running, ruled by a young spirited man who had an English wife. It was perhaps a little regrettable that she had become a Catholic, but not as regrettable as it would have seemed to an earlier generation. It was also perhaps a little more regrettable that the Spanish liked bull-fights. It is not sporting to let a horse have its entrails horned out by a bull —

though you may let a fox or a stag suffer in much the same way at the fangs of hounds. The Spanish, however, were not thought of as bigoted or cruel. There had been that unpleasant little incident at the young royal couple's wedding. But what had happened after that no one knew. Now they knew. A certain Spaniard called Francisco Ferrer had a passion for education and peaceful revolution. After the attempted assassination he was thrown into prison because the bomb-thrower had once got a job in Ferrer's secular school in Barcelona. There was no evidence against him, but he was kept in prison for a year because his secular teaching and his passion for lay schools were highly offensive to the clergy, who naturally influenced so largely the Government of the young man who was styled His Catholic Majesty. But worse awaited Ferrer. In July 1909, Barcelona broke out into one of its usual protests against Madrid, protests composed of ancient and bitter Catalan memories — of the lost liberties (*Fueros*) Ferdinand the Pious had filched from them, of the hideous treatment French Philip had inflicted on them, of a language silenced ; and of new wrongs — that a city, rich, lively, progressive, industrial, distinctive, should be kept at the tail of a moribund, priest-ridden country. Syndicalism was spreading among the industrialised but uneducated masses. The Spaniard is not gentle in his wars however little they be, as witnesses his word 'guerilla.' The Government hit back, and the world shrugged its shoulders. But suddenly men stopped and stared. Ferrer, whose school and whose hardships were known, it was reported had been taken. He had protested truthfully that he was always against violence.

The court-martial before which he came had, however, its instructions, and on 12th September he was shot. Like the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, ' it was worse than a crime, it was a blunder.' Spain was exposed as a place where ' things like that happen,' and the Church was suspected of having acted the part of Caiaphas in the matter. It was expedient one man should die. Perhaps it is, if the one death did not make such a noise. The Church should know how loud a voice spilt blood can sometimes have, crying for vengeance. The Government was alarmed at the din across Europe. In 1912 an investigation was actually made. Further, the sentence was actually found to have been unjust, unsupported by evidence. Ferrer was exonerated. His sequestrated property was restored. But the shock that ran across Europe showed that political murder could startle men of other countries to protest and Governments to account for their actions if an innocent man working for ideals and denying violence should fall a victim to reaction. Revolutionaries, however, did not learn that lesson, but quite another : as we shall see.

Here, however, we must leave the World's Diary. In the following chapter an attempt must be made to trace the forces that lay behind these events, causing, as these forces grew, some of the events to miscarry and others to be so transformed that it is almost impossible to recognise the end process in its beginning.

Before, however, passing behind the scenes and trying to discover the scene-shifters and their tackle with which the rather startling transformations are being brought about, perhaps the narrator, who has of necessity to be in these close-up times so much a selector, should sum

up and say what main tendencies he believes are to be detected in the process he has described. Three are clear, and they are, as clearly, prime causes of our conflict. One is the explication of Liberalism. It entered the century a highly critical, informed and enthusiastic opposition. Combining the crusading enthusiasms of acute sensibility with the intelligent destructive analysis of minds dominated by logic and free from the restrictive responsibilities of administration or the obligatory traditions of property, it won power. In power these advantages were nearly all neutralised. Liberalism had been in opposition, and there it had followed unfortunately the opportunist advice rather of its great opponent Disraeli — 'The duty of the Opposition is to oppose' — than to explore further the grave problem which had finally cost its great leader his leadership: 'What is Liberalism's attitude towards the State's organised violence — towards armaments and war?' Both Radicals like Lloyd George and Imperialists such as Asquith, Grey and Haldane refused to think out their position. They drifted, hoping that something from outside would clear up the issue for them. It would not and could not, because it was not anything outside that was causing the confusion and driving events to a crisis. The precautions they took committed them to aggressions, though, because they would not face the consequence of each step, they failed to gain the possible advantage which a clear policy, however brutal, may have over one which is not clear or clean. They were thought to lack physical courage: to be simply bluffing. What they lacked was moral courage. They were playing for time: hoping that events would make their

choice less spectacularly saintly. Yet ever since their ancient leader was sacked because he saw a huge navy would make the bridge of boats which would land the English once again invaders on the Continent, the choice grew clearer and clearer : though the gap to be leapt back from that fate to sane and courageous understanding grew wider and wider.

Liberalism in office was therefore doomed even by 1910. Radical Lloyd George might seek, with social reform benefits, to distract attention from this fundamental issue that was being burked. The Liberal Imperialists might believe that their minds were always open to agreement though their acts made it increasingly impossible. The real fate of this great Party, and of the much greater movement not only in England but throughout the world of which it was a hope, was sealed. You had only to carry on and you would crash head-on. Either you had to approach your rivals with open and clean hands, treat them as Penn had treated the dangerous Red Indians, say honestly you wished them well, would give surety for that wish and knew that you and they, because you were human, could come to an understanding : or you had to go on ; you had to prepare for the unlimited use of violence, cunning and cruelty. The Liberals were finally dismissed by the Conservatives because the Conservatives are a little franker than the Liberals. Still, they are not frank nor clear-minded enough. They jockeyed the muddled Liberal, but they themselves will be jockeyed. They appealed to the Caesar of unlimited force, and on that appeal got the Liberals dismissed, but they themselves did not realise what was expected of them, to what a degree of

ruthlessness they must go. They are, after all, as will become clearer as their history unfolds, only traditionalists desiring again the old romanticised wars of the past. They must therefore in their turn yield to the complete realist, who will use any cunning and violence to achieve his ends. The future has as little place for that compromise, the gentleman, as it has for that later makeshift, the sentimental humanitarian. For the choice is now becoming quite clear : either acknowledge that the end does not justify the means, and then you have to go back and try the approach of friendship, only possible if your bona fides are above suspicion ; or you have to acknowledge that the end does justify the means, and you will shrink from no means which will lead you to your end.

In 1900–1910, then, we watch through the flying web of events the sorting out of this grim issue. We see also another process as significant and tending to the same end. That was the growth of specialisation. If men who had good intelligences, the best inner information and high characters, did not realise where they were going or how they were driving themselves to that brink, their ignorance (and by so much the more that of all the vast masses they represented) was largely due to specialisation. Great moral courage, great moral purity of vision might have let them see to the issue's heart, but the development of events was in this case against them. Specialisation means and must mean the dissipation of responsibility. Most men may object to carrying out torture by scourging, or to killing in cold blood a fellow-creature, but modern state methods have so spread responsibility through specialisation of func-

tion that no one feels the actual, crucial, compelling moral responsibility which says, I have done this and I am guilty of a crime against my conscience. The judge and jury do not carry out or even see carried out the sentence ; the prison officials do not have a word in inflicting the sentence. So, too, with the large-scale disasters and crimes of social life, the wars which torture and execute communities — specialisation has made everyone feel irresponsible. Since 1900 that specialisation has grown to an almost insane degree. The politician drifts into war, the soldier carries out the sentence, priding himself that he is relieved of any responsibility for the 'dirty work of politics' ; more, the chemist with metals, explosives, gas, makes the inventions which make war grow ever more the chief enemy of civilisation, of which the pure researching scientist is one of the most wonderful and could be one of the most precious growths.

By 1910 the growth of specialisation had therefore driven up before all men's eyes an issue just as harsh and plain as that which faced Liberalism : either each man, however specialised (the more he was specialised), had, as a citizen, a morally responsible human being, to ask what was being done with his specialisation, his invention, his essential process, and declare it should not be used to destroy the civilisation in which this growth of mind had become possible, or each specialised creature must hand over his responsibility to a sacred leader. We have seen this done : we have seen the men of special power of brain led by the fanatic of universal emotional appeal. The picture is gravely disquieting. For the rest we see the specialists all blindly

working. 'Dreadnoughts' are piled up regardless as to whether they are really efficient, for efficiency itself becomes too wide a word, begins to include too much a sense of judgment, of ends and of general consideration, for purer and purer specialists to entertain. The specialist becomes a termite eating away the structure of the house in which he lives, without the termite's intelligence to know the moment when to clear out before it crashes.

The moral muddle of Liberalism, which made it yield to reaction, and the intensification of specialisation that made all men increasingly morally irresponsible, are, then, the two main trends from 1900 to 1910. Still, the end is not yet. For the third tendency, beside the growing dilemma of Liberalism and the growing irresponsibility of all men owing to specialisation, is as fast-growing and as significant, the constant development of sensibility. Though courage to obey principles may be lacking, as the price of principle rises like that of the Sibylline books, though moral responsibility may seem dissipated, the spontaneous horror at violence, cruelty and avoidable suffering grows as fast.

Civilisation appears, therefore, to be moving to an issue in which not only may soul be torn from body but in which the soul itself, man's sense of the worth and purpose of living, may be in danger of being divided against itself and coming to complete ruin. When we analyse the ultimate factors on which the future of humanity must depend, it seems to grow increasingly clear that that future will be decided not by political or economic tensions but by the outcome of this profound conflict in the mind of man.

CHAPTER II

THE FORCES BEHIND

In tracing the forces that were working behind the façade of events which made up the news, that is to say the official annals, of the first decade of this century, a simple narrative method suitable to such a surface record cannot be employed. For when we search for those forces we find them lying layer beneath layer behind the façade. The layer nearest the surface has the most immediate effect ; the action of the layer below that takes longer to produce its effect, but the effect is more massive and enduring ; until at last we reach a layer — the layer of pure research — where understanding is pursued for its own sake and in consequence the results, the longer they take to come through, the greater are their effects.

In this chapter, therefore, the underlying forces will be taken in this order, from those immediately in touch with the surface current events to those which seemed completely out of touch. Each series of forces will, however, be treated in itself chronologically.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT

The force which was most nearly actual and officialised in the first decade was undoubtedly the Labour movement. Though, however, it grew steadily from a potential force to an actual State Party, it was far from a simple homogeneous growth. In its complex struc-

ture and organism there can be detected three dominant strains. The first, most manifest and, as almost always, the least lasting, was the Trade Union element ; the next in presence and possibilities was the revolutionary Socialist movement ; and the third, furthest away from power but with most to hope in the end, was the educational, scientifically-planning movement, the revolt against tradition, privilege and superstition.

In considering Labour, the Trade Union movement tends therefore to dominate this decade (1900–1910). That movement, however, owed its power not merely to sectional working interests being able to organise themselves against exploitation. It would not have been able to effect that unless it had been able to avail itself of the immense spread of popular education. The Trade Union movement gained its leaders largely from the men who with immense devotion and energy had even during the nineteenth century availed themselves of the scanty aids to advanced popular education that then existed. The idea of working-men's colleges, popular lectures in science, Morris's and Ruskin's highly cultured Socialism — the one pointing to a revival to be called Guild Socialism and the other to a Labour College actually in Oxford — these were symptoms of a wish for a communism of the intellect.

Eight years before the century began, out of Scotland, the home of popular education, came Keir Hardie to be elected Member for West Ham ; and John Burns made Battersea his seat, which he was to hold for more than twenty years. In 1893 the Independent Labour Party was formed, and a year after, J. Ramsay MacDonald, more scholar than worker, was admitted. An amalga-

mation of various Labour groups, together with some of the Trade Unions, found itself with MacDonald as its secretary, and the course for Parliament, for Party, and ultimately for Government, was laid. At the same time the Fabian Society — a society of scholars such as Graham Wallas, artists such as Shaw and Wells, administrators such as Webb — began to come together, believing that an intentional, rationally-planned society was not only utterly different from the England of that day (certainly true), and not only possible (quite possibly true), but would be curiously like the world which the young Labour Party thought it wanted (a most doubtful proposition). A belief common to all the Labour front was that facts, and especially those facts studied at modern places of learning (such as economics principally, with physics and biology as supporters), must result in Socialism, or at least in an unbounded improvement in the workers' standard of living. An important date, therefore, in the Labour movement is the reconstitution of London University in 1900. At the same date the college at Birmingham was made a full University.

The Labour front remained, however, in spite of greatly increased access to information and a robust unquestioning belief in reason, unable to solidify. The huge Co-operative movement refused as a body to join, a refusal sustained until the Labour front became almost lost in representing the country as a whole. Nor did the famous Taff Vale Judgment in 1901 — which ruled that a Trade Union could be sued and its funds made liable, and that picketing to persuade others to join in the Strike might be prosecuted — unite the front. Part of Labour felt it was all the more important to get into

Parliament to change the law : part, that effort should be spent not on mastering Parliament but on mastering the administration (the scarcely noticed growth in the power of the Civil Service made this a policy more advisable than attractive) ; part, that effort should be spent in making possible a *coup d'état.*

The Trade Union movement was not essentially Socialistic because it was not essentially Nationalistic. The Trade Unions were in much the same position as the great barons of the thirteenth century. Their idea of a Great Charter was not to get good government for the whole country but to preserve their particular rights. The Trade Unions were satisfied if the men in their particular trades could have won for them a standard of life which they considered right. This was not necessarily a narrow feeling. The Trade Union movement, if not completely Nationalistic, was undoubtedly capable of a fine internationalism. In October 1904, when the Ruhr miners were on strike, the Executive of the British Miners Federation paid out of their hardly-gathered funds £2000 a week to their fellow-workers in Germany. Such a deed is too easily forgotten and acts of violence and xenophobia remembered.

The Labour movement had in it, however, apart from the Trade Unionism that at this stage was to dominate it and the bureaucratic scholarship that was to inform it, the purely revolutionary strain as well. This could hardly fail to be so. From the British Museum Reading Room there had been written a book which in the history of Socialism can compare with the position held by the Koran in the history of religion. *Das Kapital* denounces gradualism, the aim of Fabianism, and tries to

prove that revolution must be by violence. The only place where Marx thinks revolution may be avoided is in England, and the reason he gives is as remarkable : because in that country informed opinion as to social conditions and suggestions based on that opinion are so much in advance of any other country. The advocacy of armed revolution among Socialists had a set-back when in 1906 no less than twenty-nine Labour Members were returned to Parliament, and the possibility of Labour gaining influence and perhaps in the end decisive power through constitutional means began to appear as a far more direct way to social action than through civil war. Another factor, as we shall see, was telling against physical violence and in favour of political action. It was a factor which, though the last decade of these three was alone to see it developed, yet even then was present. The central power, the Government in the saddle, had grown increasingly able to maintain its position against outbreaks of violence. Everyone who had to preserve order knew after the Russian revolutionary fiasco of 1905 that the technique of revolutionary methods was itself antique. The only pity was that the revolutionaries (like the soldiers in *their* case) were unaware of the fact that they were henceforth helpless if they used force against a Government not already prepared to abdicate. On their side the authorities were unaware of the new weapons they should use if they were not merely to crush outbreaks but prevent them. The light field gun when it blew to pieces the barricades showed that it would give authority to whoever wielded it ; and the improvements in weapons such as the machine gun, and not in weapons only : the control of

the telephone, the use of gases, radio and other new inventions — all played into the hands of Government against revolt.

Even when with the Osborne Judgment the Law decided that Trade Unions could not use their funds to keep their members (otherwise unpaid) in Parliament, Labour stuck to parliamentarianism, and after another couple of years this course was justified when the law was changed.

The mentality of the Labour movement was, in the main bulk of it — the Trade Union section — a kindly orderliness, utterly alien to the ruthlessness and lack of precedent which must characterise the revolutionary. The Trade Union official rose almost as gradually and inevitably, as much by rank and precedent and with as much security and even slowness, as a Fellow of an Ancient Foundation rises through Tutorship, Bursary and Senior Tutorship, till by patient longevity he ultimately inclines into the station and terminus of Master. Such a training does not make a revolutionary. And the brains of the movement — the minority of thinkers, the Fabians and other scholars who served it — were in their minds as academic as the Trade Unions themselves were in their procedure. As scholars desiring light and coolness, the dust and heat of conflict were repugnant to them. Whatever conclusions their writings seemed to indicate, however the speeches of the Labour orators sounded like clarions of attack, the temperaments of both parts of the movement were adverse to violence. We have learnt that when a man's temperament points in one direction it does not matter how much and how sincerely his words may urge advance in another. In-

evitably, in the way of his temperament he will and must go. It is, then, all part of the Labour movement that the decade closes in 1909 with the schools at Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol and Belfast all raised to full and chartered University status.

The Labour movement could not remain a class movement. Its passion for respectability and its belief in free learning showed that it believed that there might come a day when Labour would mean all who would work in whatever way for the community as a whole. Socialist exiles were then in London, one of whom, Lenin, had in front of him an apotheosis as strange as any that has befallen a human teacher, but by such fanaticism the English temper was repelled.

These were the temperamental tendencies in Labour, and they shaped its future and ordered the effect it was to have on current events. Yet Labour did not understand its own intuitions. No more than the Governments of the day did Labour give any persistent thought to the supreme problem both of administration and reform. If violence is not to be used, what sanctions, what forces, are to take its place ? The few consistent Rationalists said, 'Argument.' But many workers felt vaguely that something more was needed. Such a suspicion that argument and logic by themselves are not enough, that human nature as well as economics has to be studied as a subject the laws of which are not self-evident and the common assumptions concerning which may be completely mistaken, led to the great centre of Labour Learning, the London School of Economics, founded in 1895, enlarging its faculties until Sociology, Psychology and Anthropology were included among

them. With *Human Nature in Politics* that natural sociologist Graham Wallas, the School's Professor of Economics, posed the question : ' Why does the advocacy of what the people should want fail to gain their support ? ' He decided that there were two reasons : (i) That the advocates of reform did not know how to ' put over their stuff.' The old practitioners of electioneering, working for vested interests, knew their business. They knew how to use this method, new in politics but old in religion, Propaganda. (ii) The second reason for the failure of the Progressives was not merely failure in presentation, failure to grasp the way most people can take things in, but failure to grasp the type of thing people really want. The belief in the Economic Man and his reasonable direct wish to get physical comfort had blinded reformers to the fact that this man was an abstraction. People voted patriotically clean contrary to their own interests. If you were to serve them you must realise their nature. You cannot feed a calf, however much you and it feel it needs, if you offer it the milk in a bowl. Instinct drives its mouth and neck up. Unless you get a bottle and so meet the calf's emotional demand, it will starve to death. You cannot feed an animal on artificial food though it may seem to possess all that the body should require. The body requires much the use of which is obscure. So too with the body politic ; economics and reason have to be supplemented with psychology and emotion.

THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CAMPAIGN

The movement which illustrated both these forces in play — propaganda, the new weapon, and emotional

expression, the old but long-suppressed need for action, excitement and dedication — came in the form of the Woman's Suffrage campaign. It stands as indicative of that second 'layer' of 'Forces Behind' the façade of events. The Labour movement, we have seen, is the first layer, most nearly become actual, official, the thing that is, and by so much, of all these underlying forces, having the least future. For as it approached fulfilment and the access to power, the inevitable administrative compromise with tradition and routine increasingly rendered it unable to express fundamental urges. The Woman's movement was newer and had longer to spend in the free wilderness. It therefore expresses more fully human forces free from conformation with circumstance.

It was not till 1906 that the Suffrage movement really came to public notice. Through the nineteenth century the movement had been gaining force, but the opposition was immense. The Romantic movement, which dominated most of the emotions of the century, always puts woman on a pedestal, which is not only more confining than a prison but is apt to rouse, as a prison does not, a certain exhibitionism which makes the victim content to pose and not to act. Woman liked being petted and fought over, as the sex-starved Romanticist always will fight, and the thing fought for must be guarded. So she found herself, in spite of all the contemporary Liberal talk, much more a prisoner than she had been in the coarser, more realistic, less-suppressed eighteenth century. A woman also was on the throne. This gave femaleness great prestige, and as that woman was most of the time as difficult as only a vital and grief-obsessed widow can be, it was a prestige which was almost wholly

composed of inhibitions. Women were sacred ; their ignorance, caprice and incapacity were to be gladly borne so long as they obeyed all the taboos which males expected of them. Let them break any of these, and down on them came a darkness in which the spite of men who had borne with their exasperating ways as the price of their disposal, and the spite of women who were still enduring the limitations they had dared to overstep, broke in a fury. They disappeared and went whither no one mentioned and everyone knew, the earthly antitype of that unearthly state of the Lost, which, as Dean Inge has said, 'centrally heated' the theology of the day.

Among other activities which the great Crêpe Queen had declared to be monstrously unwomanly was the asking for Woman's Rights and the Suffrage. She herself had privileges and so needed no rights, and had nothing to hope from any suffrage. She expressed, quite naturally, sadistic disgust at the movement, and gave her correspondents to understand what she would do to any such sex-renegades who should come into her hands.

By 1906 even the shadow of her reign had passed. Edward lived at another pole. If a Regency looseness did not follow, at least men relaxed, yawned, and said ever more often when faced with the old Victorian regulations, 'Oh, I don't know. . .'

The Woman's movement contained two quite distinct strains compressed within it. On the one side was what may be called the intellectual uprising. An increasing number of women found that there was no scientific evidence for the male dogma of their mental inferiority.

History showed that there had been supreme women poets such as Sappho and rulers such as Catherine of Russia and England's Elizabeth, while it was possible for patriotic loyalty to take the place of evidence and to imagine that the greatness of England in the later part of the nineteenth century had owed as much to a sole woman's ability as it had in the later part of the sixteenth. And there was Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, to show that women in this new age could be in the forefront of the newest discoveries.

Endocrine research, knowledge of the Ductless Glands, was then hidden. Neither side knew of these magical stimulants, how they are the inspiring draughts that blow on the brain and make it shine like a star or smoulder like an ember : and more (a knowledge they were not merely ignorant of but would have rejected), how it is these mysterious messengers (Hormones) which not only call out creative intelligence and emotional force but actually shape sex. Brain weight for brain weight, woman's compared well enough with man's, considering that she was built on a smaller physical scale. The Victorians and most ages before them had unduly stressed the differences of the sexes. The intelligent women, judging her sex by herself — a mistake, but natural enough then — came to the conclusion that intellectually women were the match of men and emotionally they were not more but less excitable. Sex, they felt consciously and sincerely, played a far less obvious and disturbing part in their life. They knew neither of the subconscious mind nor of the immense glandular differences which may differentiate members of the same sex and which are disguised as long as the

world is crudely and finally divided into two sexes and two only.

The intelligent woman, the woman doctor, administrator and teacher, could then make out a case which the Victorian male could not, with the scientific knowledge of that day, really meet. This was useful ammunition for the cause ; it gave raw material for propaganda. Without the other side of the movement it would, however, have been as ineffective as a heap of shells without guns or gunners. The force was given by the intellectual woman's antithesis, the emotional woman. For them, too, the passing of the huge crêpe shadow of Widowhood Regnant had meant an uprising. The Edwardians were not constructional ; Society was certainly not daring or original. The King had been given by Albertine education a horror of books ; the Queen was already growing deaf. There was, however, a pretty certain disbelief in the old regulations, and a vacuum provokes expansion. The Woman's movement gave women, no longer able to believe in devoutness or in respectability, a new reason for living. They could organise, suffer — those thousands of spinsters whom Nature had prepared, in vain, to be ready to suffer to the utmost for life's sake — be swayed by intense devotion, have a cause to live and die for. No wonder they poured into the movement. A sociologist ought to have been able to forecast such an inevitable cyclone. From then on through the decade they rendered the Liberal Government unpleasant. Many Liberals supported them, but Asquith always opposed the movement, and when he became Premier they could hope for nothing from a man who, because he was surrounded by such brilliant

women perhaps, had in this matter the one intuition of his life, that their brilliance was somehow different : in spite of all their gifts they would not govern a country as he (Imperialist, efficient, Roman in his full possession of all the great secondary virtues — *gravitas, pietas, virtus* — and lack of all the supreme primary virtues — vision, devotion, creative faith and profound charity) would govern. They could not hope to budge such a man. Hence the development of their campaign.

We have glanced at one of the two forces which the Woman's movement manifested, the need for emotional expression. We must now glance at the other : the weapon this force was compelled to develop, a weapon which had a future much greater than the movement in the service of which it was so remarkably employed. That weapon was propaganda, and its use and development reveal the growth of the underlying forces of this time better perhaps than any other example from that decade. The Woman's movement was sincere, passionate, devoted. It imagined that all it wanted was tolerance, the right to state its case, the right to the full liberty and political responsibility a democratic country assumes its adults can and should sustain. It held that the Governing Party had broken its word to the movement. It had an unusually good case. But, as we have learnt, good cases do not of themselves make new laws. What were the women to do ? They felt checkmated. If the Liberals perjured themselves, what had they to expect from the Conservatives ? Not even a breach-of-promise case. It was a case for an ultimatum. But what was their force ? They had devotion and the power to sacrifice themselves, but does sacrifice itself

really effect anything ? Is it not merely the convenient euphemism we use, the mask of devotion which we put over the brutal face of violence when evil has to be done that good may result ? It is not the self-sacrifice that really attains the end : it is the violence that does that. A soldier is not wanted to lay down his life. That is the way our sensibility makes us disguise his real business : that is, by every means to live as long as possible, killing as many as possible of the enemy.

The Woman's movement was fortunately debarred from that fatal short-cut which the Nationalist and the Socialist have alike too often taken — the path that leads from assassination to the reign of terror and finally to the informer, the *agent provocateur,* the secret police and the inquisition. They had to see whether public opinion could be roused by propaganda, by protest, by importunity, by daring to become utter public nuisances. They organised mass meetings. They went in huge processions. They presented petitions ; interrupted political candidates ; got themselves thrown out ; shocked respectable people quite deeply.

By 1908 they had worked out a technique of propaganda. They organised a procession which went toward the House of Commons and which was deflected pretty harshly by the police, but in accordance with the Law, which does not allow sitting legislators in the mass to be approached by any other mass. They had, however, concerted their action, and as the main body was being dispersed a mile away from the sacred precincts, a young woman had actually dashed on to the floor of the House and shouted in the face of the sitting assembly that it was denying Rights. A seraglio suddenly

finding itself addressed by a cave-man could not have been more taken aback. The House was profoundly shocked, but to be shocked is often the essential preliminary step for an Englishman before he will start thinking. The decade closed with men thinking, still very hotly and botheredly (as indeed were the women), but still thinking about Woman's Suffrage. The new method was working, and (when the cost of the old methods of thorough violence is computed) at very small cost. It was hard to keep to these new methods. There were, as we shall see in Part II, acts of excess which damaged the process of conviction by propaganda and by propaganda's main weapons, importunity and self-disregard. But in the end the thing worked — a lesson not merely for women but for civilisation.

HYGIENE

A still deeper force which was taking shape and beginning to affect public life was the new attitude to Health. Here again we find two strains, and two strains so far apart as to be in a state of acute tension. Right through all the notions of hygiene, from the most popular ignorance to the most specialised research, this cleavage existed, and had existed at least since the rise of Medicine in early Greek days. And to this day it may be said to make a characteristic distinction between the great specialist medical outlook of Germany and the great 'organistic' outlook of medical France. On the one side was the mechanistic specialised surgical school, and superstition. This held that the body was a faulty machine and Nature a blind worker. The student made an inventory of the body's contents and found, as he

expected, some out of place, some wearing out, some clumsy makeshifts to carry out a purpose Nature failed to realise (as the student could realise because he was intelligent, while Nature was blind), and some useless and mischievous survivals left over, as a careless fitter might leave bolts and nuts from an earlier machine in the crank-case of his new model. On the other side was the organistic school which believed the body was a single unit, health a general condition natural to the organism if it is doing what it wants to do, that the best diet and régime was to live naturally (a dangerous phrase, but meaning in the mouths of those who practised it successfully, keeping the balance, giving the organism a little of everything it fancied and leaving it to put itself right if it went wrong) and, most advanced of all its notions and least acceptable to medical authorities in 1900, that the mind could affect the body as well as the body affect the mind.

This great division on health cut right through any moral or theological division. For traditional religion held, both that man was fallen and that there was no health in him, and also that you should not interfere with your bodily nature — by castration, vasectomy or contraceptives. On the other hand, religion did believe in the power of mind over body, and most of its miracles were of this sort. Indeed, during this decade the popularity of the great French Catholic shrine at Lourdes was at its height and immense pilgrimages of the diseased to this spot became an event of European notice. Still, the surgical school dominated the first ten years of the century. The spectacular success of Sir Frederick Treves, who operated on King Edward when he was on the

verge of dying on the threshold of his coronation (June 1902), gave abdominal surgery an immense advertisement and made appendicectomy almost a vogue. Yet though surgery continually improved its technique and was able to reach further and further recesses of the body, disease refused to yield to it as its advocates had hoped. In particular, Cancer, though always considered a subject for the knife, steadily increased although the operations became increasingly thorough. The fear of this disease undoubtedly began to hang over people's lives as an ever more conscious menace, and King Edward voiced the feeling of all the elderly when he said, 'A statue should be put up in every town to the man who cures cancer.' But the rate rose steadily and the man was lacking.

Influenza, socially a more damaging disease because it is not confined to the elderly, went on taking its toll. Of its cause medical science is also ignorant. It clung to the belief that there must be a germ causing it, and the germ theory, it was also thought, must be able to explain cancer. But all the attempts to 'isolate' these micro-organisms failed. Still, the germ theory was having such success that it was hard to imagine any disease not being so caused.

One after another of the fevers were shown to be symptoms of poisonous micro-organisms invading the body. As the century opened, the world learned that the year before (1899), a man called Ronald Ross in India had proved that even Malaria, the greatest of the fevers, and one which every tropic-owning country knew as the worst enemy of man, was a blood-parasite, a germ carried and injected by the mosquito. In 1901

Yellow Fever, the other great tropical fever, not so widely spread as malaria, but more deadly, killing on an average over fifty per cent. of its victims, was also shown to be injected in the same way by another sort of mosquito. The latter stages of the search for epidemic micro-organisms belong to other decades and will be dealt with when the discovery of the viruses is being discussed.

From 1900 the steadily extending use and success of the anti-toxin treatment for Diphtheria — discovered in Berlin six years before — left no doubt that here too was a micro-organism causing this other immensely destructive disease. Yet, as we shall see (Part III, Chapter II), the problem of disease and even of germ disease was to prove more complicated than these early advances suggested. Indeed, so complicated was it to prove, that here, as when reviewing almost all discovery, the onlooker feels : Could these men ever have advanced had they known how far and difficult of access was the goal which they thought almost in their grasp ?

A remarkable illustration of the fact that the germ theory, though helpful, was not the whole solution, was given in this decade by the spectacular decline of Consumption. Through the nineteenth century pulmonary tuberculosis had risen to such a degree that it was called the White Plague. As the new century opened, new and radical views as how best to fight it won their way. The close warm air which an invalid was supposed to require was maintained, and at least in this case proved, to be not protective but deadly. Sanatoria were built where consumptives were exposed in a way which a healthy Victorian would have thought fatal to himself. Spectacular recoveries were made, and the cause of the

fresh-air treatment gained popular support when Sir Ernest Cassel, a financial friend of Edward VII, gave, through the royal channel, £200,000 to build at Midhurst the first great open-air hospital for consumptives. This victory over disease was a setback for the germ theory of it. For Koch the Hanoverian had claimed to have found the Tubercle Bacillus in 1882, and in 1890 to have made a serum which should check the tubercle growth in the body. It did not cure T.B. This open-air life with freedom from worry, with much rest and good food, did. Since then T.B. has declined more quickly than any other disease, and its decline has followed closely the improvement in living conditions, the improvement in food supplies and the general spread of hygienic knowledge, such as the necessity of an open-air life, sunlight and exercise. Health, so at least the history of T.B. suggests, is a general not a particular condition. We shall see how this view gained further evidence in the later decades.

The decade closed, then, with surgery still in the saddle (the druggist, the man with a bottle, was to remain in the shade with unjust neglect because of the sins of his black-draught predecessors), but, as we can now see, at the height of its dominance. On the whole, the notion that health is normal and the body is not decadent but knows how to look after itself, yes, and how to make extensive repairs (an idea alien and repugnant to the mechanistic outlook that lay behind surgical practice), was gaining, if unconsciously. Surgery was still to make astounding advances. With the improvement of anaesthetics (there was during this decade an almost criminal idleness in this line of research),

stimulants and technical competence, still further areas of the body were to become accessible with a considerable degree of safety. X-rays also — with which we shall have to deal in the concluding section of this chapter — gave a new power of diagnosis very useful to the surgeon. With the discoveries in therapeutic use of radiation Chapter II of Part III must deal.

The full advance of the natural, homogeneous or body-mind hygiene was, however, delayed in this decade by a conflict in its own ranks. On the one side were the traditional Churches, tending to be providentialist and ascetic, inclined therefore to be shocked at any interference with what we find in our bodies and yet also to believe our bodies are evil. To such minds even sun-bathing may be immoral and the love of the healthy body suggests fears for the welfare of the soul. The further interferences with natural processes now made possible by physiological knowledge awoke the strongest resentment in the orthodox, who therefore preferred the surgical school in spite of its mechanistic outlook and dangerous powers (*vide* abortion), because at least it did not consider human nature good nor trespass on theology's inner forbidden city, the mind, and man's régime and way of life. The other force which divided the school of natural hygiene was Christian Science.

The truth, denied by the surgical school, that the mind could influence the body and that we do not know the limits of that influence, was bound to be reasserted. Because, however, of the queer alliance of orthodox religion (calling the body fallen) and surgical science (calling it blindly and stupidly built), the reaction from the contempt for health and for the power that the

spirit has to keep man in health was violent and dogmatic. Many teachers were maintaining that your mind could do anything for you, if you had faith enough — a doctrine encysted in and older than Christianity itself. The woman of genius who accepted this generality, made it a dogma and on it issued a new scripture, organised an international church, enrolled millions, amassed a fortune, saw huge churches built in two hemispheres for her creed, and centred a faith that cured thousands and cheered millions, — was of that strange mentality and complicated character out of which founders of world-orders are generally made : energy and devotion must be combined with craft and ruthlessness, faith with realism and love of man fused with love of power. Mary Baker Eddy * was ill-educated and, till middle life, neurotic and egregiously unsuccessful. Yet in the first decade of the twentieth century she had obtained a position no female religious leader had ever before held in a civilised community. Her critics say that the United States was not civilised because it could not resist her crude religion. It was in a state in which it could have contracted any mass psychical infection (see Ray Strachey's *Studies in Religious Fanaticism*). Still, when in 1910 Mrs. Eddy died at eighty-nine, though long in retirement and an invalid, her churches were spreading fast, not only in America but in Europe.

The country (of the countries where thought was free) which resisted its invasion most successfully was France. This may prove that Christian Science does not work with the sceptical — and it must also be noticed that such believers in faith-healing as there were in

* See Dakin's *Mrs. Eddy*.

France had, as we have seen, their own home product, approved by Authority, in Lourdes. But this early twentieth century, it is also important to keep in mind, was not as certain as was its fathers that scepticism is the final wisdom or that everything is most fully revealed to him who doubts most persistently. Christian Science proved, however, a check to the spread of natural hygiene, for, being a dogma, it did not permit any pure experimentation or doubt. For anyone to keep an open mind about the mind's capacities in influencing the body was to find himself attacked by the mechanists because he wanted to use other than mechanical methods to explore, and as hotly attacked by the faith-healers because he wanted to explore at all.

Hypnotism was beginning to be used by a few qualified practitioners, cures made and knowledge acquired, but the organised physicians, dominated by the surgical mechanists, were acutely suspicious and hostile. The first English qualified practitioner to use hypnosis had been driven from the profession, and though such men as Milne-Bramwell and Wingfield had a medical record which established their bona fides, their work could not be heartily approved.

In 1906 another great fissure appeared in the national hygiene front. Sigmund Freud in 1896 had broken away from Charcot, the Frenchman who had established the facts of hypnosis, the power of the mind over the body, on a scientific basis, and shown how it might be used curatively. It was not, however, until 1906 that he gathered round him such men as Adler and Jung (themselves in time to break away and found famous schools) to spread, develop and organise his doctrine of psycho-

analysis. Of this, one of the greatest movements of our time, more must be said in later sections. Here it must suffice to note that Freud's basis, though psychological, was still as mechanistic as any surgeon could desire. He also held that the mind is really controlled by its past and, because mechanism rules, cannot escape from that past, a past almost exclusively absorbed in passionate sexual obsessions.

Whether this is true or false, such teaching played into the hands of the odd, old alliance of priest and surgeon. For the natural hygienist had to choose either to belong to a dogmatic creed, and so cease to be scientific, or to join with a scientific school (soon itself to become almost as dogmatic as any creed) and accept a mechanism as thorough as the surgeon's, without the surgeon's saving clause that he was only concerned with the body and knew nothing about the mind.

Such in briefest outline was the progress of hygiene during the first decade. Though a number of new and original approaches and methods were being made toward understanding human health, these new methods were so varied and so peculiar that they conflicted with each other. As a result, an elder outlook, cruder and more obscurantist, managed to continue to maintain itself, if uneasily, as the official medical attitude, because, though it was in a minority, no majority could be formed by the main opposition groups to take over control.

DISCOVERY

A further element of confusion which made for a general weakening of the traditional, providentialist morality was the spread of exploration and the knowl-

edge of its results. In 1909 Peary reached the North Pole. But such explorations of barrenness could not yield more than a sense that man is completing the inventory of his habitat. The explorations which really had more effect were the definitely anthropological explorations which marked a revolution in the attitude of civilised man toward other cultures. All other civilisations had this one thing in common. From China with its 'foreign devils' to Greece with its 'barbaroi,' the cultured had till now always taken for granted their superiority. True, a Tacitus might praise Teuton savages and a Rousseau talk of the perfect state of nature. Tacitus did not want to study the proto-Germans : he wanted to scold the late Romans. Rousseau was so innocent of the scientific approach that he thought natural man might be found in the one place which had a more artificial culture than his Europe — China. Such field work as the Cambridge Expedition to the Torres Straits and the classic studies of Spencer and Gillen among the Arunta blacks of Australia, both published in this decade, showed the new spirit and marked a revolution. Of the Cambridge Expedition an authority has said, 'The purposely directed application of scientific method to field work may be said to have begun then.' No assumption was to be made that the people studied were lower creatures ; far less was there any attempt to turn them into Europeans. 'The anthropological revolution is certainly among the great revolutions of our age and holds as much hope for the welfare of mankind as any of the researches of science. The immediate effects on the decade were slight, but such as they were they contributed to its accumulation

of unresolved pressures. Men began to question unquestioned moralities when they found people whom they could no longer with a clear conscience despise practising conflicting moralities. Christian missions, an immense nineteenth-century activity, were faced with a new problem ; Christian morality at home with one not less grave. People began to realise that some of the morals that they had held with the most violent conviction had least outward proof of their value. That strange survival and arrest from those proto-Sumerians, who first worshipped the moon (and divided the month into her four sacred quarters with four days when all work ceased for fear of upsetting her transition from quarter to quarter), the British Sabbath, began to be stirred. As Campbell-Bannerman said, when in 1901 Friday instead of Wednesday became Parliament's slacking off term, ' A practice in what calls itself smart society ' had grown up of having ' what is called a week-end.' The town was still Sabbath-bound : in the country nobody knew what you did.

Completely new ideas, constructive though upsetting, were also beginning to occur to men. Sir Francis Galton, cousin of Darwin, and himself not only a physical scientist but an anthropologist, dared start the notion of Eugenics. Through the decade the idea quietly grew. It was hardly nice, but then Sir Francis was himself such a dear old man (he achieved the supreme recommendation to the English heart, he lived long, 1822–1911) — and he was actually given a knighthood (in 1909) to take to the grave.

Another upsetting idea was the subconscious mind. As we have seen, Freud had not yet made it publicly

scandalous by his description of it as, if not a sewer, at least an intestine. His work on dreams was spreading at the close of this decade, but could not as yet be called public. But the work of F. W. H. Myers and the Psychical Research Society was becoming known in influential quarters. Telepathy became a familiar word. Myers himself died in 1901 : a classical scholar (associating with himself Dr. Sidgwick, an eminent professor of philosophy at Cambridge, who died in 1902), he made Spiritualism almost respectable, and certainly rendered cultured people's minds familiar with the unsettling thought that the conscious mind is only an outcrop or atoll of a huge sunken continent of the mind — called by him the supra-liminal mind and credited by him with fabulous powers. In this matter, however, overstatement was again inevitable, so flagrant had been the persistent denials of doctors, and indeed of psychologists, throughout the preceding century.

There were even signs that these notions were being attempted to be put into practice and the new knowledge used. In 1902 Borstal was founded, a new attempt to deal with juvenile crime in the belief that, whatever may be true later, the young criminal will generally respond to treatment. If you drop him into a jail, a jail-bird he becomes : if you can teach him to be what you really are and profoundly believe in being, he will tend to become so. The success of the experiment and its extension proved that there was at least more truth in this faith than in the old treatment inspired by disgust and fear. A year after (1903), Poor Persons had passed for them an Act so that for want of defence they might not find themselves in prison or penalised

when legal ability could have shown that they were not liable for punishment. This again indicated an abstract love of justice, and perhaps also an actual misgiving about the benefits of prisons and punishments which marks the spread of a questioning and kindly spirit. Sensibility was obtaining leave for the exercise of sense.

A definite taboo — a word taken from anthropology, and soon to be used as an acid test on much conventional morality — was attacked when in 1907 a man was by Act made no longer a criminal if he married his deceased wife's sister. Still, so slow is the legislature to realise change or to make channels for its expression that it took another fourteen years before the supplementary part of the taboo — forbiddal of marriage with a deceased brother's wife — was to be removed.

Another new idea, which was equally opposed to *laissez-faire* and Conservatism, in 1908 challenged the official attention of the Parties which supported those faiths. The Unemployed Workmen's Bill, brought in by a Liberal but seconded by Ramsay MacDonald, was the recognition of the right, not so much to be let work as to have work found for every able-bodied man at the price of the community having otherwise to keep him and his family. Unemployment and distress had become acute in 1906, not the unemployment of partial insurance (the dole) but of a resourceless life with only the workhouse between the victim and starvation. Humanitarianism had recognised that it could not stand this state of affairs. If you were your brother's keeper you had to keep him other than on the assumption that he was a lazy parasite because he had failed to keep himself. A Royal Commission was sitting on the Poor Law

— sitting with all the might and main of civil servant members, witnesses from every Authority, ample blue-books, statistics and 'returns'; sitting with all the inevitable pressure of the 'gradual' Fabians grinding upon it like the mills of God. Agree, however, they could not, for certain issues were debarred from them, certain knotty but fundamental problems which the smooth, civil-serviced and economically-marginal rulers refused to tackle. I have to keep my brother — my neighbour; and my neighbour is, on the highest authority, anyone who is down and out. (Even in 1908 it was no longer possible to assume, in a country which lived on world-wide export trade, and where slumps and booms were as clear, if not as precipitous, as they are to-day, that an unemployed man could get employment if he wished.) But if I therefore keep him at a standard of life which is not meant to be penal: (i) Will he look out for work if he knows that we have to do it for him? (ii) Can we in time be sure of finding him work which really pays for his keep? (iii) Have we to keep not only him but any further unemployed he may choose to bring upon our common and certainly not unlimited resources? Problem (i) the Labour Exchanges began in 1909 to attempt to solve. They were, as Churchill said, 'complementary to unemployed insurance,' but they never gave the results their devisers hoped. The second problem was undoubtedly a very real one. As the country accepted responsibility for its workless, the numbers who emigrated fell off. They were being found for. Why then seek further afield? The third problem, however, was the most serious, and the one no one liked to mention. The provident were undoubtedly

limiting their families. Perhaps the most significant of all human discoveries of how to control nature was, up to that time, birth-control. It began to show its effects already in the 'nineties. By the first decade of the new century the families of the provident were cut to their cloth. People deliberately decided how many children they could afford and set themselves to be as intentional and free of blind accident here as in all the other responsible undertakings of their lives. But they were ashamed in the face of the intense opposition (all the more unstinted where it was uninformed) with which this triumph of providence and reason was met. What you planned for your home you might not therefore mention as a policy for the country. This was all the more grave because Genetics began to suggest that some of those who failed most easily and had therefore to be kept most continuously were also not only most irresponsible and improvident, but were not to be blamed for these unfortunate failings because their inherited characters were such. Yet if this was the character they inherited, this too, it would seem, would be the character they would pass on. It seemed, then, that you might be tending to limit the children the provident would have in order, out of the taxes the provident produced, to endow the parenthood of the improvident. The facts of human inheritance were then obscured and are still very far from clear. But this question was and is perhaps the acutest social issue that can be raised.

Humane people have to face the fact that humaneness is in itself not enough, and that the 'foresight which is the kindness of kings' will be needed in this matter before we can put the problem of Unemployment on a

sound basis. Here in 1908–1909 no one was prepared, right along the whole political front, from Socialist to Tory, to speak frankly about human reproduction. Economics was still the only science about which a statesman was supposed to need even to consult an expert. That human society is a psycho-physical problem it was indecent to suggest : the Tories were shocked, the Socialists did not want their dogmas, which were pre-genetic, questioned. Unsolved, then, the problem remained through this decade, and Society muddled on, partly by letting the unsuccessful suffer acute want, partly by private and governmental charity.

If this attempt to deal with Unemployment showed a united determination not to look thoroughly into the matter, English intuition and initiative were brilliantly illustrated in 1908 with the successful launching of the Boy Scout movement. It was a stroke of the national genius that made Baden-Powell realise that there were social problems needing attention long before the sick, the criminal and the unemployed turned up — problems of the still well and vigorous, problems which if solved might prevent many of those later acute problems arising. He realised how pent and balked the ordinary boy was while woods and moors vanished and hedges, roads, streets and walls cut this restless, clambering animal off from its native haunts. Later, child-psychologists were to suggest that the young recapitulate in their pre-adolescent years the social history of man, as in the womb they have recapitulated the physical history of the race. Baden-Powell could not have said this, but as an artist he acted so as to show that intuitively he knew it to be true. That he was right

was proved by the immediate success of his movement, which spread round the world. Whether that movement can endure no one can say. It was a revolt from 'being sensible,' from young people being treated as though they liked behaving as if the town were their creation and needed for their full expression. Perhaps the movement lacks an adequate goal. Perhaps the abandonment of the attempt to make youth rejoice in the city may be a mistake — the city may suffer. Perhaps the young man who has been a Scout is to some extent an arrested growth : he may remain — as some profound Continental critics have adjudged the Englishman — all his life a boy, generous, high-spirited, brave, and, if you do not cross his taboos, kind ; but unimaginative, crude, incapable of deep reflection, keen critical judgment, or intense creativeness. Certain it is that the Boy Scout movement was a social idea and phenomenon of the first significance.

RESEARCH

Next in depth we must glance at, if to do no more than catalogue, some of the principal appliances of Pure Research which now began to affect and alter social living. The rise of the Motor has often been chronicled. In 1903 motor-cars were permitted to jump ahead from twelve miles an hour to twenty. There the pace stuck legally till well beyond this decade, though motors were gaining in efficiency every year. In the same year Orville Wright, using the petrol motor, flew first for twelve and then for fifty-nine seconds in an out-of-the-way spot called Kitty Hawk in the United States. That was such a shock to opinion that the story

at first was given no credence, even when photos were published. Once, however, disbelief was shattered, men in France, England and Germany with the huge courage of the human race were leaping into the air in machines which to-day are considered death-traps.

In 1908 Farman, the Frenchman, in a huge box-kite affair managed to bob between Châlons and Rheims, and the year after, Blériot with his monoplane hopped over the Channel. Then people realised a new age was on the way, along this line alone. But the air was only one line, spectacular because man has always wanted almost above all things to fly and feared almost above all things to fall. The air is his lure by fear and fancy. The Turbine was an invention of the first rank. Three-quarters of the earth's surface is sea ; freight by water is easiest carriage. The turbine and the monster liner grew together. In 1907 the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania,* sister ships, unprecedented floating towns of 31,500 tons apiece, were launched. They eclipsed all other liners and made history in the ship-building world. One, also, made such other history that its keel might well have been ' laid in an eclipse.'

The Electric Motor, too, was getting under way. The tram had a poor future, but the huge tube system of London (which began in 1902, is still spreading and is the vastest subterranean road system man has ever made) was made possible by the motor which will not use up or defile air.

But the real triumph of communication — gauge of the speed at which advance was being pressed — was not in exchange of freight and carriage of bodies to and fro, but in the exchange of speech faster than sound,

at the speed of light itself. By 1905 the Telephone had established itself so that the Government could take it over as a national communication service comparable to the Post. A communication far more unsettling both to preconceived ideas and also to Governments (for it is still to be proved whether they can really control it) was Radio — or, as the English with their taste for indefinition preferred to call it, the Wireless. In 1902 Marconi sent a radio message across the Atlantic. It was a triumph of courageous empiricism, because all the electric experts had told this too young inventor that it could not be done. It was known the radio 'wave' would go straight off into space 'and never be heard of again.' Marconi transmitted, was picked up, and what was perhaps of equal importance, had found at a stroke the 'Heaviside layer,' the invisible 'ceiling' of ionised atmosphere some sixty to one hundred miles up, an utterly unsuspected place on which not only radio waves rebound but in which, perhaps the most unbelievably unexpected of its properties, though so near to the interstellar cold, the temperature may be hotter than it ever becomes on earth.

Radio was to wait till after the War before it would affect the ordinary person's life. But another linkage of civilisation began to do its mixed work in 1904 when the first Cinema began to spring up. The giant industry was to wait for the other decades, but already in this first decade people began to see people of other places and races moving in front of them as though alive. The stories were puerile (they are seldom more than adolescent now), but when a native crowd were shown dancing or worshipping, when a plant was

shown growing, when, even, a film was reversed for fun and you saw the dense traffic of the street going back on itself or the intake of a full meal completely 'reversed,' the simplest person, to whom seeing is believing, began to realise how varied are human beings and yet how interesting ; how strangely active is 'still life' ; and, deepest mystery though most comic to view, what an odd thing after all is this familiar thing Time.

In conclusion of this section only one great applied discovery which no one noticed can be mentioned. That was the Fixation of Nitrogen. As Sir William Crookes had said from the Chair of the British Association in 1898, humanity was breeding itself faster than it was breeding corn. If nitrogen could not be fixed from the air — it seemed then a fantastic proposition — then a bread shortage must appear through exhaustion throughout the world of all the soils which could grow corn. For each crop took a little more nitrogen — the essential fertiliser — out of the soil, and the only large natural sources of supply were the nitrate deposits in Chile, and these under the world-wide demand must give out. Without the ordinary man even being aware of his danger the discovery was made in time and the balance adjusted. The Chilean nitrate is now becoming increasingly difficult to sell. Indeed, so thoroughly and down so many channels did Science tackle the danger of food shortage, that by mastering the chemistry of light soils — what had been called desert — by plant research so as to get better strains of wheat, through mechanisation of the whole agricultural process, wheat was so increased that even without this final line of defence the food supplies of the world were secured.

So Nitrogen-Fixation is one of the great scientific discoveries for which there has never been any gratitude, because the gift's value was never realised. During the War, it did, however, play a decisive part by letting the Germans get their explosives from the air when the Allies prevented them from getting the raw material overseas.

Before concluding this chapter with a thumb-nail sketch of the largest achievements of pure research, a summary of cultural advance and exploration must come here. For Literature and even some of the Plastic Arts were affected by and affected the decade much more than the great discoveries in pure research. The fundamental scientific discoveries of this decade (1900–1909), though they are indeed symptomatic of the age and reveal the evolution of its mentality, did not begin to alter the lives and thoughts of ordinary men until considerably later. Ideas so radical take long to sink into men's minds.

LITERATURE

The art in which the English peoples have excelled and by which they are most affected is undoubtedly Literature. It may be their type of mind has tended to express itself in this form and not, for example (certainly for the last two hundred years), in music, because literature can point a moral, music cannot, and the English like their morals always in evidence. The writer of this decade who undoubtedly affected, if not the millions, the thousands who captained them, was Rudyard Kipling. He had passed his apprenticeship as an Anglo-Indian journalist, eulogising with real

art the achievements of the official Anglo-Indian, who was powerful but dumb and who therefore took up his apologist. Now, since the South African War, Kipling had become not merely the clever story-teller who showed the Anglo-Indian as he would be, but the bard of Empire. With the slow fading of the Imperialistic dream, when Rhodes was disowned at his base, South Africa, and Joseph Chamberlain had failed to make an Imperial *Zollverein,* Kipling's occupation was really gone. He had sacrificed the artist's detachment, clarity and proportion, all of which were in his reach, to put over the 'big idea.' It was not big enough : had it been, its failure in the actual world would have made its poets not dumb but great tragedians. There are signs in his work that he could have been an artist too great to call any politician his master. This element never found adequate expression. Through this decade, however, he was not merely advertising the Empire, he was making the well-to-do read, mark, learn and understand what an art English short-story telling can be.

Toward the end of the decade another great short-story writer appeared in England, but he was even more of a stranger than an Anglo-Indian journalist. In 1908 Joseph Conrad, the Polish sea-captain, published his 'Set of Six' short stories. His constructional power and his style were equal to Kipling's. He also had the fluent outsider's admiration for the inexpressive but active Englishman. Indeed, that Englishman's standards of stoicism without thought, a Red Indian code made for export, he accepted even more unquestioningly than Kipling. Kipling was nearer the real thing, and he knew, though he feared to face it, that the Public

School is not enough. Behind it lies the Puritan attitude of life. By itself the Public School Spirit is nothing but a dying-down Conditioned Reflex if it has not the courage to look on and see the terrible but ecstatic vision which the Puritan sees but which neither Rhodes nor Conrad divined. Conrad's vogue, however, belongs to the later decades.

A third short-story writer of this age (and one who has noted how the short story then captivated these its masters), afterwards to leave them to lounge himself in less shapely forms, was H. G. Wells. During the 'nineties his science wonder stories, to which he was the first author to bring not merely scientific imagination but first-rate literary skill, showed magazine readers that here was a great imaginative power. Through this decade he was turning from these romances almost as without characterisation, almost as non-psychological as detective stories, to his large ramifying social romances. In these, such as *Ann Veronica, The New Machiavelli,* and *Tono-Bungay,* he created characters with something of the copious ease and memorable stylisation that mark the work of Dickens. Indeed, already in the 'nineties, in his first novel in this genre, *Kipps,* he achieved in Kipps himself and his complementary friend Chitterlow, human beings of such immediate appeal and authentic existence that Dickens would have been proud to father them. Yet all his work, originally imaginative or intuitively psychological, was controlled and dominated by a social purpose. If Kipling served the Empire, Wells served civilisation. Both sacrificed a great deal to their causes. Wells openly declared at this time that he rejected the name artist, which Conrad and others

were trying to win, and accepted the name journalist because he was determined to serve his day.

Another great writer, yet resolved even more earnestly than Conrad to be an artist, and himself also an alien, was Henry James. At this time he began to build up those more than patient analyses of character and motive which were finally to become so elaborate that he wrought a completely new style in which to express the detail of his findings. At the other extreme of stylisation was another foreign author who also influenced Northern Europe and England, though he wrote in French. This was Maeterlinck, the Belgian ex-priest, who escaped from human problems into a world of fantasy and word-suggestion expressed in his *Pelléas et Mélisande* and more popularly in *The Blue Bird,* but also, though with an appearance of scientific objectivity, in his *Life of the Bee.* Whether he outraged the style of cold under-statement which scientists demand, the fact remains that this work, published in 1901, did undoubtedly teach numberless readers how that they are not the only social beings that life has produced, but that the hive is in some ways a more perfect achievement than mankind even at its most urbane. Kipling, as the Empire faded, tried to recapture a country spirit in his work. *Puck of Pook's Hill* was a real achievement in resuscitating history. County-story tellers became the vogue. Sussex grew to be a little overcrowded, but Hardy staked his claim firmly in Dorset. This provincialism, combined with pessimism, which was then coming back among the cultured, undoubtedly helped to popularise a writer who, though adequate in technique and interested if not informed

about the ultimates, attained, more by occasion and circumstance than by inherent genius, a popularity which required only the final qualification of old age to render worthy of an Abbey funeral.

Clean away from this high-road of literature, an ex-doctor was, we now see, developing an immense new branch of the author's industry. Conan Doyle, with Sherlock Holmes, created a character whom all readers felt they knew, and, real stroke of genius, through a second person, Dr. Watson, made not only a foil against which the flash of the super-detective mind stood out, but also a relationship that could go on for ever. The play of two spirits divided by intelligence, joined by complementaries of character — for we must remember the authentic Holmes was a morphine addict dependent on the sterling sound sense and affectionate devotion of Dr. Watson, a theme which Cervantes had shown to be of universal appeal, the too highly-tempered blade held in the trusty haft — Conan Doyle exploited with sufficient mastery to give him an enormous public. This great refounder of detection (he had learnt from Poe and the French) did not, however, detect that he was founding a new genre in writing, that an insatiable demand for his stuff was latent in people soon tired of love, more soon of sex, but always, in their safety, able to shudder with childlike faith at the thought of what might be under their bed and to give all their trust to the cool, calm, clear intelligence which would call The Thing out and show that, after all, the friendly powers of light will win against the darkness. He rashly killed his great creation by the hand of a minnow of a monster called Moriarty, and had thereafter to be continually

finding papers the hero left or recalling his dead familiar's triumphs to supply the unexpected demand. The impress Doyle made upon the public mind may be judged by the fact that Holmes is the only fictional character which, since the creations of Dickens, has come to stand in popular speech as a representative type.

But if people want to shudder, why not at the very spirit of fright, the ghost itself? One real ghost is worth a hundred corpses for bringing blood-heat down with a run. Wells did attempt it in his *Red Room,* but the ghost there was only an abstraction, Fear itself. Doyle himself in his *Playing with Fire* tried to raise the full elemental horror in which he ended by actually believing. In *The Turn of the Screw* Henry James tried to make psychic panic come alive again by sheer literary skill. But it would seem that the only man of this age to achieve what once had been an easy art was another James, then Provost of King's College, Cambridge. The name he gave his tales is significant, *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary.* Only a master at raising the past, archaeologically exact in every syllable of the spell, could even attempt to thrill a present which knew that as long as the machine kept running and the electric light burned, the supernatural must keep its distance, at least if it remained anthropomorphic.

Literature, then, is in this decade either still trying to develop art for art's sake or becoming sociological and psychological. The art for art's sake had to lie low. Its chief priest, Oscar Wilde, had been highly provocative and then almost insanely indiscreet. Certainly he was no master such as Henry James, but his violent fate, a term of imprisonment with hard labour

because he was a sexual intergrade, awoke the scorn of the French, who like to make the world think they are more liberal than the English, and many English artists sympathised. He had died in Paris in 1900. Five years after, it began to be possible to mention his name again, and, as usual, such an absurd repression led to an over-estimation almost as unbalanced. Without his brilliant, impertinent, overmastering talk, art for art's sake had little to say for itself. Henry James, George Moore and Joseph Conrad were to polish away, grinding lenses through whose flawless limpidity movements of the human heart, however slight, should be perfectly rendered. Writers as great — rougher but more vital — were definitely to put their services at the disposal of immediate causes. There has been mentioned Wells, then actually a Fabian till the *New Machiavelli* flung-out. Another Fabian who may dispute with Wells the claim to be the most influential writer of the decade is G. B. Shaw. His novels were failures, but by this time he had, by writing plays that actually shocked and amused while being the most Puritan sermons ever preached in or out of a theatre, attained a brilliant position. He attacked shams and rackets : *Widowers' Houses* — the slum-landlord ; *Arms and the Man* — the hypocrisy about modern war being heroic : *Major Barbara* — the armament racket ; *Getting Married* — matrimonial humbug ; *The Doctor's Dilemma* — medical pretence ; *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (long play-banned but read) — the prostitute, the procuress and the lust-traffic. *Man and Superman* contained his philosophy, a working faith rather than a metaphysic, based on the belief in Emergent Evolution and acquired

mainly from a man who himself was more of a writer than a thinker and an artist than a scientist, Samuel Butler, a man more anxious to abolish shams than to understand why they arise and endure, and so pre-psychological, like his greater debonair disciple. In *Candida* Shaw showed that he could write a play with live people in it living their lives. But soon it became clear that he needed every character to be a trumpet through which he might blast against the Jericho-Babylon of 'capitalist' London. In later decades we shall see the stages of his plays cleared more and more for action through speech against the comfortable authority. His popularity showed, however, that his cause was really won. He had sacrificed to it art. He certainly never regretted his sacrifice. Such views were being rapidly modified by the new social information which was coming to hand. The period found that writers of whom Shaw was the master were really economically minded, psychologically conservative, and only shocked public opinion in order to save it from profounder shocks. Shaw, a Puritan in aim and an economist in method, might after all save the social order from libertinage and those dreadful psychological speculations that had begun to loom on the horizon. The century's first decade began to realise that there were worse things even than Socialism, and that indeed economic reform in small doses might actually help to save Society from that vaster and dimmer horror 'immorality.'

In France this Puritan realism found even more definite expression, but found it necessary to probe deeper. Brieux, whose plays were first translated by Mrs. Bernard Shaw, with his *Damaged Goods,* a play on syphilis,

and *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont,* showed how much horror and cruelty, equal to that of any blood-and-thunder Renaissance tragedy, had been hiding behind the curtains and flounces of nineteenth-century respectability. Nor was this new questioning attitude, this sense that the new century was really moving into new mental country, confined to the literary authors and playwrights. *Milestones,* a put-together play, nevertheless caught the country's imagination as it told without much comment or point the history of three generations and showed, all the more startlingly because naïvely, that a man might now do the unprecedented thing of living through a couple of cultures and yet at the end find himself still existing, a living fossil, a creature of another epoch.

Even sentimentalism, the Englishman's love of feeling for its own sake (because he is so frightened of the consequences of real feelings, whether these result in sexual behaviour or in social devotion), was in this decade significant, if only in a negative way, of the direction in which the community's mind was moving. The master of English sentiment was a Scot, James Barrie — as the master of English realism was the Irishman Shaw. The two plays which voiced most clearly English sentiment were *The Admirable Crichton* (1903) and *Peter Pan* (1904). The first assured the well-to-do that under the stylised deference of their lacquered automata, from butler to buttons, there was quite possibly a natural man capable of courageous initiative and enterprise. It amused the comfortable to see, safely held at a distance through a convention of fantasy (the butler who turns the tables he has so long served and

rules the noble family only attains power over them on a desert island), that their stiff, exhibitionist liveries might be disguising, yes, and taming an elemental leader of men. The play also had the happiest of endings, for, having discovered that their servant was a natural master, the noble family and the sympathising audience see him reduced again in a moment to his servile stature as soon as Society recaptures these strays. The moral of the play and the secret of its popularity is that Society is much more powerful than Nature however dynamic, and you, the well-to-do audience, are Society. Such a conclusion was naturally popular with an age becoming increasingly uncertain of its assumptions. There are signs that the dramatist was even more uncertain than his audiences. Certainly *Peter Pan* was an even greater success, more significant of the author's place in society and a far clearer proof of the wish to escape by going back. Savage islands do not let us escape from our own shadows. Horace Flaccus had known that. Barrie was again to stress this grimmest of facts in *Dear Brutus* (1917). So back to childhood's innocence still as Wordsworth had left it, intimating an immortality of glorious cloudiness before Freud had described in physical detail that procreative immortality of the race which he maintains is all the immortality there has ever been or ever will be.

We shall have to note right through this generation how Peter Pannishness spread like the measles until the Boy who wouldn't Grow Up became one of the great symbols of the period. As we shall see, in inventing this type, Barrie made a psychological discovery of the first importance. It was so big a thing that, like most

strokes of intuitive diagnosis, it was greater than its maker knew. It went so deep that it pierced below good and bad art or morals. The escape into childhood, like the Boy Scout movement, might be a retreat and an acknowledgment of defeat. It might be, and as often was, *reculer pour mieux sauter*. About this deep matter, of advance by retreat, of progress through becoming a child, yes, even by 'foetalisation,' more must be said in the later parts of this book, as this profound movement of our times, the Youth movement, which has played such a revolutionary part in these years, emerges on to the field of history.

A passionate alternative to this wish to get back to childhood was the main contribution of Germany to the world's literary thought in these years. Nietzsche had died mad in 1900. His thought was always so violently reactive that he was never fully balanced. In this decade his work had immense influence. He sensed the full strength of the growing sensibility and it seemed to him like a gas-cloud, in the aether-like sweetness of which heroic strength would die. With the hysteric violence of a frightened invalid he raged against the 'slave virtues' of Christianity and called for a superman. He wanted a return to crude, excessive maleness. Psychology deals bleakly with such emotionalism. It diagnoses fear and a pathetic sense of defeated sex in the froth of defiance. Probably this is part if not the whole of the truth. Certainly no author writing to-day as hysterically as Nietzsche could gain the international success he had in the first decade. That does not alter his importance as a symptom. Shaw played with supermanly ideas. It is clear that people were feeling that

there had to be a psychological, a human reaction to all this mechanic advance. 'Great empires and little minds go ill together,' had said Burke. This century began by feeling that it needed itself to grow to face up to its huge inheritance dumped on it by applied science. Barrie with his slogan 'Back to Childhood' got most votes. But there were many hearers for Nietzsche and for Ibsen, now also being translated and whose message seemed to be 'Face Life! Bad as it is, it is worse if you shun it.' 'Be a super-man,' cried the pathetic Polish-German. 'Look at it coolly, at its madness, its syphilis, its muddle,' said the cold Scandinavian. These streams, the geyser and the glacier spring, met and were given fresh volume and flow in Shaw. Shaw said, 'Be a Socialist.' The stress was on character, and that stress was caused, we see, by a change going on in consciousness itself. In spite of Shaw still believing and teaching that economics is what matters, the movement was toward psychology, and Shaw himself was really concerned always with problems of the human soul and its decisions. Men were aware, though still faintly, and mainly in the symbols of their books, that the huge muddle of their lives and circumstances could only be solved by a new knowledge of themselves. They must learn about that nature and what it needed, and supply its needs, if life was not to become a nightmare of irrelevant accidents, and then they might know whether that knowledge should lead them to Valhalla or to a Nursery Garden.

So Literature and Society moved together into the unknown, only aware that something was 'stepping on the accelerator,' only beginning to suspect, like a frost-bitten

man waking up, that the weight on the pedal was their own numbed foot. The nature of that something we must now try and perceive below all the other movements.

PURE RESEARCH

The fundamental movements in this first decade were not in abstract thought but in experiment. Because of this they took longer to affect men's minds as a whole, but the effect when it came was all the more lasting. The great discovery in Pure Research began in Physics — the science furthest away from human life but the most accurate, and the one which it was most firmly believed had established materialism and made free will an impossibility. Röntgen in 1895 had shocked the world by showing how to look through solids. In 1900, however, the theory behind the experiment was made quite clear, and it was far more startling than the experiment itself. When Madame Curie in France discovered radium and established its radio-active nature, then it became clear that the basic assumptions of physics were shaken and the faith of materialism, which had hardened to a dogma, was again in dispute. The intransmutability of the elements — a basic dogma — suddenly became doubtful ; eternal motion, also held as one of the impossibilities, became difficult to disprove ; even the wild notion that matter and energy might be interchangeable and that matter might not be solid at all but only a field of force appealing to our sense — this notion, always profoundly intriguing to metaphysicists and always as profoundly absurd and shocking to physicists, had now seriously to be debated. Niels Bohr in Copenhagen and J. J. Thomson and Rutherford at Cambridge as fertile

experimentalists explored the atom which was the irrefragable rock on which the faith of materialism had been built. The rock dissolved. First there was, in its place, the planetary system of Bohr. The atom was really as empty as the solar system. There was a tiny sun — the nucleus — and at astronomic distances round it spun the sub-microscopic electrons. Thomson and Rutherford began to dissolve even this tenuous picture of solidity. With the changes they wrought and the final disappearance of any picture or model, with the dispersal of the notion that there can be any material representation of pure matter, with that triumph of ' philosophic idealism,' the later sections on pure research will deal.

Until these experiments were completed there could only loom in the background of the first decade a figure too vast and earth-shaking to be taken in. Albert Einstein was dissolving the old Cosmos in the tremendous solvent of his mind, but the form into which he was to recast the system of thought and action — the assumption of reality in which men had lived since men began to think of a non-human Universe, with Alexandrine Euclid — no one could then say ; and the ordinary man was completely ignorant of the vast caverns of speculation opening under the pavement of materialism which he still took to be rock-bottom reality.

The Biological sciences were quietly counting and cataloguing their gains after the tremendous battles and advances associated with the name of Darwin. Suddenly all was in confusion again when a Dutchman, De Vries (*The Mutation Theory,* 1901), and an Englishman, William Bateson, challenged one of the great Darwinian explanations of Life : that all living changes come about

by, that every species has arisen through, minute random changes provoked and favoured by its surroundings. The passive rôle allotted to Life, the sport of circumstance, the new theory questioned. The discovery that the living germ could strike out for itself had been made in the nineteenth century by an Austrian Abbé called Mendel. His work was accurate and conclusive. It was published in a local but scientifically-recognised journal. It produced no effect on scientific thought because it upset too radically the Darwinian biological assumptions which had become authoritative. Now De Vries and Bateson by experiments, and Bateson by recovering Mendel's studies and results, proved the Chromosome theory — that the living germ has within it power suddenly to change and to give rise to a new species by Mutation, by a ' sport.' How that inner power is provoked or evoked could not be said. For the time being, biologists were content to establish the fact, and through it to attain to a completely new insight and power over the principles of heredity. This Mendelian discovery was, then, one of the first importance, practically because it gave radically new knowledge and influence to the breeder of plants and animals, and theoretically because it gave back to Life, however vaguely, the initiative, which seemed to have been discovered by Darwinism wholly to lie with circumstances, in the environment. Samuel Butler, a man who, we have seen, had influenced Shaw and was celebrated during this decade after his death as an original thinker, had reacted violently against Darwinism on this very point. He was, however, unfortunately not a pure thinker or researcher, any more than Shaw, but his opponents

almost all were. He was only a 'reactive' thinker, and so his angry but sincere cry against Darwin, 'You have banished Mind from the Universe,' remained as a challenge too temperamental to be answered or to put his opponents to silence. The decade that saw him honoured by the *literati* also saw the cause for which he felt so passionately — the inherent power of Life itself — begin to make at last some scientific headway.

Another great advance in experimental biology belongs to this decade. The Rockefeller Trust — a Trust which by the skill with which it has been devised to administer enormous wealth for far-sighted public purposes has done more to justify enormous private wealth than perhaps any other institution — appointed in 1906 a Frenchman named Alexis Carrel to the staff of the Trust's Institute of Medical Research. Carrel was a surgeon and began his original work by showing how to transplant veins, arteries and even organs. This led him to his outstanding achievement when he discovered how to keep living tissue — pieces of heart, kidney or liver — alive indefinitely when they had been taken from the animal body to which they had belonged. One of the original pieces of chicken tissue is still alive to-day after having long outlived the natural term of the species to which it belonged. This work showed that there was no natural term for living tissue provided it could be rid of its auto-toxins. That marked a great step in our knowledge of Life. The consequence was of equal importance. Tissue, so kept alive outside the body, could be studied far more adequately than ever was possible before. A new era of research into the nature of our physical life was opened by this work.

CHAPTER III

THE TREND

We have now attempted a review of the Outward Scene and have also attempted to detect the main tendencies behind it. In this chapter we must try to discern behind the whole screen of the 'going concern,' behind even the conscious activity of writers and researchers, scholars and scientists, administrators and thinkers, the deep main drift, the undercurrent of instinctive life, on which culture and civilisation — the way of life of that late-comer and fast-goer, Modern Man — is carried, as mysteriously and as involuntarily as the evolution of any other animal species, to its unknown bourne.

In such a review, of the immediate thirty years, selection out of the deluge of incidents must seem arbitrary. Each onlooker can only attempt to abstract himself, stand at least as far above the press of the battle as will his grandchildren, and mark only those incidents which he sees to be significant because he is convinced that they illustrate and contributed to the main shaping of events in the broad development of this civilisation. This selection is not easy to make even from the outward scene, the World's Diary. Yet there certain events, war and peace, revolution, reaction and evolution, great treaties and international policies, do show with some distinction what must be chronicled and give some points of agreement as to what has been the superficial development. When we attempt to discuss and evaluate the Forces Behind, this selection becomes more difficult

and of necessity more arbitrary. Yet even at that depth and in this immediacy there is some agreement as to what events, what developments, researches and discoveries, are of the greatest significance and have already proved their profundity.

It is when the final estimate of the decade has to be attempted — the estimate which will try to establish not the age's speed of growth but its direction and goal, not to describe its symptoms but to diagnose their cause — that an hypothesis must be employed and an assumption made. The writer of this life, of which he has been a living cell, feels, as was said in the Introduction, that these thirty years are of unique significance and will so appear to all future historians. He believes that history does not and cannot repeat itself, because all history is the shadow cast by the evolving spirit of man, and man does not repeat his growth but goes from his beginning to his end. As man is ' a transitional animal,' a creature of crisis, passing at a speed no other animal in its evolution has ever attained, from complete and unquestioning dependence on his environment to complete power over and understanding of that environment, so, as he approaches the climax of that crisis, the moment when power passes into understanding, and understanding of the environment passes up into a realisation and understanding of his self as part of that environment, he must come to a moment when he sees that all advance must henceforth be in the mind, in himself. First, as an animal, his advance was infinitely slow and hesitant. He came in as a piece of driftwood is floated from wave to wave and finally is thrown on the shore. Then as man, but still a creature of action not

reflection, a creature that had always to do before it could know, he altered his environment, and only by doing so did he discover what his nature was and how it was in answer to its altering demands and because of its altering character that he had altered outer nature. It is clear that in such a process there must come a moment when men come awake to what they are doing and become self-consciously aware why they are doing it. It is clear that such a moment must be sudden and critical, and beside this revolution in consciousness all other revolutions are vague and partial things. The law of All or Nothing — that a stimulus either gets through with full and peremptory effect or not at all — certainly applies to the mind. It is with a sudden shock of surprise that we realise what we have been doing and why. It is an act of waking up with which we cease to carry on in, as we aptly say 'absence of mind,' and become fully intentional and self-conscious. It is of that unprecedented crisis in this transitional animal's extraordinary career that all of us alive to-day are spectators and partakers. We are present at a crisis with which there can only be compared the unknown moment when the ape became man. We do not know whether, as we count time, that conversion took aeons or a moment. To-day, it seems, the second supreme moment in man's career comes in the life of our generation and may achieve itself in that small space. If this hypothesis is true, then the most significant features of our age, the confirmatory symptoms of this profoundest change, will be evident in involuntary acts and hardly-recognised tendencies. This chapter will try to discover whether such were becoming evident in the first decade of the century.

THE ARTS

Literature has been dealt with earlier because Literature in this decade was still a completely intellectualised craft in which all its artists were determined to be representational and many of them, as we have seen, put their gifts at the disposal of causes and policies, to forward these aims by propaganda or by descriptive work which was purposely tendentious. Pictorial art, however, had gone beyond this stage of artistic development. The picture which told a story had long been suspect to the critic, and now any picture in which the dominant motive was felt to be 'literary' was sent to join the story-book illustration. This was a remarkable development. No one denies that in the past great artists had painted greatly when rendering a narrative by picture. True, the picture, when it was by a master, not only told a story, and told that story at the moment of its psychological climax, but so arranged the actors in the scene of that moment that, apart from the narrative interest, there was supplementing it a harmonious mastery of arrangement, a design of figures and their setting, which consciously or unconsciously continued to charm the onlooker even when he was wholly ignorant of the story which the picture described. As late as Manet's great 'Execution of Maximilian' we have an example of this type of art. Thereafter it seems to disappear : a great sense of pictorial design and an interest in historical incident seem to become different foci — when one is clearly apprehended, the other goes out of focus. The power of holding them together in a single creative vision is gone.

This great development of art radiated from France. There, as elsewhere, the Academies were outraged by

the new experiments, but, with the tradition of great painting which had never died, the French, though momentarily startled at the solemn procession of artistic evolution suddenly breaking into a gallop, did not remain protesting. With a freedom from prejudice which is the privilege of a living Taste, they soon recognised that though the ark of creativeness was being bolted with, the horses still were drawing it, and though bowling along at an unprecedented and perhaps undignified pace, it was still not overturned.

The genius of Cézanne, the artist who was most responsible for this acceleration, though working through the nineteenth century, was only recognised at the close of his life. The exhibition which made him world-famous as far as painters were concerned was held in 1904, and two years later he was dead at the age of sixty-seven. To Cézanne art was not to hold the mirror up to Nature but to create harmonies 'parallel with Nature' — to see natural scenes, whether of still life, landscape or human figures, as themes for a rendering of a profound pattern made out of form and colour. 'I have not tried to reproduce Nature,' he said, 'I have represented it.' The Impressionists who had directed the advance of art through the latter half of the nineteenth century had resolved only to see what the world looked like at the immediate moment of seeing, its brightness undimmed by recollection or expectation. By that act of immediacy, of timelessness, they had broken with illustration, with the narrative theme, for that theme is closely linked with before and after, past and future. Cézanne went further : he would co-ordinate that vivid instantaneous impression of the world

seen regardless of meaning. For the aim of European painting now became nothing less than, out of the perfectly clear and meaningless visual impressions of the outer world which the Impressionists had been training themselves to see, to select and order certain patterns which would express, with the help of colour as well as form, certain proportions and successions which would have an intuitive aesthetic appeal. Man is a pattern-making animal, however often he tries to explain away this need either by the intellectualist excuse of magic or the requirement realistically to represent for any other use. The recognition of this fact and a rational attempt to define it accompanied these empirical experiments which contemporary art was making. The doctrine of Einfühling — or Empathy — was enunciated by the German Lipps in 1903. This theory maintained, in its simplest form, that there were certain basic geometric proportions and patterns which were immediately and irreducibly pleasing to the human sense even when disguised. The standard example is the involuntary tendency, if a perpendicular straight line is to be divided, to divide it not in the middle but two-thirds up its length. The theory is sometimes extended further in an attempt to explain this preference. This feeling of the self, of the psyche, *into* the physical form or pattern at which it is looking, is explained by the fact that the patterns and proportions which so please are those of the human body reduced to its simplest relationships. The upright line divided at two-thirds of its length gives the simplest scale of the human figure. More, this division gives a certain suggestion of instability, salience and possible development which rouses the attention : whereas if the

line is divided in the middle, a division which suggests the square, there is given a sense of completion, satiety, inertia.

In the presence of elaborate patterns of sculpture and of painting, Empathy suggested the whole physical nervous system might be reacting to these rhythms and pleasure be arising from an unconscious identification of one's own pleasure in rhythmic movement with that shown in the work of art. In short, Empathy maintained, perhaps in a more psycho-physical sense than Manet used it, that when the onlooker ' took in ' a work of art ' he stood moved.' What is clear is that Sculpture was becoming more and more to be the rendering of simplified planes only suggested by stylisations of organic forms, and Painting, with colour to help it, was aiming at the same goal. Hence, inevitably, out of this trend came the rise on the one side of Cubism and on the other of Surrealism. Surrealism is later, and with it another section must deal. Cubism was a more obvious development and had its chief brief success in this first decade.

The belief that all true visual aesthetic pleasure is in co-ordinated planes and masses had to lead to the conviction that he who painted most cubicly and so most avoided representationalism, keeping hold of the basic rock of perfect pattern, must paint best. The movement failed after some success. The cause of this was probably that there is no certainty that such forms are completely satisfying, and certainly no agreement, if such forms exist, which out of the many are those which give Einfühling.

Yet in this mist two movements can be discerned in the evolution of art, each of great psychological significance. The one is toward subjectivity. Till the twenti-

eth century the belief was not generally abandoned that there might be canons of taste 'as objective as scientific laws.' Matthew Arnold had told the public how to obtain the simple rules and few which would infallibly divide for them good literature from bad, and Ruskin even more didactically and voluminously had given the laws whereby great plastic art might be picked out from stuff to be destroyed. In the twentieth century educated people realised that game was up. If aesthetics was ever to be a science there was no indication as to when it would become so. Artists were realising academic principles could not bind them if they were artists, and could not raise them to that status if they were not born. The consequences of this discovery to artists (who therefore could never become diplomaed professionals practising art for a livelihood), to education (which might rid itself of the cost of academies, galleries and art funds), and to the public (who might be freed from an incalculable amount of snobbery and boredom) cannot be developed here. All that can be pointed out is that art by this swift development in the direction just described was illustrating in its province the fundamental psychological discovery which dominates and transforms our generation : that standards are relative, not absolute. When men passed and cultures remained, then it was possible for men to believe that their cultures were things greater than themselves, and had an existence apart from the human mind. When cultures move so quickly that one generation may see several, then even the ordinary man and the specialist begin to realise that standards were made by and for man, not man for standards. The other psychological

discovery of our age which the art of our generation also illustrates is our growing realisation of how little we see the world as it actually is, and how our ' impression ' of the appearance of things not only gives us no conception of what Reality is *per se,* but also has up to the present gravely misled us even about the appearance. That we thought we could see objectively. The artist, just as the ordinary man, felt he could leave ultimate reality to philosophers. The fact that he could see phenomena as they actually were was enough for him. But, to use the philosophers' essential distinction, we now see (and it is the artist who has helped us to see it) that we never can have direct percepts, we never are able to see things regardless of any meaning. We can only see things as concepts, sense-impressions which we instantaneously select, order, shape and transform to serve some inborn notion of comprehensibility. Cézanne had shown that the purest Impressionism must always be seeking instinctively to impose a psychological pattern on its sensations, however hard it may try to purge them of arbitrary form.

ARCHITECTURE

This experience of the plastic artists, though they did not put it into words, influenced unconsciously their kindred art, Architecture. The conviction that there was one authority in architecture and his name was Vitruvius, Ruskin and Viollet-le-Duc had already shattered. Yet Ruskin was not an architect but a writer and a romantic, and Viollet-le-Duc was an antiquarian. They could slay a mode : they could not inspire a style. Architects did not know much at the beginning of the

twentieth century. They did know, however, that Gothic would never have died if such small fry as themselves could hope to bring it to life again. If, then, there was no style, what about the shape dictated by the materials they used ? Ruskin and Morris had suggested this, but burked the consequences. The man who acted on it at the dawn of the century was a Scotsman called Mackintosh. He made the first actual steps toward the Functional Architecture which in these last few years has emerged as the new style of building for which men had so long been waiting. In Germany they came to speak of 'Mackintoshismus.' The German pre-war architectural innovations were, however, not Functional but emotional over-statements of strength. The French departure was naturally in the opposite direction. L'Art Nouveau broke away from the Vitruvian proportions by elongating all lines which might have suggested the tensility which the new building material, steel, now dictated as an architectural principle. The French at this time feared such a Puritan advance. The thin lines of L'Art Nouveau were made willowy, not tensile, and the movement died from the failure to evolve a backbone.

COSTUME

Only one more art remains to be noticed, an art generally closely dependent on architecture — Costume. Yet in this decade the two seemed to have no real influence on each other. The male style was still cylindrical and black : frock coat, long trousers and top-hat — a big black bolster with a little one on the top. The silk hat was expensive, made to gleam like patent

leather and yet spoilt by a heavy shower. This remarkable style, which combined great artificiality with extreme dourness, began, however, to fail during the decade, and the lounge suit began to take its place on all save formal occasions. This meant a slight relaxation of the grim stiffness of the style of decorum. At the same time this small lightening of the gloom was counter-balanced by the disappearance of the bright military uniforms. The South African War brought in khaki uniform, perhaps the ugliest in colour and cut ever worn by fighting men. Mechanism was conquering the Army just as its drab tide began to ebb from the civilian. Khaki was a confession that the war of élan, spectacular courage and the splendour which flashes inspiration to your own side and fear into the enemy, was over. To creep concealed upon the foe, not to charge with a display which shook his nerve before a blow had fallen, became the end of tactics. Yet it was not merely mechanism which tarnished the uniforms. Mechanism was to wait till 1914 till it could push home its heavy irresistible argument. The military uniforms were not merely bright and dashing in order to warm the chargers' hearts and startle the foe. They were the last stronghold of the male secondary sex characteristics. In most of the nineteenth-century uniforms men could still look as daring as they wished and yet excuse it as a military order — no individualistic dandiacal whim. They could say with Bishop Blougram :

> An uniform I wear though overrich,
> Something imposed on me, no choice of mine,
> No fancy dress worn for pure fancy's sake
> And despicable therefore.

The ordinary 'walking-out' dress of the Guards was certainly not designed to scatter the foe but to attract the female and so to attract men to an otherwise hard service. It is possible that as the twentieth century dawned, military authorities may have come to recognise this consciously and so to have had a postponed attack of Victorian prudishness. The sudden disappearance of these exhibitionist uniforms in the early twentieth century is a symptom which psychologists will undoubtedly find significant.

At the same time women's dress became more rational (that is, more useful as a convenient cover and less accentuated as a sexual adornment). The extremely corseted waist, with its complementarily exaggerated bosom and the pretended steatopygy of the bustle were all modified. The new forms of display were to wait till the War and the post-War periods. The skirts were shortened, but only to keep the trains and hems out of the mud. Woman's dress, then, reflects her changed attitude to sex, a change which, as we have seen, had its other manifestation in the Suffrage movement.

SUMMARY

Such, then, were the unconscious symptoms which our civilisation was showing in the first decade of the century. From these it seems clear that a growing activity, uncertainty and experimentalism in all fields revealed an increasing self-consciousness spreading among all ranks and intelligences: everything was becoming questionable. The Liberals, still in power in most influential quarters, were innocently pleased with this. 'Continuez, mes enfants,' they cried — cer-

tain that it was so, that it should be so, and that nothing else was needed, with inevitable gradualness, to dissolve all the harsh rigidities of the past and to make humanity, 'with pomp of waters unwithstood,' sweep on as one flood to the millennium. There was no doubt about the growing fluidity and the rising tide of criticism. That was agreed by all : but those not Liberal viewed it with other than Liberal equanimity. The Conservative forces, Nationalism, Militarism, Ecclesiasticalism, viewed it with horror. It must be stemmed at any cost : the collapsing dykes must be shored up if necessary with fascines made out of the bodies of millions. These ancient forces felt with honesty that not only were they themselves in danger : the civilisation they bodied forth and shielded was on the brink of being swept away. No sacrifice was too great to save the social order. So, though Liberalism was getting its way in the present, Conservatism was going to be able to fulfil its own prophecy as to the future. Both the pretty flowers of modern Uplift and the bitter and tough plants of ruder ages were growing together to a red harvest. Anachronisms do not of necessity eliminate themselves. That was a discovery Liberalism did not make until too late. Conservatism was getting ready to strike — to call the Liberal faith and to see if it would really work or was only a bluff. With that call, clash and collapse Part II must deal. In that decade, under the many confusions of the fight we must do our best to detect this fundamental tragedy, of Liberalism challenged and unprepared, protesting and manœuvred on to the enemy's ground, showing a fuddled fight and going down ; while on either side of

its corpse arise Nationalistic Militarism on the one hand and Quarterless Revolution on the other. Whether when Liberalism has learned to think and Conservatism to feel, when those who live for the future understand the vitality and meaning of the past, and those who live in the past can sympathise with the faith and force of the future, whether then there may be a humanity saved and safe for civilisation, no contemporary dare say. We of this hour have by the pressure of events at least been driven to a steep vantage-point from which we can see this : Unless Future and Past can understand each other, then there is no peace, but a confusion worse than death, degenerating into blind animal hatred and sub-human struggle. The hope of our age and of its spirit is in understanding. There is evidence that understanding grows, creeps in, from the outer world we already master too fully, to the dim centres and controls of the self. It may reach there in time to let us reverse the engine of blind power before it carries us over the brink. It is a race in discovery, and at such an accelerating speed is it being run that the twenty-five years which remain to our generation may well see it decided one way or the other.

PART II

1910–1919

CHAPTER I

THE OUTWARD SCENE

The Diary of Part I of this narrative closed with the European shock at the death of the Spaniard Ferrer. We must begin this Part by returning to England. For there was developing the struggle which was soon to have such European consequences that men would begin to marvel that they ever could have been shocked at the death of one man.

The January election (1910) returned the Liberals diminished, but, with the Irish vote, still able to dominate Parliament. Faced with this fact, the Lords passed the Budget they hated. This was no concession : rather it was a declaration of a new and much more real war. It was similar to the Germans' retreat during the War behind their Hindenburg Line. The Conservative forces were withdrawing from ground which was not strategically the best (the rejection of a Money Bill), and about which they did not feel themselves wholly united, to fight 'to the last ditch as diehards' for the retention, by means of any force, of Ireland in the Union. The Empire must not be amputated at the shoulder — besides, many influential Lords, such as Lansdowne, had large Irish properties. Yet, until they could appeal to force, the drift of events seemed all against them, and they appeared to the man in the street as rather romantic and unreal survivals from a more picturesque age. The Liberal Home Secretary was at that time that significant figure Winston Churchill. This

man, as many-gifted as energetic, soldier, orator, administrator, author and artist, throughout his remarkable career illustrates strikingly both the traditions of his house and the shift of forces in this our generation. Appearing first as a Conservative, as son of Randolph Churchill once for a moment Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the rising tide of Liberalism he joined the party of victory. Given subordinate rank, he soon showed his great abilities, and by this time (1910) had received important Cabinet rank. Influenced by the gifted but unhappy George Wyndham and the Tory democracy his father had received from the alien Disraeli, he believed in social reform granted the people by their born leaders, the aristocracy. In the heyday of Liberalism, when success could combine and conceal many divergencies, and Imperialists, Fabians, Little Englanders, Big Financiers, specialist administrators and philosophic anarchists could all lump together, principles were not exactly enquired into and there was plenty of work for everyone who had energy. Churchill became an active humanitarian : active his nature compelled him to be ; humanitarian his position as Home Secretary in a Liberal Government made easily possible. He improved the prisons. About a strange new law, the punishment of incest by heavy sentence of imprisonment (this sin had ceased to be a crime by an oversight when Canon Law lapsed), he was said to have exercised the access to the Royal Clemency which the Constitution allows the Home Secretary to claim. Most of such cases are grossly ignorant ; many of them of the feeblest mentality. No Liberal and no Scientist could imagine that such would benefit from a long term of imprisonment.

He also supported the measure to grant a period of grace in which a fine could be paid and so an immense amount of imprisonment be avoided. In short, intelligence and feeling seemed combined, understanding and freedom were apparently in alliance.

The Conservatives were the forces of the insensible as well as the un-sensible. They appeared not only as the harsh Party but as the stupid Party. As has been said, they were, however, treated largely as survivals. No doubt a rhinoceros is rather thick-skinned, clumsy and churlish when at large, but every civilised country feels itself incomplete if it has not one of these interesting living fossils in its zoological gardens. The English in particular have a passion for antiques — perhaps because they are always a little dubious of their own artistic creative power. They liked their Conservative Party perhaps all the more when it behaved in character and growled and damned and told those who felt they were so easily its masters how little it believed their Uplift and how lightly it would brush away the green withies of their Liberal faith. So the Pirates laughed and let young Caesar go when he said he would yet catch them and crucify them all. We do not know whether he laughed up at them on their crosses.

It was all part of this antiquarian spirit which made intentionally indecisive the controversy which this year blazed up on the ancient topic of the Censorship of Plays. Whether writing should be censored or not, it is absurd that the King's Chamberlain should license plays and yet have no voice in the approval or disapproval of all other writing — or of the play unless it is performed. But everyone knew it was a survival from

England's first Prime Minister, Robert Walpole, that very English statesman, a supreme politician, who disguised under the hearty appearance of a squire a Machiavelli's knowledge of human nature's weaknesses and the way to play upon them. To change the Play Censorship would be a breach with the past as bad as changing the spelling of through to thro. Neither anachronism did any harm, most people thought : their further assumption that anachronisms never do harm was shortly to have a severe shock.

The whole of their sense of the past rose, however, and flooded them for the last time when, in May, Edward VII suddenly died. Large, dignified, good-natured when treated as he and they thought he should be treated, a being of port and presence and right royal bulk, a man with a real gift for leading a Society which believed in itself and that it deserved to have a good time, this King in his ten years hyphenated the age past, when royalty spent its time broadening down its base of support 'from precedent to precedent,' and the age to come, when royalty spent its time looking for Mayors of the Palace behind whom it might preserve itself from its subjects' wish for change. England, though in brilliant May, went black in a night. Ascot was coming on. The most sacred of the Race Meetings could not be abandoned. The aristocracy might have allowed and even wished it, but the late King and his entourage had been closely in touch with business interests — a 'transitional' feature, — and Ascot was celebrated, but in full black. Contemporary photographs of the Smart World floundering about the race-course swathed in funereal garments is an anthropological document of

real value. English compromise and English conservatism are vividly illustrated in this strange exhibition, and though but twenty-four years ago, we see that period belongs undeniably to another epoch.

Throughout this year, however, in spite of the apparent arrest and even throw-back caused by the Royal Death, the forces of evolution and revolution continued to race each other. In America Roosevelt had already learnt that Taft would not prove his *locum tenens*. Taft was favouring the Big Business interests which had always been the strength of the Republican Party, which had put him in power. Roosevelt, partly from restlessness and a wish once more to hold power which his nominee denied him, and partly from the real sympathy the adventurer has for the small man against the 'Octopus,' the Trust, thought he could win back to power as the people's man. The breach between the President and the President-maker made America turn in on itself. For the moment it had no leader to lead it out.

In October revolution broke away another fragment of nineteenth-century Europe. King Manoel of Portugal had carried on more and more uneasily as there ebbed the natural reactive wave of sympathy which the murder of his father and brother had roused. Now at last the armed forces rose against him, and he hastily left his kingdom, never to return. The House of Braganza which Napoleon thought too rotten to outlast his life, the antiquarian spirit of the nineteenth century had kept together all that time. Now it was gone, and the Latin Republicanism of the New World landed on the Old.

A month after, in November, the strains even in

English political life, decently shrouded though they had been in crêpe, became too violent to be concealed. As George V was a new King, it had been thought to save him unpleasantness at the beginning of his office by the Lords and the Commons coming together in an effort to settle their differences. A Committee of Lords sat, therefore, to decide whether that highly accidental assembly could reform itself so as to become a Second Chamber the members of which should be chosen for a special function. Being composed of Englishmen, with all the Commons' unreasoning taste for the past's forms and with a particular and quite reasonable taste for present privilege, naturally the Committee decided that nothing could be done. Among them the romantics could not bear to forsake the past. The realists were looking for an issue whereon they might fight for and win the future. In the midst of all this the insatiable energy of Lloyd George, still for three years to have to wait for excitements worthy of such zeal, was also carrying on a brisk fight with another large, ancient and powerful corporation, the medical profession.

This Chancellor of the Exchequer once described himself as 'a spending statesman,' a description with which no one will quarrel, whatever period of his career in office may be examined. Following up this policy, he had launched his huge scheme of National Health Insurance, a scheme whereby, employee, employer and the Government all combining, it was to be possible, at no crippling cost, to insure all people whose incomes were not sufficient to insure themselves against sickness. There was some rather silly opposition from the blind conservatism of householders who objected to licking

and attaching the necessary token-stamps. The serious opposition came, however, from the great and highly organised medical profession. As is generally the case with the actions of ancient and powerful corporations, the motives were mixed : fear of any change, fear of interference with its authority by an ignorant State, fear of attack on the standard of life of its members. Gradually the doctors came in. The large Friendly Societies, which had already made large-scale agreements for their members with doctors, first opposed and then helped the issue ; and had the War not come, the scheme might well have resolved itself into a financial proposition sound for the State, the doctor and the patient.

The War, however, was coming. And less than three months after, in February the next year (1911), when the new Parliament met, Sir Edward Grey shook the whole House into national consciousness and an unpleasant awareness of issues greater than Party disputes. The progress of events in Germany had alarmed this honest, humane, but neither astute nor luminous man. As we now know, only either the astuteness of a Talleyrand or the lucidity of a William Penn could have prevented war. France was winning every time at the diplomatic game. She and Germany knew that Germany was stronger in the field. The Russian counterweight was probably no more helpful to France than was Austria to Germany. The support of England had become cardinal. Bülow was fallen ; Bethmann-Hollweg was Chancellor — a painstaking, timid man. But Holstein's influence blazed again in the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Kiderlin-Waechter. With the violent man's mistaken conviction that he knows human nature,

he pushed the German hectoring nervousness still further. Grey sombrely declared that the English Fleet would continue the equal of any other two Fleets. By July the pace had grown hotter. It was now no longer the question whether there would be war, but only when it would take place. Kiderlin-Waechter stepped in when the French began fighting to annex Morocco. He sent the gunboat *Panther* to Agadir and demanded the whole Congo as price of Germany's 'goodwill.' At this Lloyd George, the one great non-Imperialist Minister, broke out against 'Teutonic bullying.' It was clear — to anyone save politicians, to anyone who as a naturalist judged by national temper and not by treaties — that if there was a war, England might slump solid against Germany. No one, of course, realised that the pro-Boer would be the fury of that fight, but at least they were warned that the Nonconformist Radicals might go into battle. The strangest part of this history is, however, that it was to be the Party of the Army, the Conservatives, which was to make Germany fatally uncertain as to whether England would fight. One thing was clear. Europe was rapidly shifting itself for a final alignment of forces. France had taken Morocco now completely, a classic example of how to seize territory. In September, without such patient finesse, feeling time was short, Italy seized Tripoli and the twelve Aegean Islands off the Asia Minor coast. The Turkish Empire was being carted away. So specialised are men that, with the big fight being arranged, no one knew what to do about this little bit of looting ; so it was let pass.

Even the oncoming international fight could not check the stream of Home affairs. The Suffragette New

Model Offensive was again pressed in every direction. Ministers, Lloyd George among them, were badgered, ragged and buffeted. Women refused to pay taxes, and many were sent to prison. Shop-windows — pieces of property which give a maximum return in spectacular damage for a minimum exertion — were smashed in large numbers. Really conservatively-minded people were at a loss — the social din was becoming impossible. There was, however, growing up a newer Conservatism which was to clear the Party of the aspersion of stupidity, but also of other epithets more reverent. These men believed neither in the sanctity of traditions nor in the sanctity of freedom. They were Big Businesses Representatives, taking over from the aristocracy. The aristocrats had therefore to go. The negligent agility of Arthur Balfour, born to rule and therefore bred to make as little fuss as possible about it, born to principles which he so took for granted that he himself had almost forgotten them, born to use his intelligence for doubt, debate and delight because his assumptions were so deep as to be instinctive, such a man was out of date with his Party if not with the people or his peers. The very way he was dismissed, with a slogan 'Balfour must go,' showed the style of the revolt. Of course he did not believe in Tariff Reform, not wholly because he had listened to economists and knew it would never do all its simple supporters hoped, and would do all too well what the financiers of the movement wished, but mainly because he was a humanist and knew that no nostrum can ever work as well as human enthusiasm believes.

So Bonar Law, the business man, straight, clear, convinced, limited, was put in his stead. With such a

leader, a likeable man, a lucid and convinced speaker, a good chairman, the Conservative Party could once again be a political complex, compact and counting. But whether it could go anywhere, the future was to show. As has been said, Tariff Reform was anything but a clear issue : it depended on many world-wide factors and directly on the Imperial connection, about which little was clearly known and that little seldom mentioned for fear of giving offence.

There was, however, another issue rapidly coming to the fore and eclipsing all else — Europe or the Empire : that was Ireland. With the help of the Irish vote, and supported by the new King's constitutional promise to create peers until the anti-Government Party in the Lords was swamped, the Parliament Act was passed and the Lords' Veto was limited. Now the Irish claimed their promised Home Rule. Passion grew hot, but on 15th April 1912 a chill suddenly spread over the most excited of these creatures. The world's super-liner, the *Titanic,* pride of Belfast which built it, of England which sailed it, and even of the English-speaking peoples between whom it was to be a great link, went off in splendid weather with a distinguished passenger-list on its maiden voyage. Suddenly it was known that, without meeting a storm, in a dead-calm night in mid-ocean it had gone to the bottom with most of those on board. Complacency was jarred to the pitch of anger. Why were there not enough boats ? Commercialism looked unpleasant in this strange light — a 'floating luxury palace,' and yet the primary requirements of safety neglected. An enquiry should be held — was held, and even uglier facts came to light. Commercialism had

gambled and lost on a strange chance — that a liner should rip open too many of her water-tight compartments by scraping her keel across the sunken shelf of an iceberg.

But English character ? Was that as sound and superior in quiet courage as had always been proudly claimed ? Certain important people escaped when they had inside knowledge that the ship was doomed while most passengers still thought she could not sink. Others after getting into boats refused to go back and gave money lavishly to make their sailors keep their boats away from the sinking masses. Certainly it needs the coldest courage to wait to be sunk in icy water and to drown in the night. 'Better dead, such creatures,' said bluff Roosevelt when he heard of their escape, and most people echoed him. But the question seems to be whether the English do well to take for granted heroic virtues which may need training to attain, and whose lack, if not attained, may be disguised by hypocrisy.

A man may go bravely to war under group suggestion, but at a moment's notice to go quietly to death in the icy sea under the black sky straight out of 'super-luxury,' is that possible? Do heroes who can so act live in such luxury and enjoy richly all physical pleasures, or do they go always ready, alert and fit for such ordeal ? Can 'the good easy man' make a spiritual effort of supreme endurance when we know that the physically-soft-liver cannot, however he will, sprint at a sudden call ? If the life of the one puts him out of physical condition, may not the life of the other put him out of moral condition ? These are questions the *Titanic* enquiry silently asked England. The disaster was

a miniature foretaste of the experience which was approaching millions. There was no answer found, nor did the War provide it.

With these fundamental problems unsolved, men continued to play with fire. That summer the Conservative Party held a great rally at Blenheim. There Bonar Law, a Presbyterian and therefore naturally sympathetic with the Ulster Presbyterian 'Covenanting' spirit, declared that there was no length of resistance to which Ulster might go that he would not be prepared to support. This was the leadership the Party wanted. It might not see clearly the goal, but it was not afraid to step on the accelerator. Asquith as Prime Minister announced that such a declaration meant the end of parliamentary government. Churchill prophesied, 'Every fanatic with a pistol, every street bully with a brickbat, will derive inspiration from such a speech.' The Liberals up to this time had been the innovators : the Conservatives the Cassandras. Now the rôles were reversed.

Mr. Desmond McCarthy has remarked that when the Liberals make a move they generally get their way, soothing people by saying that all they intend to do is to get rid of some petty anachronism. The Conservatives prophesy revolutionary change from this beginning. The Conservatives have to yield : *ipso facto* no one can believe Cassandra. Yet it is the Conservatives who are right : revolutionary change does spring from the small modifications made by the Liberal innovators. Now the Conservatives maintained they were only striving to delay, at most to arrest a precipitate act which was not fully approved or realised by the public.

The Liberals asserted that the Conservatives were striking a deadly blow at all Constitutionalism, they who pledged themselves to the Constitution. In so far as the Conservatives got their way, and it was a long way, the Liberals were right. The day of the Dictatorships, held in power by armed minorities, was from the Ulster Rising already conceived in the womb of time. 'A perfect lunatic,' said Bonar Law after coming across Mussolini for the first time shortly after the Duce's rise to power — so fast does time now move that fathers cannot recognise their children. Decay in Europe did not, however, wait while England tugged at its Constitution.

Abdul the Unamiable, though he had been dismissed by a Committee of Union and Progress, left no union behind him. The Young Turks were split, and at this moment, when Tripoli and the twelve islands were being wrested from Turkey by Italy, the Balkan countries, long thought to hate each other as much as they hated the Turk, momentarily and startlingly, like explosive gases, combined, and Turkey in Europe was instantaneously blown away (October 1912). The allies, then, relapsing into character, fell on each other. The Great Powers, with their Bourbonic faith that nothing really ever changes, had ruled that this war should lead to no changes. It had, and not all the Kings' ambassadors and all the Emperors' diplomatists could put the burst Turkish Empire together again. Austria, however, knew she wanted one thing, and wanted it so desperately that she got it : Servia must not seize the Dalmatian coast-line her victory had left ownerless. Servia submitted bitterly, and then, with Greece and Roumania to help, suddenly side-stepped on to Bulgaria. Turkey

meanwhile managed to secure again some of the nearest of her European territory, the city and district of Adrianople (September 1913), for this had first been overrun by the Bulgarians. On 13th November Greece was ceded Crete and all the Aegean Islands save two — and those twelve Italy had already bagged. In March 1914 peace was signed with Servia. The trunk of the Turkish Empire began to bandage itself up under the energetic but not skilful hands of the Young Turks. But no recovery had established itself before a second shock from the same epi-centre which had brought down the Turkish Empire broke Europe itself to pieces.

Before we turn to that catalogue of calamities we must, however, note a few more preliminary movements. In the United States the quarrel between Taft and Roosevelt had split the Republican vote, and in 1912 the Democratic candidate, the ex-College Principal, Woodrow Wilson, came into power. The curious limitations of his character were in six years' time to affect gravely the fate of millions. In 1912 it was a certain generosity unexpected in a supreme 'Executive' that struck men most. In 1910 he was taken from Princeton College and made Governor of New Jersey. There his 'boss managers' found him less easy to manage than Roosevelt had found Taft, and to add insult to injury, he behaved like the Liberal whom, for electioneering purposes, they had claimed him to be, though they had felt sure that he would never dare act as such. Using the same idealistic language — he was a phrase-master — he obtained, two years after, the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and then the Presidency in the same way. In October 1913 he cut at the Tariffs,

an almost revolutionary blow, and introduced an income tax, thus dealing a double cut to vested interests. He tried to apologise to Colombia for Roosevelt's dictatorial treatment over Panama and to pay her compensation. This the Senate defeated, but Congress at his request repealed the exemption from the Panama Canal tolls which United States Shipping had obtained. He wished the Philippines should be prepared for self-government, and when civil war resumed in Mexico under a fairly capable and fairly criminal general called Huerta — who had murdered his weak master and with United States recognition might have become sole ruler — Wilson, like a true Liberal, refused either to acknowledge the man or to attack the country, a policy as disagreeable to Big Business, which hoped to make a dash for the oils, as it was to the muscular Christianity and Big Stick Policy of the Rooseveltites. Hence, when, a year after, the War broke out under sound Liberal and Democratic auspices, most of the Allies were inclined to look on Wilson as a possible arbiter should things go too ill for the cause of righteousness to be able to look after itself.

In England itself, however, Liberalism during the pre-War months failed to call the armed-minority bluff, fearing perhaps, as perhaps was true, that after all bluff it was not. Augustine Birrell, most cultured and amiable of wits, moved by Asquith from the moderate heats of English educational religious controversy to the seven-times-hotter furnace of Irish adult religious fanaticism, tried to charm away these threats with smiles. When the South of Ireland began to 'run' rifles in answer to the North, he asked whether, after all, it was not rather nice that Irishmen, so long slack

and hopeless, should all be keen and drilling — for whatever purpose. The man who faces his own death with a jest heartens humanity, but there are other mortal risks involving thousands which are no joking matter. Carson, a peculiarly ruthless man, a born fighter, who, apprenticed to the Law, was now an elderly fellow who in spite of much brutal speaking had never killed a man, longed for a fight. We recognise the type and its needs better now. The Liberals could not imagine his language was anything but the forensic verbiage lawyers have to use to get their fees. But when Carson said 'Ulster has a moral right to use force,' though his knowledge of morality might not be as profound as his knowledge of law, he meant that he intended to have a civil war. He was a man who said what he intended. Lloyd George still thought public opinion could be drawn after him to fresh social problems, and launched his anachronistic Land Campaign for smallholders and allotments. President Wilson attempted, through his Secretary of State Bryan, the fundamentalist liberal, to make Arbitration Treaties, among others with England. The Senate forbade it. The English Cabinet sent its German-comprehending Haldane, now Lord Chancellor, over to Germany to see if a 'naval holiday' could not be arranged. Liberalism was still in the saddle, but the reins had dropped out of its hands. The 'holiday' was refused. Cautious Germany was now certain she was surrounded : neurotic Germany was as certain that the hour was at hand at which she must cut her way out. She would keep her weapon well edged : it was all too small for the gigantic task. And who knew ? Though Russia must soon crash across Austria's southern

advance now Turkey was gone, and it was clear France would strike the moment she could, for time with her dropping population was against her, England the incalculable might stand out. No one could really say whether she was allied to France (we now know not even Grey knew, and the little Grey knew he did not tell the Cabinet). Everyone, Russian, French, German, agreed that England only moved if England's interests drove her. Did she move to save Denmark in '64, though a treaty might be said to have bound her ? Certain it was, the real English fire-eaters wanted a war in Ulster — civil war. They had taken German rifles : they had said, some of them, that Ulster would prefer a Protestant Germany to an England that betrayed them to Catholics. If, then, the War Party was getting ready to embroil itself far in the North-West, the Continental interests would be left to the soft Liberals who only wanted naval holidays. As 1914 began, all that England told the world was that she was voting the largest Naval Estimates ever granted by Parliament — £51,000,000, and adding thereto £1,000,000 for a new 'arm,' the air arm. Germany and England were falling into each other's orbits as two dark bodies in space rush into each other's gravitational fields, crash and are shattered. Still, Ulster seemed Governing England's entire and absorbing interest. Even the Army became involved and its loyalty to the Liberal Government questioned. Asquith took to himself the War Minister's portfolio. The King convened conferences between sundered Ireland at Buckingham Palace. All in vain : the conferences broke down, and at last even ordinary privately-busy public opinion looked up and asked, What Now ?

The answer was, War in Europe. National war, in the race to reach the powder-barrel, had just outstripped the civil war. Helped by a timely assassination it made a final spurt, and civilisation, instead of going straight into guerilla war, organised assassinations and dictatorships alternating with anarchy, had, as a somewhat indecisive preliminary, four years of intensive but almost stationary carnage.

THE WAR

The War divides clearly into three parts. Both in the means used, the military methods, and in the ends aimed at — 'war aims,' the envisaged terms of settlement — these three divisions are evident. To understand the muddled frame of mind in which people found themselves 'mixed up in a war,' we must remind ourselves what an accident the explosion itself actually was. Germany, of course, was to be 'the enemy' against which the General Staffs concerted encircling plans — that was agreed for eight years past, and Germany on her side had been convinced, since the same date, that she would one day find herself in a stranglehold and have to cut her way free. But of that apocalyptic hour, of *Der Tag,* no one knew, neither Berlin, Paris, Petersburg, nor least of all London.

Servia was an international nuisance, and it was realised that if Balkan diplomacy should be allowed to dictate the aims and affect the methods of the Great Powers' mutual dealings, European anarchy must result. When, therefore, Servia, whose King, as we know, many of the Great Powers believed to have been

accessory to the peculiarly brutal assassination which cleared the throne for him, again was accused of conniving at a royal assassination — this time of the heir to the Austrian throne — no informed diplomat of any nation could dismiss the charge as fantastic. Since then the solemn unveiling of a monument by the Serbian authorities to the memory of the assassin on the site of his crime has made doubt almost impossible. The Servian Government approved, whether they charged the instrument themselves or no. Austria's demand in the form of an ultimatum, though excessively unwise, was not unexpected. Emotion was bound to be intense. Servia was frightened undoubtedly and could not have had a clear conscience : she knew enough not to expect European support. That popular English portent, Bottomley, in his *John Bull,* postered his boards with 'To Hell with Servia!' Most informed people did not dispute the address, though they might regret its expletiveness.

Days after the assassination even the diplomatists, who would have to fire the mine if European war was to explode, did not know their fate. Liberalism everywhere felt that, though it had to be prepared for war, no preparations, however specific, could make that war inevitable. The Liberal Imperialists, for example, in England, where they were still most powerful, seemed to have shared in a hazy way Philip the Second of Spain's firm faith, 'Time and I are a match for any man.' You had only to keep the dykes of defence in order for a few years more, and lo ! you would look up one day, and if the tide of war would not have ebbed for ever from the world it would at least be beginning

to flood on another shore. Was not the Panama Canal to be opened on 3rd August, and for better or worse, for peace or war, did not that mean the emptying of the Atlantic whirlpools into the Pacific, and peace, if not in our time, at least in our locality ?

Germany did not want war simply to shield an aggrandised Austria. A war, Junker and Socialist alike knew, must now mean 'world power or downfall.' All Europe which counted would either be against her or willing to see her fall. To win an empire greater than Rome's at its mightiest could be the only stake worth the risk, for if she failed it must mean her dismemberment. Germany therefore would only fight, could only fight, if she could choose her time and ground. Bismarck had been insistent on this, not to take on war on a double front. The General Staff wanted a task within their capacity : public opinion wanted a cause worthy its sacrifice. Was the Austrian ultimatum to a Balkan upstart that opportunity and sanction ? The Kaiser thought not : Sir Edward Grey agreed : this was a Balkan matter. Austria had been outraged and was not unnaturally beside herself. The truth must be discovered : the Council of European Ambassadors could settle it and would. Italy suggested Servia should offer to Europe her acceptance of Austria's terms and in exchange Europe should guarantee Servia's continued existence. The Kaiser approved and advised Austria to accept. The Tsar thought the same. His Ministers, however, did not share this pathetic little autocrat's simplicity of vision. Of course Servia was in a way a Russian ward. The Greek Church, overwhelmingly patronised by the Tsars, was the Servian

Church. The Austrian state was the most fully Catholic in the world. But Bulgaria was even a closer ward, and Bulgaria had been set on and robbed of its spoils by Servia only the year before. Russia was, then, not in honour bound to interfere — at least by force of arms. There were, however, internal reasons why Russia must move. Sazanov, the Foreign Minister, and the War Minister were both determined to have a war for the ancient reason, always vivid in Russia, to prevent a revolution. The Duma was as usual in dissolution. A forcibly annexed Finland had assassinated its Governor. Stolypin, the last Grand Vizier, had also been assassinated. Nothing was worse than waiting and losing face, as had been lost to the Germanic Powers when in 1908 Bosnia and Herzegovina had been seized by Austria. Only the enthusiasm of successfully aggressive Nationalism could deflect from the Tsardom the growing passion for destruction. A touch could now precipitate the longed-for war. Mobilisation was ordered. The Tsar was not told. He honestly denied it when 'wired to' by his cousin of Germany. His cousin had better information and so concluded that the Tsar was lying and had betrayed him. The German mobilisation was ordered. Then, like the clockwork that once the hour strikes unwinds itself and fires its bomb, the long-accumulated war went off.

No one, then, knew quite objectively what the War was about, at what the Armies were aiming, or what the politicians determined to achieve — least of all the politicians. The first stage of the War is therefore politically one of rhetoric. The politicians were talking 'for Buncombe,' till the soldiers should present them

with a *fait accompli*. Archaic language was the order of the day. 'We shall not sheath the sword,' rumbled away the Roman Asquith, 'which has not been lightly drawn, until . . .' — well, until, as Mr. Micawber would have remarked with equally realistic vision, 'something turns up.' Of course, if any actual swords were being unlightly unsheathed they were quickly being dropped. This was not a swordsman's war any more than it was a Liberal statesman's. The Liberal politicians said it was for Belgium, but knew it was (Belgium or no Belgium) to keep the mouths of the Rhine and its littoral in small hands. The French said it was for Alsace-Lorraine and to be rid of the German Peril. The Russians thought of Constantinople, and the Government of Revolution indefinitely postponed. The Liberal Germans thought to be rid of the Russian Peril. Militarist Germany thought of supreme power at home and a world-wide hegemony. Never were allies less agreed. It was not their fault. The War was not a duel in which two parties could take up their stations twelve feet apart, at a signal raise their pieces and fire. Rather, it was a collapse of an outworn structure no one had repaired and everyone overloaded, and which threw everyone head over heels on to each other ; an earthquake in a menagerie which, bursting the cages, tumbled the inmates, wild with panic, clawing and tearing at each other.

And this first phase of confusion is as evident among the soldiers, to whom the politicians looked for a 'decision,' as among the politicians themselves. The politicians, knowing they were lost, said, 'Trust the Soldier.' Asquith hurried out of the War Office and

put in that commanding survival, Kitchener, as War Minister. This resolute man who had defeated both the Mahdi and Lord Curzon knew as little of the real character of the oncoming ordeal as the simplest man in the street. His strength lay in the fact that he did not know it. Like all soldiers, he thought history would repeat itself. Like all commanders, he had been getting ready for the war that had been, the only war he knew. The respect with which he was regarded — among the public at least — survived so long, until in fact his disappearance, not because of anything he did but because of something he said here at the beginning. The whole world was talking of a short war. Germany, who set the pace, had decided that. A sudden rush, a grand sweep and grapple, and a super-Sedan was the Moltkean order of the day. The uncle had initiated it; the nephew should repeat it. Kitchener knew that England could not win in a season, and his simple faith refused to believe Germany could. The thrust might be parried, and then a force must be built up, campaigns fought, and finally Germany must be out-manned and made surrender on terms. 'The War will last three years,' he said. People gasped. Soon Belloc and other brilliant journalists were to prove Germany was being bled to collapse. The fact remains : the three years passed and there was still a war on, still not even a glimmer of peace-day on the horizon.

The Expeditionary Force slid out as smoothly as a torpedo. That part of Preparedness — the Haldane plan — ran perfectly to schedule. Nothing else did. The Continental time-tables were all over the place. All the soldiers, German and Allied, were expecting to

run at the pace their fathers had gone on campaign. Mechanism had upset the calculations. Germany, every soldier knew, was going through Belgium. Her immense Front, needed to envelop the French Armies (the English Force was considered negligible), required that expanse to spread and swing. It was not the invasion of Belgium that shocked the soldier ; it was the ninepin-like fall of the super-forts of Liège and, still more disconcerting, of Namur. Indeed, it was so unforeseen that the victors were as thrown out as the attacked. The German General Staff had never really understood what the new siege-mechanism, the giant howitzers, would do. No chess-master has to think what would happen if suddenly he found his knight leaping three squares instead of two. All he knows is that his game would be as confused as his opponent's. Yet this was what had happened to the masters of the *Kriegspiel*. Their time-table went wrong ; the resistance untimelily collapsing, they fell forward.

It has yet to be proved whether any commander can handle such numbers as the German invasion reached, especially when these numbers have to move quickly, to be well fed and heavily munitioned from a distant base, and be deployed through a densely populated, industrialised and unfriendly country. Hitches must occur, and one hitch may disorganise a whole series of moves until all semblance of an unfolding plan disappears. The sudden falling through of the resistance, therefore, shook further an advance already shaking loose because of its sheer size. Nor had any proper calculation been made for the possibility that an English Force, small but efficient, might turn up on the opposed Front.

Still, the blunders of the French were worse than those of the Germans, and so all appeared, for the first few weeks, to go according to — the German — plan. It was the French who attempted, in their passion to seize 'the lost provinces,' to storm barbed-wire entanglements manned by machine guns and paid the horrible penalty — some three hundred thousand were swept away in the first three weeks. According to the well-informed French author of *Plutarch Lied,* the French Staff did not play an inflexible *Kriegspiel* and have a plan, only because they were all corrupted with anti-intellectualism and believed in Bergson, élan, and the profound danger of thinking anything out. It sounds hard to believe, but the author certainly had inside information, and Colonel de Grandmaison's teaching, which was accepted, was 'Always rush defences. Frapper fort, frapper tous ensemble. France never loses save by acting on the defensive.' Anyhow, the French Forces were soon in such confusion that they were falling back on Paris exactly as the Germans had planned, and at such a rattling pace that the coast-line was lost and touch abandoned with the English. More battles have been lost than won — this super-battle looked like joining that grim majority. Here, however, once again mechanism ruined plan. Even armies of 1914 retreated far faster than they could advance. The Germans lost touch with their fugitive foes, concluded with natural but unwise optimism that resistance was shattered, and Von Kluck, of the German Right, swung down to bring off the grand encirclement. As we know, neither the French nor English Forces had ceased to exist. Relieved of pressure, almost immediately they advanced, coming

therefore straight upon the enemies' right wing when it was obligingly presenting its own exposed right flank to their attack. Von Kluck very properly withdrew at once, or the German Front would have been crumpled, as a few hours before it seemed the French must be. The plan was in pieces, confusion reigned, and from the Marne back to the Aisne corps tumbled over one another until on the eastern river stabilisation took place, attack and counter-attack broke down, trench-lines fringed with barbed wire spread rapidly north and south as frost crystals spread across the still waters of a winter pond. The campaign of movement was over. The first war was ended. The epoch of strategy and *Kriegspiel* closed. The second war — the war of stalemate — called to rationalise its slaughter-house blunderings, 'the war of position,' had begun.

Commanders-in-chief were at a loss. They might be. Their occupation was gone. Lines of solid infantry, squadrons of charging cavalry had at a stroke been banished from first-class war for ever. They might cling on in fancy, tournamentary wars, but where war was being fought seriously, what had been the active army till that autumn was now one with the Macedonian Phalanx or the Elephants of Hannibal. As neither side would realise this, the War went on in a state of murderous stagnation. Alternately, like sulking homicidal apes, one or the other of the two sides would be seized with a frenzy, shake the bars they could not break, and fall back covered with blood. 'What price stalemate ?' cried one of the great Sunday papers when Loos, an early but typical example of this cruel blindness to recognise the clear fact, broke out. Echo could have

answered, 'What a price!' when as usual, after some days of ineffective slaughter, where the defenders always lost far fewer than the attackers, the advance broke down. As General Fuller has said, 'the whole process was so irrational as to be mad.' On each side Conservative authority was fighting against not the physical foe but against having to realise that the world was changed and that Conservatism quite as much as Liberalism was utterly unfit to face the new reality.

The Conservatives everywhere were at this time enjoying themselves telling Liberals they had told them so, and that the Allied countries, owing to their fatuous failure to face facts, had almost been annihilated. Yet it is doubtful whether anyone had so burked facts as the soldiers and these Conservatives who thought they were realists and military-minded. For, more than a decade earlier (1896), an author had made a careful calculation, using only as his units the magazine-rifle of that day, the very primitive form of machine gun then known, barbed wire and trenches. He had shown with a clearness that at least deserved an equally clear refutation, that even with these simple weapons defence could make any attack break down — in short, the war of movement was ended. Unfortunately Bloch was not a soldier but a banker, and, worse, a Pole.

Armies are ruled by generals, generals want to play the game, their game. Worse, most generals have risen from the cavalry. They want a war of dash and romance, of horses and heroism — 'the great game,' as the papers went on cooing over the shambles. 'Did you know what sort of people these Politicians were? I had no idea!' said the dug-out Kitchener after dealing

with men who did at least know that you had to live by learning every shift and being ready for every eventuality. If instead of feeling superior to the politician, Kitchener had realised that he had just as little idea as to what the war he was supposed to be managing really was, perhaps it might have been a little less blind and bloody. About that, all he could say was to remark to the Foreign Secretary, who probably agreed, 'This isn't war.' A soldier, however, should know you do not get rid of hard facts by denying their names. If it was not the war he knew, he should have gone.

Still, at first, general excitement and particular diversions kept people from thinking. Churchill, inventive as ever, and as unlucky as inventive, planned a sudden descent of largely untrained men — the Naval Reserve he could then command as First Lord of the Admiralty — on Antwerp to save it from the Germans. He lost it to them, and he lost, too, those of his men who did not get interned in Holland.

Then there were the fights in the grand old manner between German naval ships of various armaments which the War found at large on the high seas and the sweeping English Fleets. Yet there were as many shocks as thrills. Admiral Cradock with his small squadron was caught by the only German admiral at large, and with unwise obedience to ignorant Admiralty instructions gave fight with two small attendant vessels in his inferior ship the *Good Hope.* It went down red-hot with one of its companions, the *Monmouth,* off Coronel on the Chile coast. This was paid back when the German squadron was even more helplessly smashed by Sturdee off the Falklands.

The submarine, however, was showing sea war to have become almost as limited as land war. Suddenly three large if elderly cruisers in home waters went down through three torpedoes fired at them when they had no idea that an enemy was near. The English Fleet had shut up the German High Seas Fleet, but had to shut itself up in a Scottish firth to avoid the invisible danger moving under sea. Not only the submarine but the mine-field made the life of the most heavily armoured ship not worth half an hour's purchase should one of these infernal machines, broadcast through the narrow seas, drift against its keel. The Navy therefore had to lie still lower than the Army. It was a war of growing hush, of unknown dangers and ever more profound concealments.

Russia, however, still tried to keep up the old style. She would dash and deluge as hordes should. For a short time people watched the advance into East Prussia and then turned away. Russia had paid the price of being the most out-of-date of all the fighting Powers up against the most modernised. The Russian generals Rennenkampf and Samsonov were caught with a huge army by Hindenburg, Ludendorff and the Jew military genius, Hoffmann, in the Masurian swamps at Tannenberg. Hindenburg and Ludendorff had manœuvred among this maze of lakes almost all their military lives. Hoffmann had made a plan which was a perfect trap to catch and crush any invader at this spot. This was the one victory of the War in the grand old smashing style. The Russian Army was annihilated at little loss to the Germans. Samsonov committed suicide.

Yet the War was on such a scale that this cataclysm

made no appreciable difference to it. Public opinion, of course, grew fretful at this prolonged indecisiveness. 'Business as usual,' said the shops, hoping this war, if it must last, would settle down and become not all life but just a side of it. It was decided that the gallant boys coming home must be given a good time. Theatres, and especially music-halls, began to do good business again. Soldiers must not think. They must be kept amused and then sent back — to the Great Game that had stuck in the mud. War plays were soon taken off, and revues of an almost ritual simplicity proceeded to run with a consistency only equalled by the War's. Yet, as the first war-spring awoke, people demanded some action. In winter wars, of course, go to sleep. In this one the winter quarters had only been more verminous, damp and cheek-by-jowl with the enemy and your own corpses, than any before. Still, precedent, the simple minds' sheet-anchor of sanity, could be found for a war stuck still. The spring would bring movement.

So when movement did not come with the spring, the public began to grumble. The patriotic papers Asquith had so despised began to attack him and Kitchener. 'We could break through if we had shells,' they said — a simple recipe. You had only to have enough shells, and your Barrage (a new word) would tear up the wire, smash the trenches, dismember the machine-gunners, and you would go over to victory, the beloved Break-Through. It had to be learnt, even more slowly than was learnt the fact of barbed wire's power to hold up attack, that a barrage heavy enough to dig up the wire dug up also the 'terrain.' The guns themselves, and finally the troops, could not pass over and be supplied

across this gargantuan porridge. On the other side the defence re-formed again and the attack broke down. Still, the cry 'Not enough shells' was a very good missile on the Home Front, where the patriotic leaders were enjoying a pleasant enough vendetta of their own. This was the barrage which prepared the way for the Conservative attack on the seats of office still held wholly by Liberals.

As the silly Eugénie said in 1870 to her husband's Cabinet, 'Messieurs, this is *my* war,' so the Conservatives felt toward the Liberals — this was their war and the Liberals ought to clear out and let them play it. Yet the stuck Front did suddenly 'blow out' in the spring. A scientist made a huge hole in the jam the soldiers had blindly heaped up. Professor Haber, of Berlin, at last persuaded the German Staff — as much at a loss at what had happened as any of the Allies — to try at Ypres chlorine gas let out of cylinders on a gentle easterly spring breeze. The mist rolled slowly on to the Allied trenches and gassed them just as a wasp's nest may be gassed. Some 6000 were killed at a breath, and as the first swathes of men fell, nearly all who saw them and had time to run, ran. The line was swept open. Advantage was not taken of this spectacular success, partly because once again the German General Staff never believed such a thing would work, or particularly wished it to work, and so had made no adequate preparations to follow up and go through ; and partly because they did not know whether their own troops would or could advance across land where the gas might still lie. Again a new weapon had neutralised its own power.

Further, this departure from the recognised practice

of war produced great horror. War itself is so horrible that it can evidently only be practised with any pleasure if it is carried on with the weapons custom has somehow made seem less cruel, and which moreover, as we have seen, generally have themselves to be called by archaic names — the sword, the spear, the shield and the shining armour. New weapons — such as the arquebus in the sixteenth century — have always awoken horror among men insensitised to slaughter if with traditional — but no more merciful — tools. Gas was not more cruel than disembowelment with a shell fragment, or for that matter with a bayonet. It was, however, new, and the chlorine gas killed some men slowly and painfully, but again not more painfully than one who dies from powder-burns or gangrenous wounds. Also, a world which was so far gone in sensibility that it believed atrocities even when they were not, in order that it might find justification of its feeling that this war, with Red Cross hospitals, anaesthetics, the tending of prisoners and not one decent-sized town put to the sword, was the worst war in history, could not stand any new shocks to its nerves. The soldiers logically said, ' Don't make a fuss : they have used it, so must we.' Still it did not solve the stalemate, though it exacerbated feeling.

The second war of trenches was not yet jerked — and was not to be for another three years — into the third war of the New Movement. The same thing applied to two other efforts Germany made to break what was now clear was a real stranglehold, the most gigantic siege in history, the siege of the centre of a continent and some 100,000,000 human beings. The sinking of the *Lusitania* by submarine was even unwiser than the

bombing of open towns at night by Zeppelins. The 1198 who were drowned were of course few, when the War counted casualties already by the hundreds of thousands, but of these, 291 were women and 24 children. This was clumsy. True Machiavellianism would have counted the cost and known it to be too high. There were Americans on board, and the Allies thought Wilson must feel as they. He replied — as a Liberal in his position would — that you could be so sure you were right that you would be 'too proud to fight.' The truth was, America was still too far away and too confused to think of fighting, and the Allies, though in and unable to get out, could not describe any more clearly than on the day they fell into the chaos at what exactly they were aiming. The growing Liberal indecision told : the Conservatives, who at least knew better what they themselves wanted, launched their offensive.

It was more successful than real warfare. They seized offices on every hand. Haldane, the Army planner, was gone on the pretext of that old unhappy phrase about his spiritual home. Churchill was again discredited by that strange ill-luck which dogs this too brilliant man and makes him seem more unsafe than he actually is. The Dardanelles swoop should have redeemed Antwerp. It turned out to be only Antwerp on a super scale. The Turks had joined up, and with Bulgaria and Austria made a long Central Alliance. Turkey was surely weak. Strike here from the sea, which England held, and Turkey would collapse, Russia would be revictualled, Germany would feel the sudden closure of the stranglehold. Here again, however, the defensive held still uncalculated advantages. The at-

tacks broke down, the landings were abortive. So Churchill the brilliant layman should be replaced by a real sailor. That the sailors might rule, the Conservative Party put in the man they had sacked because he did not like to take decisions. Arthur Balfour's one 'gesture' on taking over his dramatic predecessor's room of office was to pitch out of the window a small bust of Napoleon which had been left there.

With realists in power there began the second stage of the War in its political aspect. The first stage had been the Liberal stage of vague if intense enthusiasm and democratic catchwords. That was over, and it was followed by this middle period when the catchwords were still left up and about, for recruiting had still, in England, to appear to be voluntary, but the real arrangements were made behind locked doors and were as definite as murders. This was in fact the period of the Secret Treaties.

In May 1915 Italy was brought in on the Allied side. She had been frank. The highest bidder should have her hand and sword. The outer alliance could promise more wildly than the inner, which had Austria as its second number. Yet Italy's entrance decided nothing, save that the war aims were now frankly unpublishable. The deadlock would not break and Germany would not die from 'the war of attrition.' This latter, now the Allied hope, was not a hope but a dangerous delusion, with which the soldiers tried to hide from the civil populations they were draining, the bankruptcy of all orthodox strategy. For attrition was working, but was working the other way round. The Allies, continually launching offensives on what was an immense fortified

Front, were wasting themselves away ; and, as is now clear from the casualty returns, had not the Americans come in, it is they and not Germany who finally would have been worn down and overrun.

As little, however, as the Allies did German strategy dare to play for time. Even if their soldiers had been original thinkers instead of the most painstaking practitioners of an out-of-date strategy, they had to give public opinion, in exchange for ever-growing shortage of comforts, an ever-growing loss of life and limb, spectacular victories — the fantasies for which the public had been 'conditioned' to think that starvation, mutilation, agony, insanity and death were all worth while. It was not merely the Allies who tore with bleeding bodies at the fanged-wire net in which like twin bulls the Allied and German Forces rolled over in helpless agony. The Crown Prince had been allowed to try and hack through the knot of Verdun. Strands of the meshes broke, but the Retiarian defender had only to throw more net over the stumbling aggressor until the attack collapsed in a squalor of destruction beyond anything humanity had so far achieved in the whole of its history of violence. The French lost 350,000, the Germans 500,000.

The Verdun convulsion (February/March 1916) proved conclusively two things. The old warfare was over. The attack had been as favourable as possible. The point chosen was where the French could not afford to yield any ground for fear of exposing vital rear communications. There also seems evidence that Joffre, still an old-world commander, thinking of movement, had neglected to have dug the number of lines essential if the attack was to be netted economically. The Germans

massed a huge local superiority on this sector, as the Russian Front was moribund. Yet they failed.

The other factor that Verdun proved was the disappearance of the strategist's chief hope — surprise : at least on the ground. The air arm was not strong enough yet to set the pace itself and to begin the third war, which followed the war of arrest and attrition. It was, however, strong enough to put the last nail in the coffin of ground strategy. The German massing at Verdun was detected by French aeroplanes and the hope of overwhelming defence by a locally concentrated deluge of attack vanished.

In May, therefore, Germany tried even another offensive by sea. The muddle of Jutland showed clearly what Jellicoe had realised, but his subordinates, puffed with 'Nelson touches' and other archaisms, would not face — that mechanism on sea had revolutionised war and stultified strategy almost as much as on land. We have seen that the English blockading Fleet had to keep under cover almost as much as the blockaded German. Now, however, the German admirals thought they might draw the English Fleet over a mine-field as an elephant may be provoked to charge over a grass-hidden staked pit. Jellicoe realised this and knew the Germans could afford to lose a great deal and be no worse, while proportionate loss to him might mean the breaking of the blockade which was doing its deadly but unspectacular work. With great moral courage he refused to take the risk every gasconading midshipman would seize on with delight. He suffered the grave disadvantage that the English ships used shell which exploded on the enemy's armour (and that armour was on the whole thicker than

his ships'), while the German shell pierced and then exploded. Equal gunnery meant therefore for the English higher losses. The German High Seas Fleet was meant to fight in the North Sea and there only. It was therefore a specialised instrument so built that it could not have 'policed the Seven Seas.' The English Fleet had to be ready for anything, and therefore not as peculiarly ready for this one thing. The men who quoted Nelson so incessantly might have acted on one of that realist's favourite mottoes, 'Your manœuvre-ground must be your battle-ground.' It is no use being prepared against every eventuality. That is an impossibility, and only invented by the Liberal Imperialist mind which does not want its rhetorical right hand held up to heaven to know what its practical left hand is doing in the dark. Such subtlety ends in making the worst of both worlds. Jellicoe was blamed. The principal mistake seems to have been that disregard of the North Sea visibility which we have seen made all super-gunnery from the launching of the first 'Dreadnought' highly doubtful, and which at Jutland rendered a decision impossible. Balfour continued to show his detachment by publishing frankly the huge English losses, and when asked about the German, said coolly that he did not know — good abstract philosophy perhaps, but poor practical psychology.

So Jutland gave new laurels, seaweed wreaths, to Germany and confirmed the stranglehold to England. You cannot live on laurels, and Germany was reaping victories with ever shorter breath. Still she had hope. The toughest would win. Were the Allies as tough as Teutons, drilled, domineered, and acting on internal

lines as a single besieged garrison ? Russia was obviously gasping. On that huge desolate Front gigantic raids had swept to and fro. Austria had been deluged. Warsaw then had been taken. The wire net never caught these more primitive armies on their enormous sectors. On the contrary, the space was so great that the enemies were always losing touch with each other. France was also labouring. Verdun had hit her hard.

Élan is not staying-power, and a people of incomparable dash may crack up under the conditions of trench warfare. So the English had to undertake their huge offensive on the Somme. No informed person believed it would serve any purpose save to draw the pressure from the French Front. The relationships of the Allies were so loose that there were still separate commands on the single Front, and the French, with an almost comic realism, were exacting rent from the English Armies for the ground which they occupied while defending France. On the other hand, the common joke in Paris at this time was that England would fight to the last Frenchman. Perhaps the English commander, Haig, expected a break-through, because he could not abandon the hope that the time must come when he, a cavalry officer, would direct cavalry in action, and to the sound of galloping horses see himself sweeping to victory.

Haig survived so long as Commander-in-Chief for the same reason that Kitchener remained Minister of War, because both men were methodical, the physical model of what the public imagined a soldier should be, and as incapable of being excited or rattled as a turtle is in the presence of a man-eater. They simply refused to recognise phenomena to which they had inherited no

reaction. This may be more comfortable, more comforting and more seemly, than behaving as the higher mammals do in such crises — by a general commotion and hysterical nervousness, but it does not happen to be the way that the attainment of higher types has been achieved. The Somme battle was no exception to the modern rule — the aggressor pays : the British casualties were 475,000.

Where a gleam of change appeared through the darkening cloud of aimless slaughter the Commander-in-Chief tried naturally to snuff it. Civilians and men in the fighting services young enough still to think about the objectives of war and not simply carrying on till something broke, had now seen that the old strategy not only did not work — it must defeat the man who used it most actively. Mechanism, the machine gun, gas, wire — these things had produced the stalemate. Only mechanism could raise it. Armour was the natural answer. Mobility had caused armour to be abandoned. War of position must bring it back. It was not a very brilliant answer to the problem, but in comparison with the pathological arrest which orthodox militarism displayed it was almost a stroke of genius.

The Tank — the military ' tortoise ' — engined with a motor, armoured with steel and machine guns, shod with caterpillar treads, should climb over trenches, tear through the wire, bring the machine gun to the machine gun, squash the squirming defenders as slugs are squashed, and break through. Incidentally this reply to ' Bloch's dilemma ' had been written out and published by H. G. Wells at the beginning of the century. But again surprise (this time granted to the Allied side)

was let slip. After a trial, unwillingly approved, Haig actually ordered the tanks off the field — a natural but anachronistic impulse. They were only got back again by what was certainly in the military sense 'improper pressure.' Even then they returned too late ; the secret was out ; time for reply had been given. Tanks themselves and light guns which could be carried and yet pierce tanks caused a severe check, and the breaking weather faced these clumsy monsters with a natural obstacle more grave, the appalling Flanders mud.

Even on its island England was beginning to feel the strain. The submarine blockade was again causing real anxiety, and it was possible that while sweeping the surface England might bleed to death from strokes delivered below. The increasing air-raids shook people : they struck at the public's moon-face, and it was clear that the courageous equanimity with which the elderly sent the young to the Front they themselves never thought to see, would not stand any considerable risk of being bombed while comfortably in one's bed dreaming of victory.

And those in the know, though they knew these little jets of vitriol could not decide anything, knew that the supplies of food were so short that should the public know *that,* 'the will to win' might crack. That Will was being carefully sheltered and husbanded. The Censorship fed news not true but good for the Will ; atrocities, victories, appeals to fear, greed, idealism, were all prescribed and given the patient. In war the gap between what is known to be true and what is thought to be good or necessary yawns, and into that gap sanity follows goodwill. Such was the control over

information and the state of no-mind fear had created that, as we have seen, 'Haldane said his spiritual home is Germany' and 'The Kaiser said the Germans are Huns' could be used as criminal charges. Propaganda became a much-used and much-prized weapon, and like most weapons, it was not a pleasant object to view in cold blood. It had also a peculiar unpleasantness of its own about it. The men whose hands it suited were certainly hardly a heartening sight. Chief of these was a Harmsworth, made by Balfour a peer, a journalist of ruthless genius, who not many years after died mad. In the year 1916 he attained momentarily a kind of power which in English history has only been surpassed by one other peer, Warwick the King-maker.

The country was restless. The food shortage had to be confessed and a Food Controller and a rationing system adopted. The Army had got ready to acquire all the conscripts it needed, but it proceeded to take men both before and after it was given that power, regardless as to whether their civilian work was nationally more valuable than the subordinate job it allotted them. The civilian was making the Army the ruler of the State : the Army was still only capable of thinking as a department. The specialist can never have the general outlook and brain which will allow him to run the community. Yet in times of panic the community always tends to hand over to whatever specialist works nearest the spot where the crash has come.

It was then that Northcliffe decided the time had come to close completely the first phase of the War — the phase of Liberal vagueness and crusading idealism — the phase the formation of the Coalition had shown to

be already on the wane. He thought he had chosen his nominee well — Lloyd George, the demagogue, who, like most of the Suffragettes, as soon as actual war was offered instead of the sham battles of social reform, turned with delight to reality. Together these two easily overthrew old Asquith — still contemptuous of 'what the papers can do,' still with a Roman stiffness and a Roman dignity refusing to make face-saving terms when the revolt he had disregarded suddenly held him captive. This splendid copy of an elder style had already lost his intimate supporters and his public touch. 'Restitution, Reparations and Guarantees,' he rumbled on, but the public did not want any more to listen to Gibbonesque generalities, classic formularies. They were tired, frightened and very resentful. They were ready to be made to ask for the Kaiser's head, a captive Germany 'squeezed till the pips squeak,' and till then, for reprisals on actual captives for any horrors Northcliffe might tell them they and theirs were suffering.

In Easter week a rising had taken place in Dublin. English guardians and soldiers had been shot. The revolt was crushed, but Birrell, the loyal and entertaining colleague who for so many years had with a joke always held, if a little negligently, whichever Cabinet baby was most troublesome and messy, Birrell had to go. Asquith hurried to Dublin. He shook hands with such of the new National leaders as the military authorities had not shot. He already appeared as an amiable figurehead whose realist instruments did as they would and only suffered him as long as he presided as a constitutional survival. Yet the 'palace revolt,' when complete, once again illustrated the fact which king-

makers never seem to learn — the only safe place for a king-maker himself is on the throne. Lloyd George had no intention of deposing Asquith and then letting his fellow-conspirators treat him as they had treated his predecessor. Northcliffe was shocked at this ingratitude. Lord Beaverbrook has told us how he himself sat, the public deed done, waiting for the private call which would give him office. It never came. The realist has to learn, like the saint, that to have served a cause larger than the self is his reward.

Yet if every one of the new 'ginger group' had got office they could not have got the War on. True, Lloyd George got displeased with Haig and thought to remove this honest man who could do nothing and would not get excited. The Dardanelles campaign had ended in a perfect evacuation. The remnant of forces had been dumped at Salonica so as to vex Bulgaria, but there, too, the Front promptly 'solidified.' The huge remnant of the Turkish Empire was blocked at each of its far-distant openings — north of the Suez Canal and at the south of Mesopotamia — but up none of these openings could forces advance to penetrate into the long column of the Mittel-Europa defence and turn its flank from within. Servia was crushed. Then Roumania, in the late summer of 1916, was brought in, but almost instantaneously was knocked out.

Germany had enough victories even to get through to the ears of the Allies. Outside opinion which could express itself betted ever more steadily on a German victory. Of the out-standers, however, the only one that counted was America — even Japan had been brought in and given as earnest the small corner of

China which Germany had filched (like all the other Great Powers when the century began).

The United States was in even more of a muddle than usual about foreign affairs. Her sacred right, 'the freedom of the seas,' was being daily outraged by England to keep the blockade going. On the other hand, the submarine campaign was a shock to humanitarianism and had drowned United States citizens. Roosevelt, still a power, though in decline, tended to like going into a war, but the Republican nominee, Hughes, had again at the Presidential elections been defeated by Wilson the liberal, who had used the slogan, 'I am the man who has kept you out of the War.' There was also a large German-American population actively anti-Ally. England is never popular, though sometimes undisliked, in the States, and 'sob-stuff' about Lafayette did not cut much ice. In fact, the United States did not come into the War: Germany pushed her. The hope (which grew as all others waned) of deciding the War through the submarine made that policy ruthless. The United States Government could not sit down under such a blow to its authority — after all, the freedom of the seas did include not only freedom from the insult of being searched by an officious Britisher but also freedom from the injury of being drowned without notice by a German under-sea boat. Wilson had exhausted his own and other people's patience — the Germans' included — with Notes (the most important is probably the one of 20th December 1916) asking the impossible: asking what the War was about, what it was intended for, what it aimed at.

Of course, as the Chinese proverb says, those who knew

could not say, and those who could say — could still discharge the stale recruiting platitudes and the manufactured propaganda — did not know and did not care to know exactly all about the Secret Treaties and the general sack and loot promised to the curious and discredited accumulation of Allies. Germany knew she would take whatever war gave her.

Such answers could not be given and would have served no purpose. By February 1917 Germany said she intended to prevent sea traffic 'by every means.' So Germany, it seemed, was the free-seas enemy. Certainly the German rulers' minds were made up. The land defensive was accepted. The huge Hindenburg Line — the most massive, rigid defence ever made since the Chinese Wall — was set up (February 1917). Behind this they must sit and with the under-cut of the submarine sever England's food gullet. It was a gamble not too mad. England like a huge whale held the surface seas, and Germany was without doubt weakening through the blockade. The submarine could counter the sea-surface hold, and England find herself, as the vast Right whales do, the mightiest sea beast and yet having its tongue eaten out of its mouth by a fish (the Orca Gladiator) small enough to dart between the immense jaws, come in behind these defences and mortally wound the helpless monster.

Wilson waited for a few definite outrages of the principles he had laid down. The Germans in his country helped him almost as much as those working under-seas. A certain Austrian attaché called by the juvenile name Boy-Ed and a young Junker diplomatist called Von Papen — whom later history was to make

egregious — not only plotted bomb outrages to scare America, but to this ineptitude added the foolishness of corresponding about it in undiplomatic language and then losing their compromising letters. 'Idiotic Yankees' was a phrase which had invaluable propaganda force when the United States Executive wanted to assure its people that they had been cherishing vipers. So the United States came in; the Allies began to count again on victory; even the diminishing standers out began to wonder.

Subtraction, however, was to balance, at least for another year, the Allies' addition. Germany was reprieved and the War prolonged by the first collapse. Russia, long exhausted, now came to a complete standstill. The Tsardom, incarnated in a man who was equipped to be a little squire, or perhaps more happily a clerk, disappeared in scenes of such nightmare fantasy that the world for a considerable time refused to credit them. His wife, grand-daughter of Victoria the Respectable, seemed a fitting consort for a man who was meant, it would seem, for the punctual performance of the smaller decencies.

We know, however, now that it is just the simple, impressionable types who are always trying to do as they are told, who, if they are taken out of the drawing-room, may fall under any influence however phantasmagoric. This is what befell the small couple whose petty suites decorated with pale-blue beribboned cushions, framed menu-cards, photos of the dear children, knick-knacks and 'what-nots' are pathetic witnesses how mentally unprotected and immature they were to face the elemental storms around them. Like a field-

mouse's nest found in a swathe of corn-stalks, the Imperial rooms at Tsarskoe Selo remind us, as perhaps no other place can — perhaps because of the coarse and blind complacency of the present exhibitors — of the utter inadequacy of conventions to meet any change in reality, and of any life save that of the philosopher's to sustain the tidal waves of circumstance. The Emperor and Empress had dearly desired a son. He was at last born, and a year after, when the revolutionary inflammation seemed to have come to a head and burst in 1905, it appeared that with an heir the throne might be saved. Fate was, however, being more cruel to the wretched couple than if it had left them barren. The boy was certainly a haemophiliac, perhaps from his mother. He may have had other diseases : perhaps also fanatics had injured him. The mother was a prey to gnawing anxiety. Only a strong nature can endure such an ordeal and not become superstitious. She was not strong, and the husband on whom she might have depended was even weaker. Already she ruled autocratically the autocrat of all the Russias. On whom then could she lean ? She might turn to religion : there was no human help. There was the strange anchylosed Orthodox Church which she had been forced to join at her marriage. But — bitter and vicious circle — this Church was so erastianised by her husband's predecessors that it depended on him, who had to turn to her for strength. Still, what if through its rigid formalism and lightless ministrations a voice of real faith, a personality with power and life in it, should come through ? The soil was ready for the strange growth of Rasputin. After all, he was only to

repeat the history of so many prophets, and till human beings know themselves better he must have his successors, dominating a world which has no faith and spiritual insight, and which becomes like a frightened child as soon as its surface landmarks disappear.

It seems clear that this creature was both sub- and super-human, or perhaps it is less shocking to say both sub- and super-genteel. He was a moujik with a moujik's sins : greed, lust, rage and cunning ; and with a peasant's gifts : hospitality, endurance, courage. But on this clay base a queer fire burned.

When we resume our researches into hypnosis — which psycho-analysis has temporarily discouraged — we may be able to evaluate the man more exactly. He had undoubtedly uncommon suggestive power and uncommon vitality. This makes it likely that he may have been a natural healer. He was also, it seems fairly evident, that alternating type of mystic which, because they give great scandal, the Churches refuse to allow to be either common or significant. Yet this type is both : the orgy seems to give the mind-body a convulsion from which it swings itself up into ecstasy. There seems no reason to doubt Rasputin's psychological if not his economic honesty. He defied for years his highly-organised Church and suffered for it. He believed in himself and his visions ; he owned he sinned ; he delighted in spiritual raptures as much as in sensualism. Modern psychology does not find this type difficult to accept ; and after all, it is one of the three most successful of religious geniuses, Mohammed himself, who says, ' There are three supreme delights : Perfume, Women and Prayer.'

Then success began to come. The martyr and trouble-maker began to be the saint, the Staretz. Rasputin had already rediscovered the ancient heresy invented by his sort : that grace abounds only to the sinner, that 'works' are deadly, that faith and need and confession of sinfulness are all that the soul requires for its salvation, and that he is most sure of salvation who is most certain he has sinned. Sin becomes the essential step to salvation. 'O felix culpa,' cries Augustine on the brink. 'Sin that you may be saved,' cry the next along the line, already in the current of cyclic excitement, which flings them from the depths to the heights and round again. It may have been an accident that brought the Staretz to Imperial notice, but once the two, the wretched woman giddy at the top and this clambering creature unafraid of any pinnacle of fame, had met, only death could part them. Of course the Court was scandalised, but the woman who ruled Russia through her husband knew what she must have and that she had found it, and the man who sprang from Russia's earth knew what he could do and that his opportunity had come.

The Tsarevitch recovered when Rasputin was near, sickened, pined and called for him when with a last effort to establish disappearing common sense the forces of respectability banished the thaumaturge. With that victory his power was absolute. Of this inner triumvirate which ruled Russia he was the only one who had a will. Unfortunately he had no political sense, and if he ever had vision it certainly did not survive his intoxicating elevation. He certainly drank heavily ; the practice of concupiscence was, as we have seen,

part of his faith ; he even paid off old ecclesiastical scores, accumulated bribes and appointed those Ministers who would further his childish aims. He also gave away lavishly to the poor, healed freely by suggestion, and taught this heresy of his not merely as an excuse for debauchery but because he believed in salvation and that this was the way to it. There was a war on, and so much extravagance could be permitted. But a war also makes men less averse to assassination than in times of peace.

The Grand Dukes were exasperated with this man. His spiritual raptures were as disgusting to them as his peasant nature, and they disliked him quite as much for his communist behaviour with money as for his equally loose behaviour with women. A plot was made. The Staretz, true to the last to his gargantuan double nature, was lured to his death by an appeal to his compassion (a prayer that he would heal a case of sickness), and in the very act of his murder, when he ate poisoned cakes, drank poisoned wine, refused to die, was then riddled with bullets, and yet afterwards climbed the stairs from the death-trap, grappled his murderers and had to have his head beaten in, he gave final evidence of his super-human vitality. His career has been given this space because he was a portent. He showed how insane Russia and the world could go under the strain of mechanised slaughter.

The stucco of respectability and common sense was coming off the façade of civilisation in huge pieces, and behind was found not a firm structure but emptiness and decay. With his death the Tsardom was over. The little man and his hysterical wife now had no one —

the prop was gone, and for him they were hated. For a moment the Grand Dukes thought they could seize Russia. Their claim was jumped by Constitutionalists — the administrative type. Yet they could rule no better than the Dukes. For a short time an overpowering orator, Kerensky, made the officials follow him : they and he wanted the War to go on. His oratory and his aim left the people cold and hostile. As March 1917 ended — the month in which the Tsar abdicated — Germany played her one trump card in the whole of her diplomatic muffing since Bismarck was dismissed : she played it ignorant of its full implications, seeing only that it would further disintegrate the old Russia, and though it served her to take the trick, it did not give her the game, and she may yet, after seventeen years, bitterly repent it. In a sealed carriage — like a bacillus driven through the hypodermic needle to infect an animal with a deadly disease — Lenin, the antithesis of Rasputin, was passed through from Switzerland to Russia.

The Staretz had been almost worshipped while he lived, and he held his ascendancy because he claimed to know the world beyond death. His dead and battered body was first thrown under the frozen river and then fished out and burnt like carrion. The Master of the Soviet dominated Russia by a belief in a materialism which made any respect for the dead and any fancy as to another life so grotesque as to be immoral. Yet his body, carefully embalmed as any saint's or Pharaoh's, lies exposed in its temple tomb, the emotional shrine of all Russia, venerated by constant streams of pilgrims.

Lenin, however, was only to get power after months of accidents and by accident. The Allies still thought

Russia might again help them. In April the United States definitely declared war on Germany. And yet at this moment it was the Allied Front which again showed an ominous crack, though it was concealed from all save those who had to know. After an offensive under a new general (Nivelle), who claimed to have a new system (the only thing about it was that it lost men even faster than any of the elder systems — 200,000 in a few days), large parts of the French Army mutinied. Average French nature could not longer endure this wholesale annihilation. However, there were French natures in control who were not average. Clemenceau and Poincaré both were haters of almost heroic proportions. Clemenceau was revenging 1870. His daemonic energy, courage and ruthlessness were inexhaustible. Poincaré was more cool but as implacable. The divisions who mutinied were contained. The English were commanded to extend their line and to attack to draw off German attention. They obeyed. The slaughter round Passchendaele was the price. The Germans killed two Englishmen to every man they lost. Such fighting is not strategy ; it is not human — it is submental. It is only to be paralleled by the blind behaviour that even horrifies when it is shown by caterpillars — when to cross a stream the first of the migrating column's millions pour in headlong until, the stream choked, the remainder pass over on a solid bed of their fellows' corpses.

The remaining world Socialists who were out of the struggle began to try and gather to see if this suicide of civilisation could be stopped. A meeting was arranged at Stockholm ; it was to be a conference of Con-

tinuous Mediation. The English Socialists, however, were not allowed to attend. Conservatism was now in power, and when Henderson, who was left in the Cabinet only to assure it of Labour's fealty, protested, he was turned out.

In October mechanisation again showed what it could do. Five thousand tanks suddenly advanced against the Germans at Cambrai, and a decisive success might have been gained had this weapon really been studied instead of being accepted under protest. As it was, the damp ground again checked the advance, and once more winter bogged the battle. It was a few weeks after that Lenin at last seized power in Petrograd and started that series of tremendous social experiments which are not yet ended, but of which enough have been fulfilled to suggest that when they are ended the world's largest reserve of feudalism will have vanished for ever.

Even in the Allied countries queer fancies were getting into men's heads. A symptom was the performance in London of Brieux's play *Damaged Goods*. The author, as we have seen, was a distinguished Frenchman, and his work had been translated. Yet that a play dealing with syphilis should be running successfully on a London stage was indicative of a landslide from Victorian prudery. No doubt the realist attitude of the Army toward venereal disease had brought this about, and the Army was sacrosanct to the Church, which otherwise would have interfered.

Another symptom that the cracks were spreading widely was the Lansdowne letter. This aged statesman the same month the Bolsheviks seized power — November 1917 — realised (for he had access to good informa-

tion) that the old order was so stricken that if the War did not stop very soon it would hardly matter which side won. The governing classes — who would far rather marry a noble foreigner than one of their own nation of a lower rank — would be relieved of their hereditary rights. Better be conquered by a 'foreign gentleman' than by one's scullion. Such realist insight, however, was only granted to noblemen on Pisgah points well above and beyond office. All the office-holders were properly shocked. They still thought you could both win the War and preserve your position. And certainly Germany did not show any ability to come to terms. Lenin sent Trotsky to Brest-Litovsk to make any peace. Yet even a Communist was startled at the national amputation Germany claimed to carry out. Trotsky withdrew, thinking the Germans would not follow up. They did, and he signed. How the Allies should approach peace-making, Wilson showed a month after as the new year (1918) opened. It was very different. There were Fourteen Points in the grand Liberal tradition. The third phase of the political side of the War was now fully here.

The rulers of England did not feel altogether happy at this reappearance of Liberalism from over the Atlantic. Still, the Secret Treaties had exacted a price, and here was the public treaty-making of the newest and most valuable Ally exacting another price. You could repeat the mantra, 'No sacrifice is too great if honour,' etc. All kinds of hardships and concessions must be met and made. In February the suffrage was granted and meat-tickets issued, Proportional Representation given to Uni-

versities who returned M.P.s, and boys of nineteen given a vote for a future election as a compensation for quite probably having to die before it was held. Even more unsettling, in March the Germans were again at it.

Troops had been swung over from Russia, and perfect weather, drying the mud and putting up a gentle mist, allowed everything to go to plan. The English lines had again been thinned to help the gasping French. 'It is only until the Americans come,' said the Allies. Ludendorff, now holding the entire German forces, knew this quite as well. He struck with desperate determination, and the long wire coil from the coast to Amiens bulged and all but broke. Yet again the sheer speed of the advance defeated its victory. Still, the Allies were keenly alarmed. Foch, the French Generalissimo, sneered at Haig, 'I suppose you will have to stop when you reach the sea' — so little does a common peril without a mutual affection make men really comrades. The English actually raised the age to fifty. This was a mistake. The men to be added were physically of too poor quality, and by making them suffer the whole national morale was weakened. In the people who thought themselves safely above military age lay the great reservoir of Categorical Imperative which said with irresistible suggestion to the young married man, the vigentarian full of life and the will to enjoy and understand, to the drafts of harmless schoolboys being emptied out regularly from the classrooms into the chaos of the trenches, 'You must go. You shall go. How lucky you are to be able to go.' There were some spectacular and instructive conversions when the danger age suddenly jumped

up a decade. 'No sacrifice is too great' became in not a few cases in a night 'Something ought to be done about it. The War has lasted long enough.'

The pressure was even such as to make the supreme soldiers come to an agreement. Foch was made Allied Generalissimo ; it seemed a case of hanging together — otherwise, separately. Communal kitchens and capital levies, even a suggestion that dogs should be scrapped to save their food, were seriously discussed. The kitchens were set up, the levy reported on, but the dogs were a blunder comparable to the age-raising. For the women could not be conscripted : they were still safe and satisfactorily savage. But touch their dogs, and they might begin to want to stop the War. There was a very active protest meeting summoned in London and the Government did not veto it. 'We tell the Government,' said a woman leader to ringing cheers, 'that dogs are votes.' They were, and they continued to be kept and fed on needed food as the price of their owners' conditional loyalty. Such was woman's first display of the manner in which she would use her suffrage, such the interpretation that safe diehards at the hour of crisis could put on their favourite phrase, 'No sacrifice is too great.'

Naturally, such sacrifices, whether made or withheld, could not instantaneously affect military efficiency, and so May saw another smash, this time at Soissons, and till June the German last agony drove itself against the pricks. This was partly due to the United States Army stubbornly refusing to be amalgamated under Foch, Pershing (its commander) declaring he would see the Front back at the Loire rather than put his men in the hands of the French. At last, however, the German

attack crawled and stuck. Almost at once the Allies hit back. The German burst had indeed been a final convulsion. The United States troops could now take over whole sectors of line. From then the Front never ceased to yield, and outnumbered, out-tanked and out-aeroplaned, the Germans had with increasing losses to retreat on to a more extended line if they were still to keep their northern flank based on the sea. Many people thought the War might go on for another year, but on the military side the third war had begun : the third war when mechanisation gave mastery on land and in air to the side which had most industry at its disposal.

The first war of movement had lasted, as its German designers had calculated, a few weeks — the time to walk from the German depots to where super-Sedan was to take place round Paris. The second war of position no one had calculated. It simply lasted on, disguised by that name, but was in reality the break-down of strategy, until the third war was invented by mechanics and chemists — not by soldiers. This third war restored movement, and before it could be even developed to anything like its full character (*i.e.* gassing large undefended cities from the air) it had broken resistance and swept away the enemy, who, as far as it was concerned, was mainly unarmed.

September saw the end in sight. On its last day Bulgaria surrendered to the Varda force. A month after, Turkey capitulated when its army in Palestine had been smashed by a victory on that heroic scale of slaughter those bronze-age battle-fields seemed by journalistic justice to command and aeroplane predominance permitted. Next Austria fell out, ruptured

by the races she could hardly hold in peace. The Belgian coast was cleared. German towns were heavily bombed. The people were desperately short of food, bankrupt of hope, forsaken of their Allies. At this moment Ludendorff the super-chief broke. He sent for the Reichstag and told its representatives to make what terms it could, locked himself in and would see no one. Then suddenly he appeared and wished to recall his fatal concession. Too late. A Liberal Chancellor, Max of Baden, was hastily put in to meet the enemy and find some purchase on those Fourteen Points. Prince Max knew that the Points could be used as a better bridge if the Kaiser, to whom one of them certainly pointed, could be got out of the way. He advised William to abdicate. Always a nervous and vain man, he hesitated. Prince Max announced the abdication, and when it was obviously accepted with relief, the Kaiser signed and fled into Holland. It was a sorry end to much swagger.

If, however, Wilson was assuaged, Germany was not. The last gesture of the old order had been to order out the High Seas Fleet. It mutinied. Foch was ready to grant an armistice to the German Forces for the reason he afterwards explained, that he wanted to settle as much as he could of the War. Once the United States was in the saddle, good-bye to the exclusive claims of France. The Armistice said the Army was to be withdrawn and disbanded. This Hindenburg did with wonderful order. But the Navy was in revolt and the great towns were exploding like Chinese crackers. There was no force to control Germany. The Allies were content to get hold of the Rhine and its great cities, and to know that there was no army any longer opposed to

them. For the rest, the more the Germans devoured themselves the better. Certainly Germany had crashed. Personal cases always illustrate most vividly general states of mind. A private soldier walked into the room where Tiza, the ' iron ' Premier of Hungary — who had done much to make the War — sat among the ruins of his life-plans, and shot the great man as lightly and easily as no doubt the great man had had shot unnumbered private soldiers. Yet though few of the old gang were in real danger (Tiza was the only eminent assassination), panic seized these old hard men who had shovelled their juniors into the furnace of war ever faster for four years. Ludendorff fled with a forged passport and green spectacles into Sweden. Von Tirpitz shaved his give-away forked beard and also ran. Ballin, the shipping king, the Kaiser's friend, went into his office and shot himself. It is well to remember these things when old men in high position boom that no sacrifice is too great, and proceed to sacrifice millions of others. No man, it is clear, is fit to have the unlimited disposal of another unless he would die for him. Most men who handle men in the gross simply do not understand what the fear, pain and loss they inflict can be, until they are themselves struck. Hindenburg, however, went with massive calmness to his small house in Hanover, and Germany, even when Rupublican, remembered that.

The Allies were nearly as hysterical. But Armistice Day in London was not ' mafficking ' — it was not exultation over a fallen foe. In the main it was an almost ecstatic relief, the feeling which the newly dead should experience who have come through with a grim faith

a life defeated to the end and suddenly discover it really is over, it belongs to the fading past and it is their faith that has become reality. In France there seems to have been a clearer realisation of what was intended to be done : the two provinces, perhaps the whole Rhine, Germany in chains for ever, stripped to the bone. Lloyd George was ready to enjoy himself with unabated zest in remaking Europe. First, however, he must make sure he had England as his boro' in his pocket. He had suffered and learnt from a ' khaki election,' and so he also held such an one. He got his Parliament, perhaps a little too Cavalier in some ways, but the Liberals and the doctrinaires were all gone. A Coupon had been given to all candidates. Party labels were not to count. You were simply to be L.G. sound, or unsound. Yet the Conservatives, through a brewer called Younger, managed, with a skill Lloyd George wryly admired, to get far more seats for full Conservatives than for Lloyd George Liberals. It is now clear that politically Liberalism was dead. English love of antiques would keep it alive a little longer. Asquith, put out of Parliament in the patriotic fever, would be put back again by Paisley, but only as a step to Earldom and to death. Grey would live on another fifteen years, blind, patient, as remote as the formal dead. Haldane would once again become Chancellor, but as the first Labour Chancellor, and then he too is addressed to night. The Liberal Imperialists had done their work : they had built the bridge whereby active organising expansionist forces, having no place in a Conservatism of caste, and yet profoundly mistrustful of freedom, could once again join and shape the party of organisation, order, efficiency and realism.

There were the super-Smith, the brothers Geddes, Bonar Law, himself the business man, and another such, Stanley Baldwin, and the Greenwood who had been Greenbaum. It was no party of the past. Its future was problematical, but it had undoubtedly the present.

The power in France was Clemenceau, kept young and ready as a spider by the elixir of hate. The other power, of course, was Woodrow Wilson. To him with his past Presbyterian training and his oncoming arteriosclerosis it seemed 'clear beyond a peradventure' that he was the Servant of God and the People — in his resonant glottis met those two complementary inspirations, Vox populi and Vox Dei. The men who were to be his actual colleagues had quite other beliefs. And they had grounds. The President had lost his Democratic support in Congress. He alone seemed unaware he was not a plenipotentiary. Coming over to more than royal progresses, with the wife to whom they meant more even than to him, he warned his Staff that America would be dealing not only with less-principled but less powerful negotiators than himself. Such a misconception showed already a pathological state of mind. At the Peace Congress he proved pathetically inadequate, all the world has learnt. 'He speaks like Jesus Christ,' said Clemenceau, sneering. If only he had! He spoke — though no doubt he meant well, very well — more like a character Clemenceau did not even know by name — Mr. Chadband. He wanted passionately his League, and for its name he sacrificed in actual detail nearly all the principles on which it was to rest (for example, the rights of minorities such as those of the Tyrolese). Clemenceau and Lloyd George played this pathetic,

pompous dominie to and fro until he had hardly more freedom in their hands than the cormorant used by the Chinese fishermen, which catches the fish for them but can never swallow because of an iron ring round its throat. How this queer peace, of which Clemenceau, its master, said it was like that of the Bon Dieu, 'passing all understanding,' actually grew by accident, by special uncorrelated studies, by suggestions which were let set by night, and no one intending, into edicts, is it not written in the classic *Economic Consequences of the Peace* and illustrated again in the pages of Harold Nicolson's vivid *Peace-making*?

The Germans were finally sent for. The blockade had been left on, partly by oversight, partly out of malice. General Plumer on the Rhine was reporting his soldiers could not stick to their rations eyed by the starving creatures that crept up drawn by food as filings to a magnet. A saddler was President of Germany. A Liberalism of a sort reigned there, mainly through the exertions of Noske, a Socialist who was ready to fight to defeat Communism. Munich blazed redly till old Kurt Eisner, the Labour leader, was killed. Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, who perhaps might have made Germany Communist, were also killed. If the Democrats shrank from assassination, the survivors of the old order did not. The Constitution of Weimar was mainly a Trade Union construction. If Germany had not had to make hopelessly humiliating terms, perhaps this Constitution might have lasted. Already, however, the Versailles terms were rejected. The first Germans sent to sign returned refusing. The second were a couple of nonentities. Never has a great nation given such a

grudged, inadequate signature to a great treaty. As a treaty the huge instrument has never worked. The parts which were enforced are, we now see, in force purely because of force. The hope of an agreement grows steadily more faint.

The decade may be closed with this monument to human blindness. The peace had discredited whatever Liberalism (that of Wilson) was left over after the War. Lloyd George, it was now clear, was a man without party and living on a past which would rapidly recede and leave him a stranded survival. Germany was in arrest — internally neither Junker nor Communist, but to stay Trade-Union-ruled for some years. Russia was in agony. Lenin was Tsar and ruling with desperate efficiency. Moscow was surrounded with interventionists. Trotsky accumulated an army, and a xenophobiac if not a patriotic feeling was somehow awoken. Terrorists tried to assassinate Lenin, wounding him. The Soviet secret police was created, and on this occasion four hundred hostages — a gesture worthy of Ivan the Terrible — by their deaths showed the essential value of the Dictator's life to his movement and how that life would be protected.

The rest of the world was still, as far as it had a world outlook, looking at smoking Europe and wondering whether it would again erupt or sink into exhaustion. The consequences and elucidations that emerged in the next ten years must be dealt with in Part III.

CHAPTER II

THE FORCES BEHIND

The Labour movement was no longer a potential force, a force behind. The Trade Union organisation, which depended for its advance on extended education, the construction of a political machine to give the Party democratic constitutional control of the country, and the belief that economic argument could convince every sensible man of the necessity for 'nationalisation,' was already arrived. Its short term of power belongs to the Diary 1920–1930, but its nature, ideas and programme were already formed in 1910–1920. It was precedental in method, patriotic in emotion, intellectualist in thought, respectable in morals. It did not belong to the future but the past.

The Woman's movement also succeeded and set, attained its objective, the suffrage, and lost whatever ideas and created energy it had had. It became passionately patriotic during the War and so was granted a vote ; it could be trusted always to give to the soldier — unless, of course, he should be so stupid as to kick its lap-dog. It seemed the suffrage had only been a way of women amusing themselves until something real came along. Yet there was more in it than that. The movement could not stop until it had raised into the clearest possible light the question : Are women and men equal ; and if not, is one sex always to be subordinated to the other, or is sex not of the importance we have imagined ? These problems ramify beyond the Suffrage movement and must be noted under the section dealing with the

spread of new ideas. Here must be catalogued the events in the Suffrage campaign, and how for the time being the War aborted that development. In the month, November 1911, that Bonar Law succeeded Balfour and a new realism was given to Conservatism at the cost of precedent — Conservatism began to turn away from the Constitution and to think increasingly of force — Suffragette-organised protest reached a new intensity. The new method of political pressure was developing itself while the oldest State party was turning back to pre-parliamentary notions of force. The fact that women who were supposed to be shy if they were virtuous (and if not virtuous then better dead) could padlock themselves to the grill in the House of Commons, struggle with policemen, rag Ministers in public places and generally make themselves acute public nuisances, demonstrated, their opponents urged, that they were unfit for the vote. Yet that enough good judgment and knowledge to be a public asset might be found in a woman was confessed when Miss Duncan was appointed first Woman Magistrate as a West Ham Guardian. A month after (June 1913), another woman performed an act which was so closely akin to one of the favourite acts of the more excitable of the early Christian martyrs that it produced almost exactly the reactions which those deeds of provocative self-immolation had produced. A Miss Davison at the sacrosanct Derby flung herself under the King's horse — double sacrilege. Horse and jockey were injured, but fortunately recovered, and still more fortunately for the point of her protest, the martyr died. As in Rome so in London : the crowd was indignant at the outrage, the cultured considered it coldly as an in-

sane act, and the co-religionists obtained the body of the martyr, and strengthened in their faith, carried it to the grave in such sure and certain hope of victory that many who had at first been shocked were now impressed.

The War, however, as has been said, swallowed up the movement and brought, before it ended, that cause to its ostensible goal. The important method of coercing public opinion which the Suffrage organisation had employed, passed from the women to others. Perhaps they could not have preserved it. Shortly before the outbreak of war it is obvious that the control needed to use this instrument of ' non-violent coercion ' was getting ragged. Miss Davison might have killed her man and horse. When Hunger Striking was used by the imprisoned women and they were forcibly fed, their sympathisers began to say that any act was justifiable against such an abuse of authority. Authority then by the ' cat and mouse act ' released them when they refused food and immediately re-arrested them when they attacked property or disturbed the peace. A country church was burnt down. A London church was (rather feebly) bombed. These were signs that the movement was on the brink of that narrow Rubicon which divides methods of persuasion and protest, of which the strike, boycott and excommunication are examples, from those of attack and imposition — the weapons of which are assassination, the *coup d'état,* the secret police and the inquisition.

HEALTH

Behind these political but still unofficial movements, next in order in affecting our lives is the organisation of and attitude toward Hygiene. The main movement

there was still the triumphant advance against youth's peril, Tuberculosis. Rollier at Leysin in Switzerland had shown how what had been called Surgical Tuberculosis should never be a surgical case (a great blow, this, to the surgical side of medicine), but that, living out almost naked amid snow and sunlight, ghastly cripples, diseased like lepers, could become athletes the Greek Gymnasium would have welcomed. The work spread to England when Henry Gauvain, given funds raised by Treloar, a popular London Lord Mayor, opened similar sanatoria for children in Hampshire at the end of the century's first decade. This particular treatment was health's greatest success.

Cancer, which was becoming for the elderly what tuberculosis had been for the young, still withstood all attacks, though surgery, which still claimed this front, became still more drastic. The War added little knowledge to medicine, though some to surgery and a good deal to surgery's assistants, antiseptics and aseptics. Alexis Carrel returned to his France and found that washing out wounds with salt and water was perhaps the safest way to save life. This was a reaction from the elder idea that wounds being infected by germs should be cleaned out with strong germicide, 'as a cellar is cleaned of cockroaches.' It was a return to the conception of the body as a single organism whose survival after injury depended mainly on its general vitality. It, not the disinfectant, had finally to get rid of the invader. The great number of fatal surgical operations, attempting to cut out unhealing wounds, and so breaking through the defence with which the body had localised the poison, slowly and painfully pointed the same lesson.

Another spur to medical advance in the same direction — in the direction of treating the body, yes, and the mind and the body, as a whole — was given by a new sort of casualty, Shell Shock, afterwards called more exactly, when the soldiers would allow it, War Neurosis. Though the war years showed among the civilian populations a significant drop in the suicide rate (see Mortimer on Suicide), this new heightening of interest in life was somewhat overdone for men who were actually sent to the trenches. An increasing number broke down either by becoming apparently paralysed, deaf, dumb or blind (conversion phenomena), or by going off their heads.

Psychology had to be used because psychology alone could cure them, and those who escaped being shot for cowardice in the field, once home, would, if uncured, become pensionable charges on the State. The further implications of the discoveries so made must be dealt with in the section on new ideas.

Before that, only one incident need be mentioned under the head of Discovery. On 16th December 1911 Amundsen reached the South Pole. With that achievement man had estimated the whole of his geographical inheritance, and as a geographer (if in no more social aspect) he could look on the world as a single estate.

NEW IDEAS

The new ideas which were influencing men's minds and changing their values were of different intensities and proportions. The ideas of Freud — that sex is the most important and therefore the least recognised force in life — began to gain increasing recognition. The

War, however, through the work done on war neurosis, modified and supplemented the Freudian overstatement. Rivers, Myers, Brown, MacCurdy, Coué, all working with large numbers of shell-shocked cases, showed that fear was quite as efficacious as a worker of mental derangement as suppressed sex. In peace time in pre-War Vienna, where Freud worked and built up his theory, no doubt security was great and sexual suppression considerable — sex was the only primary appetite and psychophysical need not openly recognised and sensibly provided for. It was in war time that these conditions were reversed. Security had vanished, but so too had sexual repression. Fear therefore became the master clue to neurosis, and sex became secondary. Certainly all ideas about sex underwent a revolution. Freud had made it a table topic among psychologists before the War. The War itself broke the taboo for most who were sent soldiering. To keep down venereal disease the physical facts of sex had to be lectured about to all privates. The Army chiefs now in control did not care much about Church notions of continence, and the Churches, having decided to support the Army, had to turn a blind eye to their disparity of ideals. The Army was ready to discuss 'the tolerated house,' the inspected brothel, if it would keep down V.D. The Church was without authority. It feared to be called unpatriotic, yet it was clear if it dared preach on the Sermon on the Mount it would be unpatriotic.* So the young felt the parson was

* The present Archbishop of Canterbury preached one war Good Friday in New York. Taking, as he had to, the Seven Words from the Cross, he came upon 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' He suggested that Christians had to forgive even Germans. Lord Northcliffe wired demanding an explanation. The Archbishop explained away. Onlookers laughed.

silenced, a moral coward, and they would talk. They talked and laughed, and once talk has taken place about a repression it is torn up, and laughter is the sound of an exploding taboo.

In 1912, on 16th August, William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, had died. He was the last great Fundamentalist, who, appealing to the terrifying doctrine of eternal punishment, could without a subtle philosophy, an elaborate ritual or a practised psychology, draw thousands to accept his crude dogma and also a better, braver, more intentional way of life than they had imagined possible. His movement outlived him, but changed every year into something more social and less salvational — one more example of the Modernist Father Tyrrell's judgment — 'no order should survive its founder.'

The War, however, aroused one spiritual adventure — Spiritualism. Soldiers are always superstitious — astrologers like the great Septimius Severus and Wallenstein and to some extent Napoleon, necromancers like Saul and Macbeth. And these torrents of young dead — who could think of them as dead ? Surely out of the black abyss into which this shining fountain had suddenly been poured some spray, however fine, must float up again into the sunlight, some vapour on which the rainbow of hope might tremble. The spiritualistic movement died down somewhat after the War, but, as the last part of this book will describe, evidential traces of a something remained, 'Something Beyond.' Christian Science, the religion of health and plenty, well-being and goodwill here and now, had been struck a sharp blow. Spiritualism gained. Both had found

something ; neither could define clearly enough what it had found. Time was to sift the substance of their faith from the accidents of their official foundations.

APPLIED SCIENCE

This also went ahead till the War, and then by the War was specialised, advancing in directions militarily useful, arrested in others. In January 1913 the last horse bus was run through Paris with a ceremony akin to that of ' carrying out winter.' The ice-jam of animal-drawn traffic was over. The spring of speed was here. The aeroplane was also in the air, the submarine efficient. When war came, the petrol motor made fighting possible on two more levels than ever before, and on the land it helped to rush the forces so fast together that it packed the jam more tightly than otherwise possible. As we have seen, the fixation of nitrogen from the air was immensely accelerated and improved by Germany to give her explosives, and the present method of fixation is generally the one there and then perfected. The impetus to chemical and respiratory research that the Gas warfare gave was no more than begun before it was over. Gas warfare on its own and not merely as an accessory of traditional bombardment belongs to that third war which, as we have seen, collapsed the defence and brought the fighting to an end.

LITERATURE

This was more affected by the War than was Applied Research. From 1910 to 1914 classical writing still continued its development, and Henry James, elderly but masterly, without a break with English prose spun a

style of such fineness that it could be fitted into and show off every contour of the modern mind's elaborate convolutions. The young, however, were tired of analysis and attempted more violent experiments. Magazines which called themselves 'Blast' and other arresting names tried to shock the attention they felt would never be given to ever more patient explanations of ever finer points of conduct. Popular poets such as Rupert Brooke tried to make lyrical Hardy's epic despairs. The War, then, seemed to such 'idle singers of an empty day' at last the real thing. The first enthusiasm gave rise to some fine exercises in what was really archaistic work. 'The voice of the Elizabethans,' 'Not since Sidney,' said such authorities on the antique as *The Times*. Poetry, however, must, if it is to live, speak about what is actual. It was all very well for politicians to thresh their sibilants with 'Unsheathed swords that shall not sheath.' Poets have not only to use better words but to describe actual things. The shock of this actual war on natures which could not even stand actual modern peace was muting. A small stimulant rouses : too large a one paralyses. Sassoon wrote stinging squibs, such as the lyric ending 'And the bishop said the ways of God are strange.' Squire hit the *Spectator's* Strachey a broadside buffet that must have made even that righteous pachyderm stir uneasily. Rhyme sank into the hands of those who stayed at home — part of propaganda — until it reached a degree of such sham that *The Times* published some doggerel which — a nadir of absurdity — said that 'the soldier' desired more than even all the decorations a wooden cross, *i.e.* wanted to be killed. Robert Nichols' *Ardours and Endurances* at the War's

close showed the first outlines of reality, of what actually happened, glowering through and at the same time a power of design in the poet's self which kept the violence of the sensation from completely destroying all form. In prose Wells showed himself still to be the man who could tell people most, and his *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (though translated in Russia as Mr. Britling Sees Through It) managed to combine a great deal of actual observation together with a sense that if the choice was seeing it through or seeing through it the former alone was possible. Shaw with something of sublimity proceeded to talk 'Common Sense about the War,' to say it was necessary but not nice. He might as well have gone one better and said that it was as unnecessary as nasty, for he was treated as a traitor by the public for daring to talk and think and not feel and act. Bennett decided on a safe, yet original and paying line. He would not write about the gentlemen at the Front but of the ladies on the streets. His *The Pretty Lady* was bold, yet, because politics now occupied censorship, uncensorable stuff, vivid reporting of what till then had not been reported.

The rest was propaganda or squeaks of protest. But in 1918 under the guise of historical biography a very corrosive book poured itself softly into the public's sleeping ear. *Eminent Victorians* was propaganda being used by the intelligent minority. It was little more objective history than is Gulliver geography. It was, under a playfulness apparently innocent, passionately hostile to the established conventions. With these essays on the Great and Good who had shaped our fate Lytton Strachey ate away their pretensions. He showed them as

ignorant, arrogant, blind leaders of the blind. Their fine moments and impulses he did not deny, but he indicated that they were so wrapped about in unquestioned dishonesty, evasions and pretensions that the only chance for heroism was for it never to strike an attitude, never to speak 'fine stuff,' always to probe, to question and to understate.

PURE RESEARCH

Four pieces of Pure Research were of so fundamental a nature that they must be noted. From 1909 to 1914 Rutherford at Cambridge, with Bohr and Moseley (one of the irreplaceable losses of the War), gave the world the picture of the unsolid, infinitely tenuous atom. In 1912 Hopkins advanced his theory of the Vitamins, a theory which revolutionised diet and explained some of the most difficult problems of nourishment and disease. At the same time work on the ductless glands reached a state which gave a new conception of health, mental energy, and even of personality and sex. Bayliss and Starling from 1902 had been advancing knowledge of the hormones, secretions that went like 'messengers' out through the walls of the ductless glands and roused the body like elixirs. Medicine, with vitamins and these secretions, began to win back much that had been lost to surgery, and the conception of what the body is became immensely more elaborate and more organic. On the other hand, Pavlov, given the Nobel Prize in 1904 and the Royal Society Copley Medal in 1915, had established that many acts thought to be intelligent are really 'reflexes,' and Loeb in America had developed his theory of Tropisms. These theories indicated that many actions

of living creatures can be as unconscious as the snap of a snare when its trigger is touched or the ordered rush of iron filings when they come within a magnetic field.

* * *

Evidence of the less conscious and therefore more symptomatic movements of this time was the continued arrest of architecture. All energy of design was going into that moving house, the car. Still, the admiration for the forms of pure engineering grew. Pennell made popular to a public who could not take in advanced art the majesty of the great Panama Canal works and of the still rising sky-scraper. In the States also the cinema was taking on its organisation as a world force, and in the person of Charles Chaplin had found a man who was for the first time to impose his acting, his features and his character on the visual memory of myriads in every continent.

Dress underwent no radical changes. Till the War clothes were gradually getting freer and more informal. The War saw so many men in uniform that the development of civilian styles was arrested. The French gay uniform of red and blue had to yield to needs of camouflage, but an artistic people were not going to accept khaki. With ' horizon blue ' it combined safety with charm.

After the War the one wish was to go back to 1914, and so the pre-War styles were kept on — the top-hat and morning coat came back. But women who had driven ambulances and worked the land had worn free and even bifurcated dresses. When they came back they would not unreef their skirts, which indeed continued to rise until, a few years after, they reached almost the brevity of kilts.

CHAPTER III

THE TREND

The profound subconscious movement that can be detected in this decade is a current not set in one direction, but swaying. A large factor in letting in the War was the sense that men were getting too soft and Liberalism did not really mean business. Fine words were being used to excuse laziness and a dread of hardship : we have seen the Conservatives turning deliberately to civil war.

The War, then, began with a reaction from humanitarianism and internationalism. It was, however, so unlike the heroics the military-minded had promised, that it soon disillusioned nearly all who had to touch it. A sharp reaction took place. Civilisation, like Macbeth, had not imagined what cutting through to power really meant. All the hospitals, the regulations for war, the aids for prisoners and the increasing necessity to employ the good services of neutrals, only made it worse. It made people realise that they had not the courage of their blacker convictions, and that war could only be endured, as MacCurdy summed up in his chapter on how to prevent nervous breakdown in war, either by men who do not realise what it is, can therefore only with a good conscience use customary archaic weapons and so endanger efficiency and get beaten, or by men who are such toughs that they are too great a danger to civilisation if it ever hopes to have a peace again.

The War therefore closed with the tide of human

feeling again going humanitarian, but that humanitarianism was still only voiced by a Liberalism which was already obsolete. The struggle of humanitarianism to find a voice, a mind and a policy, and of Reaction to strangle it before it can, is the fundamental drama of the next ten years.

PART III

1919–1929

CHAPTER I

THE OUTWARD SCENE

The collapse of the War left, as has been said, as its most general impression one of relief. Even in Germany people felt that just the stopping of it at whatever cost must leave things immensely better — and there were the Fourteen Points of dictatorial Liberalism to hang on to. Relief is, however, of all the delicious emotions the most transitory. There were also people in high places who were not feeling relief but revenge, a far more obdurate emotion. Clemenceau was settling down to the work he cherished as the dream of a lifetime. Even the great Hierophant of Liberalism, Wilson, was on close-up inspection found to be only an impression not intrinsically impressive. He had very little real power delegated him, and as little real insight within him. Roosevelt had openly said that the United States was not interested in his Fourteen Points — which was true.

Through 1919, that critical summer, the United States was taken up with Prohibition. In July and September Congress and Senate passed the Volstead Act, Wilson accumulated a little more home mistrust by vetoing it, and on 28th October, over his veto, the 18th Amendment of the Constitution of the United States was passed — which showed that Federation had not advanced in political wisdom since its foundation.

The Allied delegates in Paris thought, however, the world was theirs to shape, though each had a different

picture of the world he intended to have. Nevertheless the world was not so wholly theirs to shape. Even that sick man of Europe who now had most of his limbs amputated suddenly arose and went off on his own. On 23rd July 1919, when Versailles thought the whole world waited on its word, a Turkish soldier called Kemal at Erzerum presided over a Turkish National Conference. With her subject provinces amputated, Turkey had become a real national unit. The world had thought the Turk a migrant driven by religion. He was now discovered to be a man with a homeland (Anatolia), tied by patriotism, and more, the tie was now so strong that he would soon begin to dispense with religion as a unifier. Pan Islam was dead even as a hope. Lloyd George had tried to let Greece swallow up as much of Turkey in Asia as she could — a typical Lloyd Georgian solution. In May 1919 the Greek Army occupied Smyrna, and the Turks, who are judges of such things, claimed that many of the Turkish inhabitants were slaughtered. What is clear is that no single Allied authority had the situation in hand ; in fact, the whole world was losing interest in the self-styled peacemakers, and when the United States Senate refused to ratify the Treaty, Wilson had had his stroke and the Republican Harding was elected to succeed him, Idealism, which had made sorry showing, was bowed out none too ceremoniously.

The practical men were to try their hands again. In the autumn of 1919 Trotsky had won, by arms without and terror within, the Soviet's right to exist. The U.S.S.R. was recognised as a *de facto* Government. It was only when, the year after, the U.S.S.R. invaded

Poland that France struck. The Soviet Army nearly captured Warsaw, but it was no match for French generals fresh from Western fighting and French munitions. It fell back in confusion and the frontiers of Eastern Europe began to emerge and harden. Trotsky maintains that he opposed Lenin on the question of this military adventure. If Lenin authorised it, as seems more likely than not, it shows that his greatness is more a politically convenient legend than an all-round fact.

That Soviet Russia was more of an emotional impression than an actuality to most people outside it was shown by English Labour's suggestion that it should take direct action to save the Poles from being saved. On the other hand, Lloyd George's Government, faced with this threat, passed an Emergency Powers Act which was to prove useful six years later. Outside the ever narrower world the ever loosening Allies controlled, Turkey continued her consolidation. She defeated Armenia in January 1921, and came to an agreement with Russia in October. Four days after (20th October), France, fearing for her lately acquired Syria, made separate terms with Turkey, and the French and English were really fighting each other by proxy when, the year after, August 1922, Lloyd George's protégés, the Greeks, were smashed and driven out of Asia by the Turks, using French munitions but their own distinctive methods of massacre. Smyrna was, as far as the Greeks were concerned, wiped out.

The rulers of Russia had created a peace which was even more of a desolation. So widely did famine spread from the Volga that Lenin had to depart from his own

doctrine and with the New Economic Policy let back the middleman. Such is the strength of that peculiar human nature which the pre-psychological Marxian refuses to recognise, that plenty of people stepped into the place offered and the nepman class rapidly arose, though it was clear that as soon as conditions were easier the Commissars would once again pick them off and crush them as a moujik picks and crushes his lice.

On a far smaller scale, but as a 'close-up' for British eyes, there was, equally instructive to the anthropologically-minded, the Irish situation. Here the new method of propaganda plus calculated violence was well illustrated. Once again Lloyd George was in a false position. He promised Home Rule, but neither would the Conservatives who were his present supporters let him give it, nor would the young politicians who had displaced the old Nationalist Party and were now in control of Ireland any longer accept that from him. Ireland was filled with young men not allowed to emigrate and mocked by the Protestant landlord type because they had not fought in the War. 'Easter Week' was their not very convincing reply. Their political case was, however, good enough. 'Self-determination' had been well up among the cries of victory. Ireland wanted to be independent: the General Election immediately after the War had shown that. But what about Ulster? What, in fact, is the individual self that has the right to determine itself? Wilson had not said and did not know. The political issue was then confused. Force, however, seemed to the young dreamers, who called themselves idealists because they did not wish to understand, a simple remedy. The Allies were dictators not

because they were right but because they defeated Germany. Could the Irish defeat the English ? Not in the open field. Underground they could.

Ireland had long learnt to recognise and respect the efficient secret society known as the Irish Republican Brotherhood. It drew its funds from the Irish in the United States and raised these funds by publicity — popular in the States — about English oppression. When it was safe to do so, it assassinated its political enemies. With Sinn Fein now holding the parliamentary representation of the country it was easy to act. Griffith, the political head, was not a ' direct action ' man. He would serve admirably to embarrass the English forces and protect the Irish. The English army's position was that of a man put in someone else's room filled with china and told to kill a scorpion with a sledge-hammer. The scorpion runs out, stings, and runs back. The man hits, misses, and also smashes some of the china. Neighbours angrily complain that he is a public nuisance. The apparent owner begs him to withdraw. He hits again, and the neighbours say he is only fit for gaol, wrecking someone's house like that. The I.R.B. therefore set itself to assassinate the Irish Constabulary — the real force that held the country. This was horribly easy — if killing a wretched official without warning in cold blood gives you no pause. Gradually the Police Barracks in all country places closed. England was being squeezed out by pinching off her unfortunate servants. The countryside did not care : the Catholic clergy did not dare to protest at this method. Then Lloyd George played into his enemies' hands. Knowing that they could not proclaim full-scale war in Ireland,

his advisers on the spot attempted to answer guerilla warfare with guerilla warfare. They failed, and their 'Black and Tan' auxiliary police were certainly not the men for this very feline job. Lloyd George, master of publicity, had failed to make any of that capital out of the assassinations of the police. Directly he could be denounced as being responsible for the same underground warfare immense capital was made against him. The plot had worked. Provoke an enemy, who is already in an awkward moral corner, until he hits back : then play the innocent and have him pilloried internationally as an aggressive bully.

Finally England's position became so hopeless that Lloyd George, the realist Smith, and a sufficiency of this last Coalition threw up the game and granted the I.R.B. Irish independence on the nominal terms of having to swear fealty to a King who could have no power over it, and, the very real deprivation, that it should not have six of the eight counties of Ulster. Almost at once the two rulers of Ireland, the visible Griffith and the invisible Collins (the I.R.B. leader), died, the latter being shot, and Ireland had a civil war which tired her of that excitement for ten years.

The same year there was a far more important example of how active minorities may seize power. In 1921 Mussolini had founded Fascism. The philosophy of this movement, like the ideas behind most strokes of practical genius, was simple. Revolution must come. Those in power grow conventionalised and conservative. But revolutions are not dissolutions. They are only the great berg of the State, which has melted unequally, suddenly turning over on to a truer centre of gravity.

True, just as icebergs do, revolutions always overshoot that stable centre and have to spin back to it again. The secret of the great revolutionary is to know where that centre lies. All the earlier revolutions — the religious, Wycliffe to Luther ; the political, Locke to Rousseau ; the economic, Owen to Marx — had thought it could only lie with the majority. Mussolini realised that the centre was to be calculated by a parallelogram of forces — numbers to a point, but intensity also to a point : quantity as half of the force and quality the other half. Neither an autocrat nor a democracy can really rule : it must be an oligarchy, an organised minority. The same simple analysis allowed him to work out his solution of the problem of social reform. It must take place, but it must not be international. Social reform and patriotism must be amalgamated. Then you may prevent the classes blocking your policy out of mutual dislike, and you can use an emotional energy largely generated by suspicion and pride over the foreigner to give you the force to carry out considerable home improvements.

In 1922 he marched on Rome. So well had he done his preliminary propaganda work that the city fell into his hands without a blow. His patriotism had allowed him to draw much of the Army into his revolution. That year also ascended the Papal Throne Pius XI, with whom he would have to deal in their attempt to settle the secular question of the secular power.

Meanwhile President Harding, urged by his respectable Secretary of State Hughes, partly to show his sympathy with Uplift, partly to save the taxpayers expense, suggested a ten years' Naval holiday. The

Washington Treaty, after exposing some unpleasant international suspicions, in which France got a good deal of harsh limelight thrown on her, did lead to a certain limitation, but perhaps only of those particular ships, such as the super-battleships, about whose usefulness even the experts were growing doubtful. What it did not reveal was that the President had allowed some of the principal oil-fields, reserved for the United States Navy, to be handed over by a member of his Cabinet to a couple of oil magnates called Doheny and Sinclair. This scandal of the Teapot Dome (the main well's site) was the greatest American politics had ever suffered. It implicated so many high state officials, and showed corruption to be the rule rather than the exception, that it did something to suggest that democracy was self-discredited. It even provoked the suspicion that the President, who suddenly died a year after, as the scandal began to leak out, was so happy in his death that it could hardly have been an accident.

English democratic Liberalism was not, however, quite dead. With Ireland lifted from the national conscience, it also proceeded to relieve it of Egypt as well, terminating that very dubious Protectorate in 1922. This was probably made possible by the new Conservative realists. The old red dream of Cape to Cairo had faded for ever. Red was no longer England spreading all over the map ; that colour now stood for the volcanic revolutionary layer in the social strata of civilisation.

Even when the French, insisting that the Germans had cheated them, marched into the Ruhr, England could not be roused. On the contrary, she told France she disassociated herself from this action. A certain

sober but hardly cynical realism was coming upon the English. This led to the Balfour Note in August 1922. 'We will,' he said to America, 'only take from the ex-enemy and Allies what we need to pay the debt which we acquired partly to keep them going and partly to keep ourselves going until you came in.' But America did not want to be reminded of the War and have others interpret for her 'honourable obligations.' She simply wanted her money. The tide of enthusiasm was sour. Even victory's prize slogan had been 'France couldn't, England couldn't, we did.' Why then should the debtor who had been saved already be let off ? So after the Conservatives had relieved themselves of Lloyd George's services and reigned directly under Bonar Law, Baldwin was sent to Fund the Debt. He did it at so high a figure that all informed America was surprised, and her surprise has been proved well grounded, as England has shown herself incapable of keeping it up.

Germany, however, was the financial wonder of the world that year. Rathenau, the brilliant Jew, had, it seems, conceived the simple but possible expedient (anyhow it was adopted in 1933 by many countries, even by the United States, and successfully carried through by Poincaré with the franc in 1926–28) of getting rid of Reparations and Debts by inflating the currency. He intended to hold the mark when it reached 300 to the £. It is at that part of the manœuvre, at the moment of stabilisation, that the operation needs skill and decision. By then he was a corpse : shot by young fanatics who by that act, though their memories are celebrated now in Germany, probably caused many of their middle-class relatives to die of slow starvation. For

the mark then plunged to astronomic figures — there were nearly 75 million billion paper marks in circulation only backed by 722 million gold marks — and the rentier, the small saver, the pensioner and the fixed salary official were all utterly ruined, great numbers dying from hardship they had in consequence to endure.

How real Dictators — not men who are trying to save democracy — behave if they are no more than insulted, Mussolini taught a world which thought war was over, by his bombardment of Corfu that August. The Italian member of a Boundary Commission had been assassinated. Himself with inside information as to how far Governments know what their nationals do (the Matteotti affair, June 1924, was to prove that), he promptly had Corfu shelled so that the wounded and bereaved islanders should press on their Government the need of taking more care over distinguished visitors to the mainland.

Another realist state, a month after (September 1923), had to bow to a bombardment more terrible than any she had inflicted on an enemy. Japan had been restless and unhappy since the War. She had asked to be treated as an equal after the War because she had been a respectable Ally during it. The request was denied. Perhaps no mistake will cost the Western World more. Japan has since been a totally incalculable quantity. The Twenty-one Demands made on China during the War were resented as an attack on their host by all the Great Powers who have ducts attached to that vast body, and Japan withdrew them. No one, however, had saved Korea from annexation.

The Treaty of Versailles had now invented Mandated

Territories. In the hands of Mandatories not strictly honourable the independence of such territories was as safe as the life of a rich ward in the hands of an unscrupulous uncle who has not got to fear the police. Japan received small Pacific islands (Ladrone and Marshall groups) under the share-out. She felt she had not received anything like her rightful proportion. In short, Japan, with a big fleet, a dense population, an energetic army, and an acutely nationalist mind, was watched with alarm by all the Powers. The Washington Treaty did little to ease this alarm. Blind physics, however, did. On 1st September suddenly Tokyo and several other large cities were shaken into ruins which then caught on fire. The sea swept in from the shore, hill bluffs rolled down on the suburbs, fissures opened. So violent was the disturbance that the sea-floor rose, harbours became land-locked, piers, jetties and breakwaters were heaved or sunken. The full loss was certainly never made public, but the loss in the navy alone was such that Japanese realism had undoubtedly to delay its plan. The respite was, however, not used by the Powers to come to an understanding.

This same month saw another convulsion, but only political and in a country whose politics had little outward effect. In Spain the soldier commanding Catalonia overthrew the Cortes, the King being an accessory more likely before than after the act. Another Mediterranean dictatorship was no real verdict as to whether democracy had failed. 1924 saw the democratic and international spirit, in fact, still growing in its elder haunt, England. A Labour Government, with a fine programme of goodwill, was formed with the assistance of the Liber-

als. It could do little, however. Not only could the Liberals turn it out of power whenever they felt they ought, but the Labour Ministers themselves were, as we have seen, such subjects of Precedent that the Permanent Officials of Whitehall controlled them with less trouble than they generally have to expend in taming the heads sent them by the more venerable parties. They were committed to laying down fresh cruisers and holding the Empire Exhibition — at huge loss — ' just as though they were any old Government.' Yet it was worth while that Labour should govern, just to show whether Liberals and Conservatives could obey whoever ruled by the Constitution. A working man named Brown was appointed the King's High Commissioner in Scotland, and was received without question with the respect due to his rank by the Scottish nobility. Respect for rightful office and the lawful office-bearer is the frame of mind essential to constitutional government and peaceful political evolution.

That January one of the world's most devoted Dictators died. Lenin had cut through human institutions and lives as Michelangelo's chisel carved away the monolith of marble to release his grand idea. Assassination, civil war, the terror, any amount of suffering for human beings, all this was not too great a price if at last the will of Marx be done and humanity become, as become it must if only one did not fear to be thorough, proletarian, communist, collectivised. It is a tragic reflection on the stage humanity has reached that the conviction of a man and his power of convincing others is in inverse proportion to his power of being critical and objective about his beliefs. At the present stage neither will nor understanding can approach its maximum without inhibiting

the other. The murder of Matteotti, referred to above, the Italian statesman who had facts gravely inconvenient for the Dictator to face, came at this date to show the price that must be paid for even the most conservative of dictatorships.

Yet liberal government cannot hold its partners if they are resolved to go, and this year England had to face the fact that not only the Irish Free State but Canada was resolved to have separate representatives at Washington. The Empire was nearly unfolded into a large ring of states whose connection was mainly in the memory. South Africa this year also chose the passionately Nationalist Boer general, Hertzog, and got rid of the Imperialist Smuts. The South African War was completely undone.

At the close of the year Labour decided not to carry on. Appealing to the country, it found the electorate suddenly and unexpectedly biased against it by a letter purported to come from Zinoviev, then an important Moscow Commissar, telling the English Communists how to act. Of course, England as a whole did not pay much attention, but many who voted against Labour did so because they believed foreigners were interfering with the national concerns. In consequence, Baldwin, who now reigned since Bonar Law's death, ruled with his Conservatives.

For six months this amiable politician, who appeared to be a frank, practical business man and who was a subtle literature-loving idealist, had been Prime Minister in the latter part of 1923, and then, on deciding that Protection could alone save the country, had consulted the country and the country had said 'No.' Now the

country said 'No' to Labour, and quite probably to Russia, but no one knew if it really said 'Yes' to Protection. Still, Baldwin had his majority and nostrum. Conservatism did not, however, find governing with a majority any easier than Trade Unionism had found governing without one. It was becoming clear that the problems which affected English welfare (and what was becoming true of England was true of all the Great Powers) could only be solved by settlements outside England, yes, and outside the Empire.

Towards such settlement a home majority was of less assistance than a realisation of international interdependence — a realisation which the possession of a home majority is more likely to obscure than to make obvious. For example, as soon as the Conservative Government was in power, China caused grave anxiety, yet that anxiety was not one that a 'national mandate' could help to relieve. The problem was international. China — that is to say the student classes who could conceive that abstraction — goaded by the domineering aggressiveness of Japan and the callous indifference of the European Powers who had exacted 'concessions' from her, was now in a state of inflamed nationalism. China's tragedy was, of course, largely due to the fact that she was an abstraction to most of her patriots, a geographical expression to her neighbours and visitors, and hardly a name to many of her millions. This huge racial unit, comprising a population more probably of 400,000,000 than 300,000,000, had since the collapse of the Imperial Mandarin Government at the beginning of the century gone steadily to pieces. Rival Tuchuns, war lords with armies living on the wretched countryside, struggled, ef-

fectively enough, to keep any one of their number from obtaining general authority. Then gradually there spread from Canton an enthusiastic Nationalism of very Occidental complexion. Sun Yat Sen, the leader of this Western movement, was a Protestant missionary protégé, and his lieutenants were mostly young men dipped not too long into those none too deep wells of Western learning, American universities. As usual, assurance and conviction took the place of information and actual appreciation of the state of affairs. Detestation of the wrongs done by the foreigner was considered a sounder certificate of love of China than a clear sense of how to put the damage right.

In 1925 Shanghai, the greatest of the Treaty Ports, where Europeans had separate sacred areas, or shared each other's, was in great danger from inflamed Chinese opinion. The Canton Government, the Kuomintang, an attempted union of all the modern Nationalist forces in China, was now nominally ruler of nearly all the country, but the rulership was so nominal that it had to accept responsibility for acts over which it indeed had no real authority. At this time also the Soviet (Lenin being dead and Stalin yet to win power) was making an attempt to win prestige by expansion, by spreading world revolution, Trotsky's passionate belief as the only future for Bolshevism. The Red movement in China was gaining ground. The Great Powers holding Treaty Ports were therefore doubly alarmed.

It was not, however, only in China that English export trade was being threatened. A much greater item in the national balance-sheet was the coal trade. It had been upset by the French invasion of the Ruhr

coal-fields and a general dislocation of international trade and exchanges. The Conservative Government took, therefore, the very unconservative step of subsidising the coal-mines, excusing this action to its followers by saying that meanwhile a Commission should sit and solve the problem. It could not solve the problem, because its solution, international trade, was not under its control. No doubt the ordinary politician could only follow his ordinary procedure — to play for time and to hope for a happy accident. But that the shrewder administrators were getting ready for a storm was shown in November by the creation of a ' Civil Commissioner ' who might make plans against, and act in the event of, a State of Emergency arising. That ' something might turn up ' and ease circumstances there was an international hope a few weeks after, when there were signed on 1st December the Locarno Pacts, in which England guaranteed equally to Germany and France their common frontier. Germany and France each agreed to acknowledge as final their Alsace-Lorraine frontier as drawn by Versailles ; the Polish frontier was not so agreed, and Locarno, instead of being, as it required to be, a step to further settlement, was the furthest point to which international agreement attained. From thence we see retreat.

In April of this year Marshal Hindenburg, Germany's outstanding war hero, was elected President of the Reich on the death of the saddler, Ebert. The Liberalism of the Weimar Constitution was fading. Once, for a moment, it had been a real faith in Germany, when in March 1920 the Kapp-Lüttwitz *Putsch* failed because the German working men struck, and showed how help-

less is violence against a passive resistance equally unafraid to die. Now the elder hysteric glories of violence were beginning to seem more alluring to the German mind.

At the end of the year there was another symptom that Liberalism was failing — though it appeared to be a victory for Liberal Imperialism. In India Gandhi declared his intention of retiring from political life, and though he has often since rescinded that resolution and won back part of his power, it is clear now that from that hour his power waned. No more than Ludendorff could retake the command once he had shown the Reichstag that he had lost control could the Mahatma — 'Great Soul' though he be — seize again the immediate dictatorial power he once had. His policy had been non-resistance — the power to make government impossible by civil disobedience. In 1921 the Indian National Congress had delegated him its full authority and even the right to name his successor. But, in a hurry to clear the English out of India, he made three mistakes. By finesse and not by the most open dealing he tried to get Hindus and Mohammedans to agree so that there might be a united front against the Raj. The settlement therefore was false, and his absolute rectitude compromised. Haste, again, made him speak of the English Government as satanic. Saints, if not sinners, are certainly tried by that dreadful standard — 'by every careless word.' Simpler people became inflamed, and subtler politicians saw the opportunity of prising the saint out of politics. There were outbursts of violence — for instance the Moplah rising — for which Gandhi accepted moral responsibility : he was by so much discredited,

and the Government, having something to hit against, was by so much strengthened. Finally, haste made him, like most theocrats, prophesy under pressure of need, falsely. The new order — the disappearance of the British — must come now. The dates came : the British remained. So the pathetic wish to force God to show His hand, the wish which has snared all but the greatest of saints, made this great but pathetic man become mistrusted by those whose support he must have, Hindu *and* Mohammedan ; successfully resisted by those he must discredit and show to be ineffective, the British ; and doubted by the million-massed faithful who must have a sign and who began to realise, if only by a cooling of their faith, that he was not the Deity's confidant.

Yet his movement is of an importance second to none in our modern world, and it is vital that we should realise that his 'non-violent coercion' failed temporarily not because it was passive but because it could be construed as violent, because Gandhi himself was not as ingenuous as he was impressive. As far as it was passive it reset the supreme problem of government : Can government be carried on if the best men have the courage — even to death — to declare, 'Your rule is wrong,' and will stick to that issue ? The failure of Gandhi only shows that he fell into the trap which has caught so many devoted prophets — the wish to be a Messiah. Impatience, the lack of faith which drives men to seek justification here and now, made him care more for India than for the world, and to detest, what was largely an abstraction, his picture of the British Government more than he detested purer and more intense forms of evil. His failure will not assure the failure of passive resistance,

but it does show that the technique and task of this 'more excellent way' must be better understood and more consistently practised.

How Europe blundered to and fro between the two ways — the way of the Sermon on the Mount and the way of Machiavelli's Prince — 1926 illustrated vividly. May saw the General Strike in England. Never was a great gesture so confused. Sympathy for the miners and discipline to the T.U.C. leaders brought out the rank and file of the Unions. Some of the leaders had drifted into the Strike as Grey had drifted into war, hoping 'things would blow over,' and then found themselves tied by loyalties to allies. Others wanted to attempt to seize power. A certain number of people wanted a general social confusion for a confused number of purposes. The Government hit back. The Emergency Powers worked well. As a collar of steel prevents a tourniquet from strangling an artery, so the Civil Commissioner's plans and powers prevented the strike of transport from strangling the cities. The middle classes could think of the struggle only in these terms and gave a highly emotional and enthusiastic support to 'elected authority.' It was clear in England, as it had been in Italy and was to be in Germany, that the only class that is fully class-conscious is the despised middle class : rouse it, and from it spring the storm troops, though the dictators may be blacksmiths' sons or builders' apprentices. England, however, always uses even violence with inconsistent moderation.

How the trappings of civilisation may by the very way they are put on betray the savage who thinks that they will show him to be a gentleman — how the old Liberal

Europe is, after all, something deeper than industrial success, Asia Minor now showed. The new Turkey, determined to be European, had disestablished Islam as the State Church, had introduced Roman characters and ordered the fez to disappear. But the way these things were done — for it is always the means you use, not the ends you declare, that establish your real nature — showed how little the Turk was changed and how violence was still to him the obvious way of attaining civilisation as it had been the obvious way of sacking it. For failure to agree with these Westernising innovations of the Dictator the penalty was death. Men were hanged for refusing to wear bowler hats, and Kemal, becoming vexed at the stubbornness of his people, took the opportunity at this time (summer of 1926) of executing most of those who were still capable of criticising his measures and rule. Henceforward he reigned without a rival.

That same summer, however, saw the first great split in that Government which had used the terror most thoroughly. In Russia Stalin was beginning to accuse Trotsky of forcing Socialism too fast. The New Economic Policy had been withdrawn. But whether the abolition of the rich peasant (the kulak) was thought by Stalin to be possible or no, it is clear his opposition to Trotsky was good politics. The final issue of that final struggle for leadership belongs to next year.

Liberalism was not advancing any longer with a clear sense of purpose and direction. In England the Party continued to lose its members to Labour, Kenworthy and other notable Liberals now going over. Labour, too, gained at this time from Conservatism Oswald Mosley. He too thought that the future of action lay with it,

disregarding its profound precedentalism. The shifts, however, revealed even to the Liberal politician that Liberalism would once more have to think out its principles or disappear, and the principle most awkward, apposite, and most befogged in the Liberal political mind, was the use of violence. The General Strike had split the Liberals. Lloyd George did not like supporting the Administration against the Union masses. He thought it was bad politics — no one knows whether he ever thinks further. Asquith had no doubt that the enemies of Government must be opposed. The old fine copy of the Roman mode made on this issue his last active appearance. The Liberal split shattered him : he never recovered his energy, and died not long after. With him Liberal Imperialism went to the grave, and the lesser lawyer and business type of Liberals hung about until picked up by the 'National Government.'

A far better symbol of this transitional stage between democracy rigged to grant its prominent officers the weapons of autocracy and naked dictatorship was Calvin Coolidge, the Vice-President who succeeded on Harding's death and who now began his second term (March 1925). This New Englander, meagre, taciturn, near, conventional, was an example of the Little Man — a type whose importance will be noted in the next chapter — attaining great office. Neither fine in presence nor noble in phrase, neither a good mixer nor a brilliant negotiator, he was yet sufficiently adroit in politics and crude in outlook to pass the examination of the Bosses and not to displease the People. As Governor of Massachusetts his suppression of the Boston police strike (September 1919) was what brought him an inter-state

reputation, and the carefully staged and infinitely reproduced picture of the Little Man signing his acceptance of the Presidency while his old simple father in the plain small room held the oil lamp that he might see to write, stamped his style and appeal on America. These two acts showed his way of behaving and his sense of how to impress. The United States decided he would do. He was certainly significant of his age.

Yet Liberal internationalism was to bear the last rose of its summer before the winter of dictatorship closed around it. In September Germany was admitted to the League. Two remarkable men, neither to survive the ruin of their European hopes, Stresemann (*ob.* 1929) and Briand (*ob.* 1932), brought about this great union. They deserved the name realist, for had their efforts been backed by adequate support it is possible the concrete arrangement they made might have set and that there might have resulted the keystone of an arch which would have united Europe. It is the only hope for Europe, and though to-day their work may have cracked into rubble, yet if Europe is not to sink to be ' a geographical expression ' like China, then that work must be restored and completed.

In China, too, an effort was made, if not for goodwill, at least to face with a certain realism the new state of affairs, and the Chinese were told that extra-territorial rights might be waived ; but here, too, no date was named and the issue remains hopelessly confused, neither Europe nor China being able to speak with a single voice.

Economically, Liberal democracy looked fairly safe, and if economic conditions were, as Liberals and Labour have been too often inclined to think, a sufficient cause,

and not a symptom of social health, Liberal democracy had a future. Under Coolidge the United States wealth became so fabulous that though the illicit drink trade was building up a brigandage in which property and life were not safe, though there was no organised Poor Law, throughout the country in many of the great new cities there were slums which equalled effete Europe's, administration was often corrupt as in any feudal state and the prisons in not a few of the states were mediaeval in their horror, taxes were remitted and men talked of this general condition of affairs lasting for ever and dubbed it Permanent Prosperity.

Still, the forces of despotism were as divided among themselves, and during the next year the struggle in Russia came to a head. In spite of Zinoviev and Kameneff, friends of the apotheosised Lenin, joining Trotsky, Stalin won. All ancient Bolshevism had come together into one head of protest against him, and such was his power that with a blow, by playing old against young, this successor of Ivan and Peter swept them all away. 'We have had enough of that idiotic slogan, World Revolution,' said he, addressing the Party Conference in September. 'Without the assistance of the outer world Russia cannot exist. Trotsky and Zinoviev are responsible for the lack of sympathy we find in America.' Foreign campaigning was called off. The campaign against the kulak — a mistake almost as grave, and one that Stalin had opposed — was let go ahead. Probably it was an essential concession to the young enthusiasts who had made him Dictator. His real hope and ideal was the Five Years' Plan — the industrialisation of the whole of Russia. With the help of foreign

technicians Russia was to be made economically a rival of the United States, militarily impregnable, and socially 'rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' By December Trotsky was banished and the huge Plan rumbled on its way over the unmade roads out to the steppe, the marshes and the unknown.

That year (1927) saw, however, Liberal opinion (quite apart from official democratic politics) startled into a protest. Indeed, the protest was roused against that Land of the Free, the United States. Two Italians, Sacco and Vanzetti, were electrocuted on 22nd August for a murder committed in 1920, of which it was certainly not quite clear that they were guilty. The long delay, the fact that they were Italians by race and revolutionaries by conviction, the active support and publicity given this case by many devoted Americans, all drew columns of attention to bear on their fate until it grew to be of international proportions. Most Liberals throughout the world were so acutely shocked at the United States official attitude that they were unwilling to realise its difficulties and those of every rich democratic power in office, weak in authority and frightened of revolution. It may be said that the executions did something to weaken Liberalism by dividing it further. It does not seem that they made Liberalism think out its position more clearly. On the contrary, still more of the practical sort of Liberal joined Labour and approved its assumption that revolution may be and probably must be by violence.

The difficulties of dictatorship and the fact that *coups d'état* are not all that is needed for progress were illustrated at this time by Amanullah of Afghanistan. Kemal seemed to have shown that a Mohammedan state could

become efficiently Occidentalised in a few years. The Amir attempted it. By 1927 he was in difficulties — the Islam clergy having rallied conservatism against him. He went abroad to collect more money and machines. He came back to rebellion, and in 1929 fled the country he had thought it easy to modernise.

January of that year saw, however, Yugo-Slavia, the confederation of Dalmatian states, combined after the war with Servia, pass under the direct dictatorship of the Servian King, Alexander, son of Peter, supplanter of the last Alexander. No doubt the King had a case. Democracy is not an easy form of government. It requires the constant vigilance, and equally the constant restraint, which its objective, Liberty, also demands. But the price of dictatorships is as high, and the fruits though more gross are more bitter.

This decade had best be closed with the Economic Crash. For Liberal democracy was trying to hold out by providing 'permanent prosperity,' an indefinite rise in the standard of life. It would outbid idealist, nationalist, revolutionary and reactionary when they would lure the individual to glorious goals and ends by just giving more and more means. By this 'means test' it was beaten. The world financed by personal savings and run by limited liability companies was undermined by the gigantic international war debts. All through these ten years settlements were always made too late. A fresh financial collapse followed : fresh underpinning was attempted. There could be no end because these debts really represented unproductive expenditure already irremediably spent. The Governments could go on promising to meet these promises, but they could only meet

them out of the money made by actual trading. Even if that trading had been permitted it is not known whether the traders could have kept themselves and made enough profit to meet these colossal bills. As it was, trade was discouraged in every way. Even England put on tariffs : the turning-point in this was made by Winston Churchill, this time as Chancellor of the Exchequer, when in 1925 he not only took this step toward trade strangulation but also put the pound sterling back on to gold at some ten per cent. above its real value — perhaps of all the adventures of this most adventurous man the one which has hit his latest supporters, the business Conservatives, most shrewdly. America, the chief creditor, said she must be paid, but refused to accept the goods from the profits of which her debtors could alone hope to pay her. This policy was all the blinder because America was living more and more by huge exports of goods and capital to these very debtors. At last, in the autumn of 1929, the cycle was complete. Hoover, an engineer, ruled with an immense Republican majority as President. Suddenly the Permanent Prosperity which he had been elected to preserve pitched headlong in that season which Americans aptly call the Fall. It took so far and hard a fall that we have yet to see whether the Democratic Limited Liability world has or has not broken its neck.

With the picking-up process — whether for the hospital or the cemetery — still in hand, the Epilogue must deal.

CHAPTER II

THE FORCES BEHIND

Labour and its socialism, Marxism and its revolution were all having their day of trial and that success which preludes failure and elimination. The Woman's movement also had emerged out of the compressing and directing channel of protest. Freedom was attained : the power demanded given. It was impossible to show the creative results which for purposes of propaganda had been so confidently promised. In a world which thought more and more of and by analysis and specialisation, and acted increasingly through violence, women had really less part than in the nineteenth century. At such a time as this, when the critical and the realist approach to all problems is favoured against the intuitional and the idealistic, women must appear far bigger fools than they actually are. If they have the courage so to be treated, they will come into their own on the reaction. If they try to imitate the intense, one-sided efficiency of men, they will deserve never to recover their legitimate influence.

The movement, then, next in train to emerge, but still behind the façade of the decade's event, was the revolution of the Middle Classes. As has been suggested when estimating Mussolini's power, the centre of political gravity was not in the proletariat any more than in the aristocracy. It was in these middle classes, clannish with the sense of horror of falling among ' low-class people ' and trained to a hard, conventionalised and disciplined life. The upper classes may have had more intelligence

and self-discipline, or at least more independence and initiative. The lower classes certainly had the big battalions. The middle class combined in modest but decisive proportions the intelligent self-discipline and the numbers, without which combination victory is impossible. The dictatorship which marks this time depended, then, on an organised order recruited mainly from small professionals. It also drew its power from a contractive nationalism reacting from that internationalism which once had been the ideal of comfortable idealistic Liberalism but which now belonged to Communism.

But another feature of this Middle Class movement was the call for Planning. In spite of Lenin's oft-expressed hatred of Utopias, of attempting to plot the future, Russian Communism had had to come to a Plan. The Fabian movement, the most intelligent and the most middle-class Socialism that had ever existed, had existed to produce plans. The revolution was not enough. When you have fused the old junk of the ancestral order you must have a mould into which to cast the melt. There were two weaknesses in this conception. The one was a failure to observe human beings without prejudice, to discover what they actually did and desired — a mistake inherited from the Utilitarians with their abstraction of the Economic Man. The other weakness arose from the assumption that Society was a machine and not an organism, and that specialised efficiency in the part would excuse ignorance of the actual nature of the whole.

The most spectacular example of this doctrine being put into force — and one which therefore influenced alike the aims of Fascism and Communism — was then not in Europe but in America, not in the cells and orders of

Red or Black Shirts but in the works of Henry Ford. This lop-sided genius assumed that men only wanted an ever higher standard of physical life, an increasing number of possessions, and would submit to any rules which more efficiently accelerated their increase. First cars, to make the spin of goods and services faster and faster, and then tractors, to increase food, these he was sure were the two key services of civilisation. He began to work out a complete cycle of living. The great fly-wheel broke, partly because he had made certain false assumptions as to what men would stand and what they wanted, and partly because other big businesses had made assumptions even more false.* Yet these assumptions that men will be drilled and disciplined, forbidden certain drinks and even shut up at certain hours, all for steadily increasing wages, seemed common sense, and are basic assumptions behind most democratic action. It is interesting as illustrating the enormous prestige Henry Ford's name acquired, and still after his American failure retained, that many people believed a great deal of Hitler's financial support when he was winning power came from the despot of Dearborn.

The failure of this great effort is, then, of considerable value, for it has turned men again to question whether the utilitarian and rationalist assumptions about humanity are true. This has led to a much extended interest in anthropology. Planning, we begin to see, is not much use unless we first know the nature of the animal for which we plan. To design a perfect termitary

* How badly out these master directors were with even the economic side of their planning is shown by the fact that they estimated that the States' saturation point for cars would not come till the eleven million output. It came between four and five.

and then put a swarm of bees into it would be a hopeless waste of ingenuity. They would have to desert it or completely spoil it as a termitary before they would yield honey. Planning assumes understanding, and understanding human beings means first and foremost anthropology. This hopeful change began to be visible in the last decade. Men started to regard their own confused civilisation as something requiring the same unbiased interest as they had found primitive cultures to deserve. And as by the studies of backward peoples they had found themselves able to preserve the values in these people's lives and yet give them increasing freedom, so in this same attitude of helpful understanding they caught sight of a new hope for their own culture. A book such as *Middletown,* wherein a couple of American sociologists set down to study a Middle West town (as though it were so strange as to be beyond their categories of praise or blame), was a symptom of primary importance. In this as in so much practical invention America showed the way.

HEALTH

The campaign to make the world physically more healthy continued and had considerable success. Not only were particular diseases more thoroughly mastered, but the problem of stamping them out was viewed increasingly as a problem of international geographic strategy. The maps published by the Rockefeller Institute, showing how the attack on Yellow Fever was being pressed and how the areas where it held sway were being steadily restricted, gave one of the best illustrations of an international campaign and public service. As has

been stated, Japan and America, too often suspicious rivals politically and economically, contributed unremittingly to a task the immediate benefit of which accrues mainly to South America, the states of which neither recognise the authority nor welcome the interference either of Japan or of the United States. Another Continental problem, the problem of Sleeping Sickness — a trypanosome infection carried by the tsetse fly — was helped toward its solution by the efforts of a German firm, the great chemical firm of Bauer, which produced an injection which certainly checked the attack of one of the trypanosomes involved in the disease. Germany as a nation had lost her African possessions, but in spite of the protests of some Nationalists, who declared that German skill should not save life unless German territorial expansion was the reward, German science has helped toward clearing up Africa for humanity.

A further important step was also taken at this time toward getting rid of the worst of the fevers, Malaria. It was discovered how to treat a malarial patient so that a mosquito biting him might not infect itself and so become a centre from which the disease might radiate. The peculiar power of malaria resided in this fact, that whereas it was far more difficult for mosquitoes to infect themselves from yellow-fever patients, the malarial patient, even when comparatively well, was a reservoir of infection from which the mosquito might spread the disease.

There is little doubt this problem of general hygiene, which now showed itself to be international, was awaking an international response and stimulating the growth of an international spirit. As men realised that mankind

was surrounded by these vast sub-human living hostile forces, as they realised that these forces crossed frontiers regardless of defences and attacked people regardless of race, a sense of world responsibility began to grow and a realisation of human solidarity began to glimmer. The great epidemics act, therefore, as friends of humanitarianism. Carlyle pointed out a hundred years ago that the classes were made to recognise their common humanity and interdependence by the fact that the washerwoman could give the cholera to 'her betters.' To-day the epidemics, whether of plague or of any of the other great pests, are teaching the same lesson not only to the classes but to the nations and races. In 1928 there was another epidemic of yellow fever in Rio de Janeiro. It was actively combated by vaccination. From this and similar experiments, a method of protection against this plague by injection has been worked out, and the latest reports (October 1933) suggest that this disease may now be mastered as completely as was smallpox.

The fight against another couple of powerful and highly destructive diseases also had social effects. The germs of Syphilis and Gonorrhoea, though causing diseases of which the consequences are ghastly, are themselves weakly. They are both only contagious, not infectious, and the spirochaete of the one and the coccus of the other are neither of them robust organisms. Indeed, once these causative organisms and their way of life were known, only a conspiracy of silence could keep them from being stamped out.

Then Ehrlich discovered the arsenical treatment which killed the germ in the blood and yet did not poison the

patient, and all was ready to get rid of syphilis, a disease which in sheer horror and injustice (as it might be handed on for three generations) could be classed among the worst that have ever afflicted mankind. Prudery put up its usual fight, but the War itself attacked the moral conservatives in the rear just as hygiene was ready to advance on their front. Anxious to forward the War in every way, they had to submit to the ruling of the soldier, and the soldier was determined to have as few V.D. cases off the regimental strengths as possible. Hygienic instruction in this matter was therefore given to all the vast conscripted armies, and knowledge once out cannot again be stifled. This knowledge of how to avoid infection had undoubtedly social consequences spreading far beyond mere physical hygiene. With the peril of plague lifted from taboo relationships, the whole problem of sexual hygiene, psychical as well as physical, had to be discussed openly and without prejudice. The old would of course not admit this, but the young with some force denied the jurisdiction of those who had shown themselves timid and disingenuous.

Just below the level of full consciousness were the further changes in ideas of hygiene. Fresh air had won and pushed its victory against the curtain, blind, wrap and flounce so far that it began to pass the Plimsoll Line of prudery. A new issue was then joined, and the Hygienists, who till then had been allies of the Puritan, began to swing over toward the libertine. 'To the pure all things are pure' was extended to the rather different and not so clear assumption that 'to the naked all things are unexciting.' It may be true, but up to the present passion prevents sufficient scientific experiment. What

is clear is that the fresh air campaign had ceased to be physiological and had become psychological. That change involved a discussion of issues much wider than costume, though to the psychologist costume had always been a clue to understanding the subconscious sex life. Quite sane and kindly people went on to ask not whether clothes helped chastity but whether chastity itself was helpful. We have seen the advance of Freud's theories. After the War they had an almost embarrassing success, even for their founder. It seemed to many young who had survived the War that the following points were incontrovertible : Life was pure chance ; they had survived not because they were better than the friends they had seen tortured and destroyed but through blind luck. Religion and its force was, then, to be accounted for not through it having any supernatural knowledge but simply because of the morbid force generated by sexual suppression which all the Churches in consequence tried to maintain. As life meant nothing, you must and could be happy and careless now by indulging those intense appetites the suppression of which was merely a taboo. Indeed you only worried about the future because you were afraid to sate yourself here and now. Release your appetites, and you will find not only that you enjoy yourself now : you lose your nervous speculation as to the future. Food not only is pleasant in the mouth. Having eaten, you naturally sleep. There was enough truth in this to make the revolt succeed, but not enough to enable the rebels when they had broken out to construct an alternative way of life. You cannot live merely on moments of emotion intended

to bring about indifference. As we have seen, the human mind is so constructed that the satisfaction of relief and release will not endure. In consequence, religion began to come back, the submission to the Roman Catholic Church went on — for the Church was found to be anything but the crude psychologist she was thought — and there was a revival even of Scholastic Philosophy.

MENTAL HYGIENE

Yet the continuation of critical studies made the maintenance of the orthodox position increasingly difficult. The life of Albert Schweitzer is therefore of great symptomatic significance. This remarkable scholar, as much as any man, destroyed the hope of being able to construct by honest use of material the historic Jesus, at any rate as a figure which could be used as the central support of a supernatural Christianity.

He showed also that a man who accepts the impossibility of such historic proof of the supernatural may be capable of 'heroic virtues' and draw on powers which seem to the average sensual man superhuman. His musical achievements as one of the greatest interpreters of Bach, his scholarly works as an outstanding theologian, his missionary efforts in tropical Africa as a medical teacher and practitioner, and the complete nobility and serenity of his character, combined to prove to all the superstitious as well as to all the sensual world that great intelligence, great art, great humanity and great character can all meet, with complete independence of authority, in one man, and that such a man need not be a defeatist, a pessimist or a stoic, but can somehow

win to a faith in life and a reverence for it which is a creation in his own hands and an inspiration to all who witness it.*

Freedom, it is evident, bitterly disappoints and must disappoint all but the heroic. The ordinary world seemed faced by a dilemma : if you will have faith you must submit to authority (which seems to kill faith), and if you will be free you must face the fact that life is meaningless. The lives of a few intellectual heroes such as Schweitzer are slow to affect the world, which applauds but is even readier to confess that only a nature utterly different to its own could achieve so much on so little.

Yet during this decade facts were coming to life which were already beginning profoundly to modify what the ordinary man had thought to be that rock-bottom of hard common sense, the basic assumption that life was a wholly exceptional accident and that it was underlain and wholly surrounded by an impenetrable materialism. Perhaps ages that can stand back from ours with a detachment we ourselves cannot hope to attain will judge the most significant discovery of our period to be that of Telepathy. The proof had first to be accumulated not in the laboratory but by the methods of the field naturalist — cases noted and carefully witnessed, catalogued and ordered. That work, as we have seen, had been carried on throughout this period by the Society for Psychical Research, and most students would claim that if the records prior to the decade we are now considering (1919–1929) are studied, the fact of telepathy

* This Four-Fold Doctor, as he has been called, for his mastery in medicine, music, theology and philosophy, has come to the conclusion that the heart of philosophy is ' reverence for Life.'

is proved to any unbiased mind. It was not, however, until the War had made many people familiar with the evidence which gifted mediums can produce when all normal channels of information are denied them, and these enquirers were faced with the acceptance of the only other alternative — individual survival, that they began to realise that telepathy was a hypothesis that must be thought out and had in it implications even more startling than the Spiritist hypothesis.

PURE RESEARCH

This change of attitude, again, would not have been possible if there had not been a change in the outlook of pure science itself. In 1919 Rutherford produced the first definite proof of Transmutation. Suspected to be possible since the beginning of these thirty years, it was now achieved. The elder materialist physics, long threatened by theory (the facts of electro-magnetism in the 1860's had first begun to throw doubts on it), was now shattered by experiments. Not Galileo letting drop his weights or Newton watching fall his apple stood at such a turning-point in the path of human illumination as Rutherford when he achieved at last that dream of dreamers, long regarded by science as an impossibility, transmutation. Matter was gone : energy alone remained. And in these years Einstein had pushed theory beyond even these experiments. Matter was melting like smoke. Solidity, the sure basis of materialism, was becoming subjective, only a sensation of our senses ; and physics, once the sure and basic science, to which all the others would reduce their problems, to become explicable in automatic mechanic terms — physics was becoming

metaphysical. Now Einstein was saying that mathematical reasoning showed that not only was solidity only a sensation, but Time too was a sensation. Time and Space were inextricably one, and to go outside the one was to go outside the other. There was no reason why parallel straight lines should not meet in infinity : Light bent ; Space curved. It sounded nonsense, but through these ten years experiment showed Einstein right. His calculations had said that a little problem of Mercury's queer orbit could be solved by assuming Relativity. They said that at total eclipses you would see the light of stars which were up against the sun's disc, out of place, because, according to relativity, the star-light shot across the sun's rim would be caught and bent by the sun's attraction. So it proved. He was right and had produced a far greater shock on thought than had Newton. Newton had simplified everything — common sense spread a neat and bare appearance of comprehensibility and finality over the whole Universe. Einstein brought back with a counter-swing the utter unfamiliarity of it all. The ordinary man was dazed. He could not, of course, understand in the least how it had been done. He only realised that what he had taken to be a blank and solid wall, a wall through which you could never get and behind which there was nothing, had suddenly been changed for an immense black tunnel down which you looked till you became dizzy. The practical results of such changes in fundamental thought were that theories such as Marxism, firmly based on materialism, had had their foundations removed, at such a depth that only slowly they began to fall into the gulf, but so thoroughly that they could never again be underpinned.

The knowledge of Radiation made also one other extraordinary advance against the too narrow assumptions of earlier decades. The transmutation of materials was followed up by the transmutation of species. As the decade grew to an end (1927 on), the exact degree of weak Gamma Radiation was discovered with which if reproductive cells of plants or animals were radiated they would give rise to new species. The rigidity of species since Mendel's discovery had not been as rigid a dogma as the intransmutability of the elements, but this discovery not only held great possibilities for breeders to create new species, but also showed how the basic element in the living germ, as in the atom, is energy and its form can therefore be transformed by energy.

Radical discoveries into the nature of cell-growth, into the problem of how living tissue builds itself up and creates the complexity of organic form, began to be made. They were so remarkably successful as to make the pioneer work of Dr. Carrel already mentioned appear, in spite of its revolutionary effect at the beginning of the century, as now already belonging to another and simpler epoch. For in this decade (1920–1930) a number of researches associated with the zoological school of Dr. Hans Spemann at the University of Freiburg began to get results which till then had been thought impossible. Briefly, this work, and similar work now being pursued by many other zoological researchers, has revealed the unsuspected capacity of the growing cell in its earliest stages. A large number of delicate experiments in transplanting growing germs and embryos and altering the conditions of their pre-natal surroundings has proved that monsters can be produced to order by very slight

modifications of the embryo's food supply or of its native temperature.

More remarkable, limbs and even more delicate organs, such as eyes, when they are just sprouting from the embryo's body, can in this 'bud' stage be excised and planted in other sites, and if this is done at a critical stage of the bud's growth, the bud-graft takes and there is a creature possessed of arms, for instance, on its head, or eyes, if you wish, on its shoulders. And yet, on the other hand, if after that critical turning-point and time in the growth stage is passed such a graft is made, then, for instance, a tail grafted on an arm socket is transformed into an arm, and an arm grafted 'upside down' has the back of the paw turned into a palm and the palm turned into a back.

And yet still odder capacities and 'prejudices' of living tissue have been brought to light. Though a bit of what was to have become skin — of one species — if transplanted at the right moment will begin on the body of an animal of another species to turn into crystalline lens stuff so as to make an eye, and though a bit of what would have grown into brain when placed where gills should grow — also on an animal of another species — turns into gill, yet the foreign graft of cells, though obeying its host by becoming gill not brain, does not become the gill which its host would naturally grow but the kind of gill which the body it should have belonged to (as brain), and from which it was cut off, would have grown. It will make itself turn into gill if it must and lose its own character, but the main character of its species, that it will not yield. It is as though a Frenchman should be abducted to England and there be magicked into a dog, but though

you could turn him into a bull-dog he would show his nationality was deeper than his physique and bodily form by refusing to become anything but a French bull-dog !

Such experiments may seem merely freakish, and when done even with an animal as low as an amphibian or a lizard, as excessive interference. They have, however, led already to unsuspected knowledge about living tissue. For, pursuing this research in grafting, Dr. Spemann's school has gone deeper. It has been found possible to make grafts not merely on the embryo when it is so young and rudimentary that its members are still no more than buds. It has been found possible to make grafts on the embryo so early in its life and organisation that it is no more than a figureless fold of cells, when it is at the stage called the Gastrula. A piece of the edge or the ' lip ' of the mouth of this Gastrula has been cut off and planted on the outside of another embryo, at an equally early and undifferentiated stage of growth. This graft took, but what was truly amazing, this graft planted on the outside of the other embryo began on its own to give rise to a completely new embryo.

So not only does it seem that animals may be grown by grafts just as the gardener has so long grown plants by that method, but that in these tiny pieces of ' lip ' cell there must be present some strange and complex power of epigenesis or creation. Dr. Spemann has called this force or forces by the non-committal name of Organisers. What is this power or ' field ' which can so make cells build up elaborate living bodies ? We can only speculate that living tissue is about to prove to be far more elaborate and tendentious than the bio-chemist has so far suspected, and also that when he can learn to suggest

to it that it shall show its powers it will work for him miracles of fantastic creation. Who will make machines when they can make fresh varieties of animals either by radiation or by grafting ?

This work here glanced at has been crowded into the last decade. The first outstanding results began to be obtained shortly after 1920. In 1924 the creation of new embryo by grafts from the Gastrula 'lip' was first accomplished. When we think that in our generation died Lister, who made aseptic surgery the general practice, and that without that technique not one step of this research into the powers of living tissue could be taken, we can realise how quickly our powers are expanding both in knowledge of the capacities of the living cell and of the ways we may use that knowledge.

We can find out much by experiments by grafting and by watching the growth that results. But perhaps a profounder method is being worked out by work which started also in this decade in Cambridge and in Munich. It has been found that every living cell is surrounded by an electric charge, and that charge can now be measured. There is already some evidence to suggest that parthenogenesis is possible simply because, by suddenly changing the cell's charge, by letting in the negative charge that surrounds it on to the positive charge within it, you 'crank up' the life engine, and so, once started, this 'reciprocation in the field' makes it possible for the cell to build itself up into a complete organism, a physical body perhaps millions of times greater than itself. So, again, a knowledge of radiation seems to be the way whereby we may come to a knowledge of the real nature of life.

The definition of what is a living body also underwent a revolutionary change. The discovery during this decade of the Viruses (some such, as the famous Foot and Mouth Disease Virus, being only a couple of protein molecules big) raised that problem acutely. How can you build a house out of two bricks ? How can a complete organism, which has to be built up of many molecules if it is to be an organism, exist made of two ? The Virus research not only threw a new light on disease, cured the dog plague, Distemper, and seems in the last year perhaps to have yielded at last the secret of our plague, Influenza, but it also showed how many strange qualities of life there actually are, and how lightly (the elder physiology would have said, how impossibly) some of these varieties preserve their connection with ' matter.'

In short, the world was faced with a return if not to Philosophic Idealism at least to a conception of ' Panta Rei,' the ceaseless flow of an invisible unknown tide. Nevertheless, the elder hypothesis of mechanism, if not of materialism, was far from being abandoned by many brilliant researchers, especially in Biology. Among these the doyen was still Pavlov, who by steadily extending our knowledge of the Conditioned Reflex (the simplest example of this is when on hearing the dinner-bell a hungry person's mouth involuntarily begins to water though he may know that to-day for some reason he is to have no dinner) continued to illustrate how that much, perhaps most, of what we take to be intelligence in animals, and quite a great deal of what we assume to be intelligence in human beings, is really only a development of — or it may be a relapse into — these conditioned reflexes. The doctrine lent itself so well to support Marx-

ian ideological correctitude that Pavlov was allowed to continue his work in Russia though he remained an outspoken critic of the Bolshevik autocracy. The whole question of the conditioned reflex is, however, too large to serve any political platform, and the latest work seems to suggest that when it is further elucidated it will show that life and consciousness are not more simple but more complex and varied than we have imagined.

The growth of the study of insects during this time had also immensely complicated the questions, What is life and what is society ? The discovery and elucidation of tropisms — the automatic movement of an insect toward some object, light, sex odour, food odour, etc., had first seemed to simplify but then to complicate the problem. For now it seems that insects of the higher sort (wasps and ants) can sometimes show real intelligence when the instinct is baffled or the tropism fails, and the instinct and the tropism themselves show such curious elaboration that they raise in an acute form the question, How were they built up, what is this 'con-science' of the species which provides so many species with so many completely different behaviour-replies to the same surroundings ? It grows increasingly difficult to believe that Blind Natural Selection can account not only for such ingenuity but for such variety of ingenuity, and we seem approaching a crisis in thought when our anthropomorphic notions both of consciousness and of mechanics must undergo a rupture, and completely new concepts of the shaping forces behind — the immense forces which it is as absurd to describe anthropomorphically as mechanically — must be framed.

LITERATURE

The literature of the post-War years was strongly marked by reaction from the sham heroics propaganda thought — probably quite rightly — to be requisite for victory. No writer could escape the reaction. They had been muzzled, and now they would backbite the whole universe. It was, however, in this decade that a most gentlemanly author became an international figure. John Galsworthy's plays — *The Skin Game* (a parable on the unmerciful victor) and *Loyalties* (a sad reflection on the limitations of the English gentleman when his racial prejudices are involved) were written under the still towering shadow of the War. His magnum opus was in praise of an England the War really killed. The *Forsyte Saga* — surely this archaic heroic word was not the *mot juste* for a chronicle of ramifying respectabilities ? — published in 1922, was the book which was to make the author a Nobel Prizeman, of the Order of Merit, chief interpreter of victorious England to Germany and the Scandinavian countries, and remembrancer to tens of thousands of his own middle-class countrymen. He recalled, with great representationalism, with no wish to expose and not much power to explain, the types his generation had known, and they, feeling not only the whole generation but its landmarks to be disappearing, were grateful for this monument of patient piety.

Shaw produced in 1924 perhaps the most vivid of his plays (certainly of his later period), *Saint Joan*. It pleased the French, intrigued the religious (was he going further than France, to Rome ?), and he could smack to his heart's content at the English. The warrior, female, commoner, saint, was a creature after his own heart with

her contempt for authority and sex, and where she was not, with the enthusiasm of a lover and the skill of a make-up artist he made her. To use a fighting saint to get your own back about the War was magnificent if it was not common sense. So with this play Shaw passed to the English pantheon : he was old, easily recognised, always ready to be interviewed; he became a national institution which not even a visit to Russia could tarnish, and when he sat in full evening dress in a theatre with Charlie Chaplin, England felt proud that it had a suitable 'biggest ever' to put up to America's father of stars. Then he went back to his effort to explain, and perhaps to understand, What It Is All About. *Back to Methuselah* said at several hours' extension what the Hell scene in *Man and Superman* had said well within the space of a decent sermon. Yet now thousands listened and felt, if they did not understand, when before they would not attend. The doctrine of Emergent Evolution, however, without Shaw to preach it will not fill theatres or churches. The world had, cat-like, gone on to watch other holes than that. So quickly does our age move that Shaw, who still in middle age was the irregular, almost disowned scout and spy, is now the great Rear-Admiral.

The man who first aroused English readers from war obsession to another problem was D. H. Lawrence. He showed a violent determination to state what he felt to be the real matter, beside which economics were so much straw. Sex, the life of the body, the need to struggle, express and master, these he felt were the fundamental things. Win these realities, and names would take care of themselves : miss them, and all the causes, faiths and devotions would never take their place. He delivered

himself with so much force on what used to be called a delicate topic that his work, though of high literary value, was suppressed ; and many people, who felt strongly, believed he was a prophet, a belief which suppression, of course, strengthened. He died of consumption when, as appears from his letters, he was still experimenting with unabated exasperation and not much beyond that point where Cromwell is said to have stuck : ' I do know what I don't want. I don't know what I do want.'

In Aldous Huxley, editor of those Letters, is seen, through the decade, a pessimist gaining a public by an intense power of sheer entertainment, and gradually, having got his public, turning into a scientifically-informed stoic and possibly becoming one of the few philosophers whom men who have to live can understand. His *Brave New World,* though shocking elder advocates of science, such as Wells, was recognised increasingly as a book which (with an almost unique insight into the scientific and social problem) challenged men to choose how much order they would endure to escape how much anarchy.

Biography continued to displace fiction, Lytton Strachey attaining his zenith in his *Queen Victoria,* a study which made this woman who had been completely formalised by official panegyric, lost in the halation of a throne, emerge as a ' character,' a thing the English love. Strachey continued, till with his *Elizabeth and Essex* he made a bridge between exquisite romance and dull fact by a judicious mixture of learned research and imaginative devotion, so that you could not say where the actual record ended and the subtle supposition began.

A new achievement in story-telling was James Joyce's

monumental *Ulysses*. It might be said that here this decade saw as in a condensing mirror all the features of its life. The style and vocabulary were new, stark and vivid. The dramatic unity reflected the new sense of time — this immense volume, 732 large pages, not only dealt with only one day in a man's life, not only had all the incidents of that day modelled on the complete voyage of the *Odyssey,* but also attempted to give the whole volume of reverie which attended the actors in their diurnal of action. The creator's spirit was Freudian and full of passionate frustration that seemed to declare its defiance of ugliness and filth by a determination to stare them down and look at them until even the worst becomes commonplace, becomes indifferent. Naturally the work, as it so largely achieved its purpose, was a masterpiece, and naturally it received the seal of official dispatch (suppression so saving it from a neglect its size and difficulty might have caused) that assured it at once becoming influential.

Many experiments, such as Gertrude Stein in *Poetry,* and later James Joyce himself in *Anna Plurabelle,* were made to invent completely new verse and prose work, but these systems became too subjective to affect anyone. Free association and glossolalia may make works of art, but by the nature of the case the medium prevents criticism, or indeed any adequate reason for appreciation. This difficulty hung about the work of the young writers who appeared at the end of the decade and who were too young to have known the War. As they have developed, however, W. H. Auden, Day Lewis and Stephen Spender have all become more lucid ; their work shows great vigour and is far from suggesting that life is hopeless.

Two further tendencies in literature must be noted. One was the continued, immense popularity of the Detective and the Gangster. The following out of a mystery took the place, perhaps, occupied for our parents by 'getting out your Patience.' The thrill of risk may have caught on because, as suggested before, the thrill of romantic love was less common ; but many of these stories were no more than puzzles, satisfying by their unravelment the pattern-making sense which cards also soothe. The other tendency was the rise of popularisers of History and Science. Wells led with his record-breaking *Outline of History,* succeeded by *The Science of Life.* But results almost as remarkable were achieved by Van Loon in History and Eddington and Jeans in Physics with their books on the new Universe that Einstein had proclaimed. There was a new sense abroad that Science was again on the move and could be as exciting as any romantic plot. The old dull mechanism was over. The Universe was moving in the oddest way and was evidently capable of anything. Men felt some of the thrill in reading such works that they used to feel when, in the romance, the door thought to be locked and barred gradually began to open or the panel near the bed started silently to slip apart.

APPLIED RESEARCH

In Applied Research, as in Pure Research, it was work which bore upon consciousness that had the most revolutionary results in this decade. The organisation of Industrial Psychology — the study of the worker, his machine and his task all as one unit with the aim of combining an improvement in his enjoyment and health

in his work, together with an improvement in output — showed a completely new way out of the old industrial dilemma : that the benefit of the worker could best be at the cost of his work. It was becoming clear that the 'curse of work,' once man and the machine he had made were both understood, was there no longer. A new age of leisure was in sight, an epoch when men would have to find new ends ; for the mere pursuit of a livelihood would cease to take them the chief part of their time and thought. It is in sight — but many currents can keep mankind from ever reaching that shore.

The growth of applied research led to the development of two immense new instruments of publicity, instruments so vast that they bid fair to change completely the nature of public opinion. The more startling was Radio. In January 1922 the Broadcasting Act giving the English Government control in that island of this sovran communicator was passed, and a Public Utility Corporation set up. Four years after, Baldwin could reach all England, in spite of all the papers being held up by the Strike, through the microphone. Since then, Governments have used this method of propaganda whenever they have chosen, and have found it increasingly to their mind. This has made its development less indicative of the growth of feeling in the public than it would have been had it always to consult the Public Taste. Even in the United States, as big companies farm out radio stations to big advertisers, we do not get a clear reflector in which we might study that mysterious, cloudy, changing thing, the Public Taste, the Public's Character.

The Cinema, though older, because it has not been

either seized by the Government or by big advertisers, gives a better picture of that mysterious being of which the most independent of us can never be more than a 'free-swimming cell.' The most remarkable of its revelations has been, as already noted, the rise of the worship of the Little Man — no doubt a fantasy projection of something very pleasing to the Public in its notion of itself. Chaplin was followed by Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton — beings whose common character is that they are always making a mess of things but always saved and beloved. The cartoonist extended this further. Felix the Cat was succeeded by Mickey the Mouse, and soon no doubt we shall reach the climax of wee-ness and motherly pathos in Totsey the Flea or Bimbo the Tick. In the cartoonists, used by the Big Dailies in answer to the Cinema, we can see the same type and need expressed in 'The Little Man' of Strube, 'John Citizen' of Poy, 'Pop,' and even the masterly Low's 'Self.'

PHILOSOPHY

The realisation that there are forces at work in Life in general, and in our human and individual lives, forces that reason is unaware of, and when it becomes aware of them is unable directly to control — this realisation had remarkable philosophical consequences, especially for the decade 1919–1929. We have seen the influence won by Freud's empirical philosophy, in which the Subconscious was the cardinal point. The growth of psychical research and the facts about the sunken continents of the mind which this research brought to light have also been noted. There are, however, two thinkers whose influence must here be viewed, for though their

work was done in the first decade of the century it only bore full fruit in the third. These were William James, brother of Henry James (William was said to write philosophy like a novelist, while Henry wrote novels as though they had been philosophy), and Henri Bergson. James was a pioneer moralist. His influence and outlook were most fully shown in his famous *Will to Believe* and the *Varieties of Religious Experience*. Partly through his study of perhaps the most remarkable medium of our time, Mrs. Piper, he believed in the profound intuitiveness of the subconscious, and he also believed that intuition, though not able to overwhelm reason, could and should be given reason's active co-operation. He was a man of charm and inspiration whose scientific knowledge of the unconscious forces in human life made him desirous of identifying them with the Inner Light of the mystics. So he roused his students not only to think a little more really but to act considerably more ideally. He taught the necessity of finding 'the moral equivalent of war,' and led a youth contingent to San Francisco when the blind forces of nature rendered the place an adequate imitation of a war zone and a sufficient challenge to those heroic human resistances generally only drawn out by human aggression.

Henri Bergson, the other 'philosopher of the unconscious,' was the antithesis of this New England evangelical type. A French Jew, master of a style as luminous as it is musical, and also a patient student of natural science, he elaborated a philosophy of the *élan vital* which was free of the moral implications of James's and even of those less tendentious theorisings of the

Emergent Evolutionists such as Lloyd Morgan and Driesch — theorisings which we have seen lay behind the Shavian gospel. Believing in a subconscious urge, he nevertheless reached almost diametrically opposed conclusions. For this urge was so profound that reason could have nothing at all to do with it. It passed, as the majestic and thunder-bearing Cumuli pass through the upper air to where they will cast their lightning down on the distant earth, clean against the ground wind and the little hurrying clouds that go with it. All that reason can do is to peep out and be still and wait until the stroke falls, comforting itself that somehow these blind shocks drive the Universe toward something more complex. What he did not explain, and what therefore floored his argument, was how reason, if it was such an irrelevant little accident, could be able to take true bearings of these mighty phenomena — how, in short, did reason know this great irrational force was there and could be sure that it, reason, had not made it all up ?

It is the old dilemma of rationalism. Reason cannot show itself to be irrational, for in attempting this task the show itself must collapse before it has clinched the question. Still, there was enough reason in the argument, enough will to reaction in the audience, and, most of all, enough artistic persuasiveness in the teacher, to make his anti-rational influence immense. We have seen the part that influence is claimed (by the author of *Plutarch Lied*) to have played on the French General Staff itself. In the decade after the War that influence was seen twice, moving in two different directions but in each acting greatly. The first was when discouragement was rife in what Clemenceau himself called ' the

bitterness of victory.' Then Bergsonism was used as an excuse for a tired cynicism which sanctions any abandonment of ideals and any sharp practice. When Lowes Dickinson was making some of the initial efforts to bring together a really effective League of Nations he met the great Gallo-Judean philosopher. He found the philosopher only anxious to demonstrate how everything that was happening had to happen, and that the wise man is only wise in knowing that nothing can be done. (Nevertheless, the philosopher himself after the War attempted to rally the scattered forces of intellectual co-operation.) Later on, however, when hope began to revive and a new generation that had not known the trenches began to take notice and want to take over, the philosophy of the *élan vital* began again to win the influence it was said once to have had on the French General Staff.

The Youth movement began to spring up, and it dismissed all objections and cautions as barren intellectualism and all recognition of difficulties as a desire to defeat the revolutionary wave. Intuition was everything, and as this intuition need have nothing to do with the Inner Light, with ideals or any reasonable ethic, naturally there was no bar on brutality any more than there was on intolerance. You need not explain yourself to others or excuse yourself to yourself. Your one need was conviction, then you knew the *élan vital* was fresh and free in you. You were the chosen of Life, and all the other hesitators by their hesitation, their criticism and their reason were marked with the stigma of degeneracy, of mortification. So the Youth movement, to which Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler and all coup-d'étatists owe so much,

was nourished and inspired and given its excuses. This movement, however, could not have expressed itself unless itself arose from a deep subconscious urge. Why was there a Youth movement throughout Europe at this time, and what does it signify ? Of what change in basic consciousness is it symptomatic ?

CHAPTER III

THE TREND

The question with which the last chapter closed brings us to the deepest layer of change into which we can hope to look. The problem that faces us is, Are the national and social types changing ? We are affected by forces which we can hardly define, far less with our present knowledge control ; that is the profoundest recognition of which we are capable, and our age is unique in the length to which it has been able to go in this analysis of itself. After the War the Registrar-General's statistics showed for a year or two that increase in the number of male births over female, long believed in by popular opinion but, lacking proof, scouted by scientists. To be able to allot the proportions of the sexes is out of any human control at present, and is evidence of some general subconscious reaction to the sense of loss. Undoubtedly during this time consciousness, and deliberation about much which till then had been blind, increased greatly. Birth-control had changed from something about which people felt as about a secret vice to something they considered as sensibly as their dinner or their Life Insurance. Not all the Dictators are able to reverse that fact, for you cannot reverse knowledge. But, as people have come to think clearly, down to one level, they have realised the existence of unfathomable depths beyond the littoral in which they have now driven their piers.

Not only the proportions of the sexes can change without our control or intention, but their quality. A cos-

tume, reacting from prudery, a wish for athletic freedom, a feeling that their parents had over-stressed the difference of the sexes, all made for a greater proximation of the male and female in these years to a common type. Yet there was something acting here other than mere reaction even from the dirt and violence of the War. The growing knowledge of the ductless glands, of the speed at which they may change and of the radical effect in temperament and even structure that they can produce, all suggest to any observer of change during the last decade the fundamental question as to whether the national type, during the last decade, was not undergoing a rapid and profound modification. Cartoonists are good anthropometrists. The Englishman no doubt still thinks of himself as a John Bull. When the popular paper which takes that title tried to put a more athletic type as its totem, it had to return to that out-of-training archaism dressed in the costume of a century ago. But from Barcelona to Warsaw, when the Englishman is drawn he is not this beef-eating, hunting squire, but a parody of President Wilson — the hatchet face, the high cheek-bones, the prominent nose and forced-forward teeth. Such a type, showing as it does a rapid change in the facial bones, may be evidence of distinct Pituitary change, the gland which probably has most control over the features and the character.

The appearance of the 'boyette' on the female side, and, certainly in no fewer numbers, the production from the male extreme of inter-grades to bridge the gap between the two extreme types of sex, seems a psychophysical and social phenomenon deserving careful notice. Our knowledge of life has shown us that sex is not the

invariable way of life that we have imagined, and our special knowledge of the only other creatures that have attained and passed our degree of social life, the termites, ants and bees, shows that when a certain elaboration and perfection of social life is reached, then sex is much curtailed and the main work of sustaining this elaborate life is done by types which are inter-grades and have been relieved of what is now an unnecessary limitation to and distraction from a more effective way of living. Certainly this decade has both the knowledge and a growing freedom from prejudice to investigate this supremely vital problem. Taboos which would define, in the face of what Nature herself produces, what is ' natural ' and ' unnatural ' are daily becoming more obviously ridiculous. It is for us to study, to learn and to apply.

Nor can we rule, with the knowledge we now have, that if Nature moves she will give us such warning that we ourselves need do nothing about it — that she will change us and the ground under us so gradually and gently that we shall feel no shock and indeed be unaware of the change. ' I could wish,' said T. H. Huxley, ' that Mr. Darwin did not put quite so much weight on the classical judgment, "Nature never goes by leaps." ' Ever since, Huxley's caution has been increasingly confirmed, until it seems doubtful whether Nature can go in any other way. ' Quanta,' movement by a series of jerks, seems the characteristic of every movement in the Universe. ' All or Nothing ' seems the law which may run throughout Nature, and there does not appear to be any limit to her sports when she sets about mutating. If we keep these modifications of sexual types under observation, noting their numbers, their variety and their perma-

nence, it may be that we shall come upon sociological facts of the greatest significance. It may be that Nature — or that part of the unconscious which accompanies, parallels and sometimes complements our conscious and intentional efforts — is getting ready to give us types, as she gave the social insects when they attained their high social level, which can endure, sustain and develop a civilisation that more atavistic, cruder and simpler types can only run very inefficiently and finally ruin.

Yet though we should attempt to study this issue as perhaps the deepest in our lives, we should not underrate its immense difficulty. Changes of type, it would seem, are taking place under our eyes. Not only is the Englishman becoming a leaner, more speculative, less extrovert type, but the United States citizen is also producing a type. Of much more lately mixed European stock, this type is nevertheless already showing characteristics which belong to none of the European types. A definite American face is tending to appear, and it is a face in which Mongolian features are already becoming recognisable. The vast majority of these people have no trace of Red Indian blood in them, and yet, inheriting the Red Indian's place, they are tending to produce a rendering of his features. Even the Jewish immigrant, inheriting a head-shape and face which in Europe has proved extraordinarily resistant to change of time or place, in three generations even on the edge of the New World, in New York, has, judging from cephalic measurements, begun to modify.

These things, remarkable enough in themselves, may, however, have a significance which makes them of supreme importance in any attempt to estimate our age and

its development. For these changes of feature — the English tendency to hatchet face and rabbit mouth ; the opposite tendency of the United States citizen to a round, high-cheek-boned, flat-nosed face — are changes very likely due to alterations of that part of the interior bones of the skull where the Pituitary gland is situated. We know that this gland not only controls the growth of the facial bones — as is strikingly seen in Acromegaly, which when acute gives the 'horse-face' malformation — but also controls and balances the emotional life and the mental energy. Part of this gland acts as a stimulator of the intellect, so that when it is in a state of activity the brain is stirred, and curiosity, the wish to experiment and the drive to achievement, is so great that all considerations of compassion or social obligation may be eclipsed. The opposite part of the gland acts as a stimulator of the emotions which balance those of the intellect. It rouses compassion and sympathy.

The emotional instability of this last decade, which seems to be without parallel, does then suggest that it may be symptomatic of, if not caused by, some rapid change in the glandular balance of the body — a change which it would appear is probably revealed in the noticeably rapid change in physical type and facial feature. The sudden return to compassion and an almost morbid interest in suffering which swept the world after the War, which led to the huge popularity of the realistic war novel, which made thousands feel no cause, however large, was worth such torture and the only thing that counted was individual pain or happiness — in comparison with that, all these nations, cultures, social obligations and civilisation were only dangerously and cruelly delusive

names — a mood which is without precedent in any other 'after-war' years from any other epoch : all these incidents and expressions seem to be accountable as symptoms of emotional instability swinging away from intellect to emotion, from ruthless active adventure to a piteous sympathy overwhelmed with the sense of its own helplessness. Too violent, too purely emotional, it has already given rise to its reaction. The Youth movements are now, in their turn, almost as morbidly afraid of being gentle, soft, effeminate, of being afraid and disgusted at horror and brutality. They want to be hard, experimental, ruthless ; unrestrained in huge mass social experiments by any weakness for the numbers of pathetic individuals who must be wrenched, crushed and wiped out in the shaping of the large design.

When these violent oscillations will settle down no one can say. It is clear that if they should exceed only a little more the present period and angle of oscillation (should go a little beyond the mass-hysteria of Germany, for instance, in the summer of 1933), then the social organism might be thrown completely off its balance and not recover. On the one side would be those to whom life had become a horror so repulsive that they could only flee it by suicide or by embracing some fantasy which would as effectively shut them out from the world of action. On the other side would be those who would become so completely toughened that with the callousness of a moral imbecile they would commit any violence, any cruelty, to satisfy the most absurd fancy or the idlest curiosity. What is also clear and offers some hope is that we have discovered where the source of this instability may lie, that it is in the psycho-physical balance

that we may find the solution of this urgent problem. Either by suggestion to control the Pituitary and the other emotion-causing glands or by endocrine extracts to control the state of mind we can alone with any hope of success try to tackle the danger. No change in outer circumstances, no economic conferring or planning, no readjustments, political or geographic, will or can alter the state of mind which is impervious to argument. It is the state of mind which keeps these conditions hopeless, and till it is changed, as certainly as a shadow on a wall remains as long as a figure casts it, they must remain. When the semi-circular canals in our ears which give us our sense of balance are affected, our first sensation is that the floor beneath us has tilted. It needs a certain philosophic detachment to realise that the revolutionary upset is in ourselves. So in the present overthrow and oscillation it is hard to grasp that it is a violent attack of emotional instability that has us in its grip. At least, however, that diagnosis which no other age could have made can be made by this age, though it be more violently tossed than any other. We see down to where the physically small but vastly affective force finds the fulcrum with which to contort, rock and perhaps bring down in ruin our civilisation. We see that we are faced with a force whose origin and provocation we do not yet know, but which we do know can completely and in a season change character, yes, and mould types which we thought it took ages to shape. If we cannot grasp this force it can smash us as no outer force could, but if we could grasp it, here we have a power which would let us remake the world as no one imagined would ever be possible. The sneer, You can't change human nature,

change what else you will, would suddenly be answered. Can we understand that force and spread the understanding of it in time to prevent capsizing the vessel ? Knowledge means power, but not necessarily in time. The violent fluctuations may abate of themselves and Society relapse into a state of 'Reason,' a profound, passionate determination to avoid extremes and to have vital matters talked out, similar to the eighteenth-century age of reason which followed the violent religious enthusiasms of the seventeenth. But it seems that this time it is up to us to understand the process fully or to be shattered. Which we shall do (though it will be done either by or to us of this generation), no one can even now, at this eleventh hour, be sure.

PART IV

1929–1933

EPILOGUE—PROLOGUE

CHAPTER I

THE OUTWARD SCENE

The problem of writing contemporary history grows ever more difficult as the dates come nearer to the present moment. To detect tendencies it is necessary to be able to stand back : a real close-up must always go out of focus. To be right up against the actual threads as they are weaving is not only to lose the pattern in the mesh of detail : it is to be uncertain which threads are about to disappear on to the ' reverse side ' of the finished stuff and which are going to stand out, giving the whole thing its characteristic texture. All, then, that the contemporary historian put on the spot can do is to persevere in the method pursued so far, to continue to attempt tracing those evolutionary developments, when the scale is suddenly enlarged from years to months, which he has detected on the larger scale of the years running through and shaping the period which has directly given rise to these our latter days.

If this book had a moral it would be, Realise you cannot go back. Realise that thought cannot be unthought and a new consciousness, once it has emerged, can no more be re-sunk and re-contained than could the jinn be put back into its bottle. It is the aim of nearly all Governments more than ten years old just to go back. ' Back to 1914,' cried 1918. ' Back to normalcy with Harding,' cried the United States in 1920. The old world has altered and continues to alter irretrievably,

and those who dare to face that fact most fully will have the larger part in making the new. The choice before us is not to go forward or stay quietly behind : it is to advance intentionally or be pushed blindly over the precipice by forces which it is fatal fancy to imagine will cease to act if we pretend they are not there. At the same time, for the mapping of the path of progress no simple extrapolation will serve. Unless we can diagnose the fundamental force which in expressing itself provokes all the outward changes in our lives, those outward changes will mislead us : we shall be surprised when some suddenly cease and in a new quarter activity as unexpectedly breaks out. When a mole is at work, the earth it throws up may roll in any direction. Because some fragments tumble to the left, that is no proof that the next throw-up will fall in that direction. It is only when we realise that it is an unseen character that is at work that we can begin to be able to speculate where the next heap will rise.

In the past thirty years certain urges seem to have manifested themselves increasingly. They are, it would seem, in the following order of importance and profundity. First there is the growing wish to apply scientific knowledge : the aiming at greater efficiency, at better means to obtain the old ends. Below this, released by it but more radical and less manifest, is the growing wish to understand better. This leads first to a wish to understand the effects of change on our surroundings, and next on ourselves, and finally to a realisation that we have not understood ourselves. This wish to understand, leading as it does to the dominance of the psychological and anthropological outlook, in its

turn exposes the profoundest of all tendencies : we begin to perceive that it is unconsciousness and massive change in our sensibility and awareness which is the basic movement causing all the other activities above it. History, in short, is the shadow cast by the changing and growing spirit of man.

These three urges can account for our social development and its confusion : for the development, because one or the other of them is the prime mover behind each of the great changes that have gone on in our lifetimes ; for the confusion, because these urges, coming to the surface and into action at the same time and place, come into conflict with each other. Waves sent out from a common source, yet at different paces, result in a confusion. Life forms, such as the bacteria and the carnivores, though all expressions of the basic Life's will to be, lead to its denial — death. So we shall see the desire for efficiency in conflict with the desire to know, and both these desires thwarting and suppressing the profoundest expression, of which they are only parts, the unconscious growth in reflection, in sensibility, in new awareness, in intuition.

Because all these forces have been so freely in play, 1930–1933 — the Epilogue of our generation — has appeared, and may appear to those at a greater distance, as a phase of acute and yet indecisive conflict. The main symptoms of this are undoubtedly the following. First in size comes the collapse in America. The crash of 1929 continued even more crashingly into 1930. From the beginning of the collapse, late in September 1929, to the end of that October, the United States citizens lost 50 billion dollars, a sum five times more than all

those debts the erstwhile Allies still owed America. On one day, 23rd October, sixteen million shares were sold — a record which broke by 100 per cent. the former 'biggest ever' crash. Three million unemployed resulted. No one, however, could imagine that the money was really gone. It was only just hiding round the corner waiting for the shower to stop. In consequence, 1930 began with a mild Rotarian boom. But something more than Hoover saying 'Ce passe, ce passe,' and Rotarians chanting 'Prosperity is back again,' was needed to restore confidence. If you know you are only singing to keep your courage up, your courage may slump still further. 1930, therefore, witnessed a second crash, and one that buckled the very props of the economic life. Not only did millions of private people's bank accounts vanish. The Banks themselves began to go. Only 400 broke in 1929; 13,000 collapsed in 1930. It was obvious that not only was the individual citizen involved: the economic structure of the Union was itself cracking. The assurance that increasing technical efficiency would somehow of itself solve all human difficulties was suddenly contradicted. Could it be that private enterprise was not enough to assure public prosperity or even safety? Could it be that economics were not the basic fact of human life? After all, the actual material wealth of the States was the same after the crash as before. Material wealth had not been destroyed. All the misery and ruin was due not to an economic fact but to a psychological state of mind. Credit had been shaken, and credit, it was proved, though not a material fact, can nevertheless give such seismic shocks to the material prosperity of

millions that they may be reduced to begging their bread and finding none to give it them.

Naturally the Americans were startled and cast down at the sudden disappearance of the bright mirage of Permanent Prosperity. Through its mocking waters they saw the skeletons of the thousands whom as long as it glittered they could not see, and the jackals and the hyaenas that prey among corpses. Prohibition, 'that great experiment,' as Hoover had called it, was exposed not only as a sham which made the Law a mockery, but as the record racket on which the gangster grew to fabulous dimensions. The Puritan was driven to see his mistake in taking the short cut of compulsion instead of the slow but carefully-engineered assent of education. He was exposed as one who liked enforcement for its own sake, and he had to learn to understand better, firstly, himself with his mixed notion of humanitarianism and sadism ; secondly, the Law, with its mixed nature of general co-operation for common and obvious social benefit and the States' use of violence to enforce acts which have not that general social assent ; and thirdly, the public, with its weakened devotion to the public weal, its increasing love of private gain and the hypocrisy with which it tries to conceal from itself the deterioration of its character. With the rise of Roosevelt the Second to supreme power there is no doubt a new age opened not only for the United States but for democracy. With the implications of that experiment later pages will deal.

In Russia at the other end of the social scale the same lesson was still being taught, and perhaps learnt. The same gigantic writing was appearing through all the brave charts and plans upon the wall. The forced collec-

tivisation of the peasantry into communal farms had followed the dispossessing of the kulak. The wish of the young Communist increasingly to use violence when expectation delayed coming true shows a people in danger of that most disastrous of illusions, the projection that convinces itself that any failure in one's plans must be due not to a mistake in one's own thinking but to deliberate thwarting by someone else. Finally this particular push came to a temporary standstill, and Stalin published his declaration 'intoxicated with enthusiasm,' calling off the dogs who were no longer driving the sheep into the fold but had the blown creatures down and were worrying them. No doubt the actual rulers, Stalin and those who shared his confidence and responsibility, had long realised that a new world can only be constructed gradually, and as it is built up you must have new men to inhabit it. The new decoration to be given solely for Efficiency, bearing as it does Stalin's head on it, shows his aim. The Russian character, on the other hand, is of such distinction and power of persistence that it will dye with its peculiar colour whatever economic web is woven.

Time also must modify in the actual weaving much that appeared more distinctive in the master-pattern. The counter-revolution, successfully denied its power to work through White Russian hands, nevertheless began to work through the actual administrative machine of the U.S.S.R. itself. As far back as 1925, Moscow decided on 'moral reform' — in other words, to begin to reinstate the sex morality of repression which revolutionaries had denounced as bourgeois. Krylenko, the State Prosecutor, at that date put through the completed Marriage Law Code. The woman Communist was finding that free-

dom was always leaving her, as Mrs. Atherton said, 'with the mud end of the stick,' and Communist authority was finding that sex unrestrained could distract from duty, could become as much an obsession and render people 'addicts' precisely as do drugs. 'Mothers and children are always victims,' agreed Trotsky. As Clara Zetkin, the veteran German Communist, said, 'The famous theory that in society, based on communism, it is just as simple to satisfy one's wish for love as it is to get a drink of water is well known. Well, this "drink of water" theory, to this we owe the fact that our younger generation has gone mad.'

Communism was beginning to learn that it is possible to be too purely economic. Men, as the despised Aristotle had said, are not cruel and unjust only because they have unequal economic opportunities, but also because they cannot control their passions. How to control these was still as much a problem for the communist as for the capitalist state. Yet if man left free from economic exploitation was not to become wise, generous, self-sacrificing, and inspired by public spirit, how was the state to be run, what could generate the energy and motive to keep society going? The Terror was over. Though the secret police ruled and liberty was at their pleasure, political reaction was as helpless as the Bourbons during Napoleon's ascendency. You cannot sit on bayonets. You certainly cannot make a Five Years' Plan materialise under such disturbing pressure, for it needs much sitting on if it is to hatch out. Men under martial law will obey but cannot create. Sabotage trials must largely distract the masses from the real problem and make it harder for their rulers to tell them the other and less pleasant side of

the truth — that the individual in the communist state was still largely remaining an individual. The self-forgetful love of social service was still 'exceptionally exceptional.'

It was the growth of this realisation among the ruling Commissars that led to the greatest counter-revolutionary step of all. On 23rd June 1931 Stalin showed how unquestioned was his power by making a supremely realistic announcement to the Party Congress. It was the proclamation of a second New Economic Policy, and it was more important than the first. For the first N.E.P. was a temporary change of policy compelled by the desperate straits to which the country was reduced by outer assault and inner starvation. This second change of front was not caused by the accidental pressure of outer forces, which might scatter, but by the stubborn substance of inner human nature. The great Plan was going as well as could be expected ; that is to say, as fast as it could be pushed by the few who cared passionately and the many who saw no reason save the compulsion of the few why they should care at all. That was not good enough. The few saw the goal of Permanent Prosperity on the horizon, but approaching 'slow, how slowly.' If the many could only be persuaded whole-heartedly to push, then the Plan would carry them all to prosperity this five years or next. How were they to be persuaded ? It was clear, only by appealing to their individualism. Personal greed must give the force to cover the last lap. Then, once there, everyone would see how the highest standard of life in the world — permanent proletarian prosperity — could only be kept by communism. Then greed would and could be naturally discarded. The evil would have attained the good and eliminated itself.

So Stalin argued and won. 'It is a necessary temporary measure.' Still, the doctrinaire communist, who cared for principle more than prosperity, challenged the issue. Then Stalin hit back and gave his audience an increased dose of truth. 'There has never been communism as yet,' he bluntly said. 'Instead there has been state capitalism, and the new economic rules do no more than recognise that fact and make it more efficient.' So the Five Day Week was rescinded ; piece-work, the *bête noire* of Socialism when not responsible for production, came back ; the principle, 'From each according to his capacity to each according to his need,' was jettisoned ; wage grades were ordered, cost-accounting instituted, saving recognised.

Classes, rentiers and private capital were all again sprouting. The revolution-regardless-of-human-nature was over. The rise of a new order had begun, far more efficient than the old, but like it a social hierarchy. The violent explosion of the revolution had shattered the old decayed system, but human character remained, and now it resumed its slow attempt to evolve a society which should express the individual and allow him to have the benefit of the new powers of science and the largest degree of liberty compatible with an equal degree being granted to all his fellow-individuals. That goal, it became increasingly clear, would be found not in pure communism but in some form of state capitalism.

It was evident that this was so, because from the capitalistic states just as much as from the socialistic states there was apparent a convergence on this solution, a solution dictated by the urgent necessity for economic efficiency. The individual may be coerced to a point. Leave him

free, relax social control, and below a certain point *laissez-faire* will let his unrestrained greed make economic chaos of society. Coerce him above a certain point, and his balked and outraged sense of privacy and personal right will also make chaos of the most perfect plan. So again the lines of true social planning began to become evident along the line of a parallelogram of forces — the balance between what the community requires and what the individual needs. Some privacy, some property must be secured to him. Grant him that, discover that psychological frontier, guarantee him this area of liberty, and then the State may safely take the surplus. From that surplus, if Science is fully applied so as to increase to the maximum productivity, there seems no doubt that the State may have a plenty far greater and far more securely based than any the world has so far enjoyed.

That this tendency, that this return to social evolution was beginning to be recognised by all practical thinkers at that time is shown vividly by the speech of the Commissar of Foreign Affairs, Litvinov, at Geneva in June 1931. Faced with the economic international muddle, this realist and master of non-aggression pacts suggested an embracing economic non-aggression pact. 'Was Russia really the difficulty? Not at all.' He, for his part, was quite ready to recognise that capitalist and communist states should live side by side. Have not monarchies and republics, yes, and Protestant and Catholic states, after the first ebullitions of their respective religious and political revolutions, learnt to live side by side?

Certainly the great economic revolutionary phase was over. Reformers were beginning to be able to realise

that you might be happy in a state still called capitalist and unhappy in one called communist. Economics were only one factor in human happiness and were not final. The third great revolutionary phase was over, and the economic revolution at this moment began to follow the religious and the political revolutions into past history.

Meanwhile, the effort would, of course, have to be continued to put economics into some better-agreed order, that was clear. Just as the Church had to be cleaned up by the Reformation and the counter-Reformation alike, and the State had to be reformed and was reformed both in those countries which remained monarchist as well as in those which rechristened themselves republics, so, whatever the name of the State, its economic structure must continue to evolve in order to meet more effectively the more conscious desires of its constituents. At the attempts on the part of the capitalist states to move toward the common economic evolutionary goal we must now glance.

In Germany the attempt to keep the social front still intact but still on the move was continued by Chancellor Brüning. Governing by decree, he preserved the machinery of democracy ready for the time when it could again safely take the helm, and he succeeded repeatedly in obtaining the sanction to carry on from a people almost breaking into a civil war with mutual suspicion and hysterical distress. Painstaking, eloquent, able, absolutely devoted, he stuck to his desperate task with a faithfulness that would seem only possible in a man whose philosophy has transferred the centre of his gravity to another plane. Nevertheless, such orthodox

idealism advised him to make a series of concessions such as the Osthilfe Grants to the bankrupt Junkers, which increased the price of food. He lost Socialist support and failed to gain the alliance of the reactionaries. His task was rendered impossible because his policy, which could only win through a sane internationalism, was denied the help it needed from the other nations who could interfere with but could not save his unfortunate country.

Yet the time he played for did not run wholly against him. We have seen that communism was undergoing an evolutionary change in Russia. Personal liberty was coming back. The rigidities of dictatorship were being modified. Even in Spain the Dictator Primo had that year (1930) to be thrown overboard by the King who connived at his *coup d'état.*

Starting with the ordinary soldier's genial feeling that government is really very simple if you are direct and strong, and that the politicians for their private ends deliberately make it look difficult, he was soon in an economic and political mess. He had failed to organise behind him that young middle-class order which we have seen is the *sine qua non* of a successful dictatorial counter-communist and anti-democratic movement to-day. So no royal or conservative support could save him. He tried to appeal for support to the army Juntas and to business interests, but the Dictator who calls for a verdict to the people he has cowed will only see thumbs pointing which way his adversary's sword shall be thrust. The King could no longer rely on a Grand Vizier whose appeal, if it failed, must leave the strong man being supported by instead of supporting the throne, and if he

succeeded might leave him independent of the crown.

The more shrewd Dictator, the blacksmith's son who ruled Italy successfully, modified his intransigence and so prolonged his reign. In 1929 he made his Concordat with his chief rival — that enormous cyst in the Italian body-politic — the Vatican. And 'encysting' was the method he used for containing that foreign body. The minute Vatican city was set up — the vestigial remnant of the wide states of the Church — a cash payment was made in addition, and the Church gave the Duce that not very auspicious blessing she has given to centuries of Holy Roman Emperors and then watched them wither away. Under Pius XI the Roman Church's tendency is apparently to be to abandon the political and economic claims of Pius IX on condition of being left independent in the psychological field.

Without a Dictator to screen it, the Spanish Monarchy fell in the spring of 1931, and immediately a vigorous and, for the time, an enthusiastic republican democracy took its place. This was a blow to autocracy and to the Church. The Church, however, accepted it with a certain resignation and advised the people to obey the Government, though the King that Government displaced had been the most Catholic Majesty, and though the religious orders, the Jesuits, of course, among them, were dispossessed and banished. The long-arrested Liberal swing of Spain had come, and the counter-swing must be awaited. Spain was enjoying 1848 in 1933.

The Church had many troubles. Communism hated it, not with the contemptuous under-rating of its power which it could despise in the Liberals, but with that same passionate propagandist zeal with which the Church had

taught men to hate and extirpate the heretic. The broken Austrian Empire had given rise, among other states, to Czecho-Slovakia, really an enlarged Bohemia, the state which had produced John Huss, the reformer burnt by Sigismund, Emperor of Austria, in 1415, though given a safe-conduct, because the Emperor's spiritual advisers had told him he might and must break his word and murder the man who had trusted him. Such a deed was not forgotten, and Czecho-Slovakia gave the Church much difficulty and exacted terms which without the threat of secession would not have been granted.

Spain, therefore, must be handled cautiously, and the Church's policy as a whole must in future depend (as it has since the Reformation in the North) on gaining individuals by thousands and so finally reasserting its power over states as a whole, and not by direct control of a King or through a Constitution. People who cared for their individual salvation more than for politics might join up in sufficient numbers so that finally once again European policy could be shaped by their votes, controlled by their spiritual directors. The Church has already won such vast numbers in the United States, Ireland is a Catholic Republic, the despotism lately revived in Germany is so suspicious of the Church, democracy itself is so detested by the Church's arch-enemy Communism, that the Curia may well wonder whether as a democratic 'spell-binder' it may not have a vocation in the future. Able itself to win votes far better than the reactionary politicians, because it can influence so immensely the individual conscience, it may itself become, after all, a supporter of the polling booth

and Parliament against the machine gun, the 'storm troops' and the Dictator who claims inspiration. So democracy began a belated, difficult but unexpectedly vigorous career in Spain, and that career, because of the Church, may open an unexpected future for democracy in other Latin countries, even though it should again fail in Spain itself. Though the latest elections show a swing to the Right, there is no talk of a monarchical restoration. Federalism seems an accomplished fact, and we may see Spain develop further experiments in the unsolved problem of popular representation.

Where, however, democracy in 1931 was most anxiously watched was in England. The Empire was now a shadow. South Ireland was in all but name independent. South Africa was almost as unfriendly. Canada was far more in the orbit of Washington than of London. The Labour Government was not interested in an Imperialism which would not allow any economic or migrational benefits and yet expected a huge fleet to be kept for its defence. Here they were the realists and the Tories were romantics. Fortunately, the huge naval expenditure at Singapore, carried out for the sake of English colonists in the Pacific, had to be greatly modified because of home financial stringency.

How unready even Nationally-governed England was to cross Japan's path the year after was to make plain. All through 1931 it was Europe and not the Empire, finance and not fleets, that kept England anxious. Could she keep on the Gold Standard and meet her debts ? As the doubts of foreigners grew, their dismal prophecies fulfilled at least part of themselves. They took away their gold ever faster in preparation for the

event none of them wished : an interesting example both of the effects of ' preparedness ' and of private action not only not serving public aims but even defeating private intentions. Finally, the Labour Government had to do something about it — break with the Banks or reassure the rentier. They might have been ready to coerce those unwisely-saving compatriots whose Government they were and who now had to be ruined for the people who had not saved. They knew, just as the Conservatives before them, that they had no power over the foreign rentier and he could ruin their credit unless they spoke him fair. They had not worked out any alternative plan to, or evolution of, capitalism. Their attitude was still the parasitic attitude of the Trade Unions which so largely controlled them : industry was to be run by the industrialist inspired by his cunning and greed, and Labour was not only to see that he was so controlled that he must give good wages and short hours, but also that an ever larger share of the profits made under these handicaps should be taken for social services.

If the industrialist's energy was inspired solely by greed, this was the right way to make him give up. Perhaps it was right that he should give up, but if that was so, then it was vital to have a complete outfit, a ' competent receiver,' to use Wells's phrase, to take over when the capitalist should collapse or walk out from under the shafts. That Labour had neglected to do. They were not ready with the alternative to private capitalism — state capitalism. They hesitated between defiance and capitulation. Their Prime Minister, their Chancellor, and Thomas, who represented the powerful Railway Unions, in the Cabinet, went off, and with the

assistance of the King and the two other Parties made a National Government. Gold was supposed to have been saved.

What dire misery would have befallen the country had it not, the Chancellor of the Exchequer — the always emphatic and often right Snowden — told England over the radio. On this occasion he was most emphatic, but he was wrong. England went off gold with a bump, partly because the foreign rentiers thought, quite logically, that a country that allows a strike in its Navy because the Government has cut its wages must be in for a revolution. But England, of course, will never be logical, and in spite of this rentier rush to upset the boat, neither a naval pay strike nor failure to pay gold provoked the consequences about which the Continental saver and the Yorkshire Chancellor were agreed. The English showed again their subconsciously wise inertia. Nobody told them to do anything — it was simply said that terrible things would happen to them — great Economic Law outraged would smite them. And so they did nothing, had no panic, and nothing in particular did happen. Doubt grew as to whether Economic Law is not a figment of the economist's brain, whether these laws can work if people refuse to know about them and to behave according to them.

One thing had shown up clearly. The English had behaved not in accord with economic principle but following the obscure laws of their own strange phlegmatic character. Surely their symbol should be, not that temperamental large-scale cat, the Lion, but the Elephant, heavy, wise, cautious, patient ; thick-skinned and inelegant maybe, but dexterous enough when it likes, and

a match for any of the other beasts of the field when roused. Proud but not consciously vain, dignified in its massivity but never ostentatiously majestic — yes, the elephant should be the totem of a people who so share its character and carriage.

Still, after telling this people to change its Government to save its gold, the new Government which got in on the gold and then let it slip had to ask national approval. It got a heavy majority, perhaps (for no one really knows the English mind) because there was obviously ' no damned nonsense of consistency ' about such a Cabinet, and the English fear the doctrinaire. Nevertheless, having got into power and got rid of Socialist principle, something had to be done. The Tories were largely represented in the new amalgam, and they are always much more consistent in their views (though accident seldom allows them to carry them out) than are Liberals or Labour, both of whom have tried to adopt principles instead of prejudices and so live in a more difficult world of thought. Socialist principle had had to lapse because foreign rentiers could not approve it. That Imperialism had also lapsed because the Empire did not seem to want it was enough for Labour and Liberal Imperialists, but not for Conservatives. The Empire must be wooed and won, and should be at Ottawa. No Victorian maiden could have been more non-committal than were the co-equal in-Dependencies. Still, it was said, we have never tried : if we put enough water down the pump, in the end more will come back.

In this spirit the great Ottawa Conference was held in the summer of 1932. So much water was put down, and it is so uncertain whether a drop has come back, that

future historians may point to the Heights of Abraham near the city of Quebec as the site where the Empire began and the city of Ottawa as the spot where it was ended. The Imperial Conferences in London in 1926 and 1930 had asked for and obtained the Statute of Westminster (1931), a statute which gave such complete independence to all the Dominions that it has been compared to the Golden Bull of the Holy Roman Emperor, Charles IV, which did the same for his empire, 'legalising,' as an authority has said, 'anarchy and calling it a constitution.'

Ottawa, after all, was only the economic corollary of the political dissolution which the statute acknowledged. The nearest member of the Empire, the Irish Free State, returned De Valera, who had taken part in the Easter Week Rising to establish a republic in 1916, and ever since then had been the representative of the Republicans. He abolished the Oath, the one tie with England, held up annuities payable to the English Government for money advanced for land purchase during the Union, and said he would only accept the arbitration of men not members of the Empire. So the Empire dissolved, and yet so little did it mean to Englishmen now, that they hardly attended to these acts which would have made their parents breathless with anger and apprehension.

Another small but distinctive symptom of the growth of the English Constitution and temper was the new sign of decay in the still-called National Church. We have seen how it has been eliminated piecemeal, how without discussing principle the Church has been got rid of by provinces. In these latter years (1930–1933) the atrophy has spread to the province of England itself, and the English have again begun to show their curious sub-

conscious genius for dealing with religious controversy, by sapping the establishment through an economic dispute over Tithe, rather than by a frontal attack on Doctrine. The English are too wise or too civil to ask a clergyman whether he believes all he is paid to believe. They prefer to discuss whether the method whereby he has been paid can be continued, or whether it is not so unjust to the payees that, without taking sides, the people may resolve that the Church can continue only if it will carry on without financial support. So it seems that the English genius for elimination may reduce to a vestigial remnant an anachronism in its life without inflaming passions which not only might create intransigent minorities but also preserve indefinitely the anachronism.

The real cares and anxieties of the National Government were not Home or Imperial but European and Asiatic. Japan had descended on Manchuria, asserting that China was not ruling, which was mainly true, and had no right to rule, which was mainly untrue. To distract attention from this large annexation, the Japanese Fleet — purporting to wish to raise an economic boycott which undeniably was hurting Japanese trade — attacked Shanghai. France seemed strangely indifferent ; America was actively nervous ; England, directed by a great legal mind, behaved with a caution which shocked idealists and amused realists. It was said Sir John Simon feared an attack on Hong-Kong should England appear unfriendly — an attack which could not have been parried. So clear at least is it that the Pacific no longer belongs to Powers which do not live there, and they, like absentee landlords, have notice to quit.

The League sent a Commission headed by an English-

man (Lord Lytton) to look into the Manchurian problem. China as a member of the League had without doubt been assaulted and robbed by another member. Japan, hurt by such hard words, withdrew from the League and took with her those Pacific islands which had been ' mandated ' her by the League, and has since begun to turn one of them, which lies between the Philippines and the United States, into an aeroplane base. These are passages of contemporary history which Australians should read with apocalyptic foreboding. The Pacific is clearing of all save two Powers, America and Japan. America wants a quiet and at the same time an exclusive and excluding life — just the life Australians desire and demand. Each has told the Japanese they are not the equal of such white men. Japan was ready to ask for such an equality. At Versailles in 1919 she had asked Wilson, the apostle of Equality, for such recognition. It was unwisely denied. For the Japanese are the equal of the white race in courage, skill and intelligence, in the use of science and the power to plan, and perhaps their superior in that inconvenient, hypertrophied virtue, patriotic devotion. When certain young officers were being tried (September 1933) for their lives because they had assassinated, on patriotic grounds, a late Prime Minister, the present Minister of Justice received several packages from people who urged him to exercise clemency toward these devoted young men. As an earnest of their sincerity the suppliants sent not only their signed appeal, but in little packets, made up into neat bundles, their severed little fingers. As the Minister who received this proof of sincerity remarked, ' What other nation would do such a thing ? What other nation can resist such a

people ?' What Japan has been denied when she requested it, it seems quite certain she is getting ready to take, and the white may yet regret that they refused an equality which the yellow race may with no greater injustice some day deny to them.

At Geneva in 1932 a Disarmament Conference summoned by the League sat, but sat powerless to effect anything. The delegates who were representatives of the Liberalism which still desired internationalism could only make gestures of ineffective benevolence while their national carts were driven off by the more resolute controllers in opposite directions. Europe was therefore as tensely anxious as Asia. The German people this year (1932) underwent election after election, and at each their freedom waned. First Hindenburg was not quite elected for the Presidency. Then, through great efforts of his Chancellor Brüning, he was. This was repaid by Brüning's dismissal almost immediately afterwards, when, to keep going, he tried to get this anchylosed old man to allow the division of his fellow-Junkers' huge estates in East Prussia, estates many of which were bankrupt and some kept on by Government loans which not a few of the owners were spending in the south of France. Hindenburg next put in that Von Papen whose egregious behaviour has been noted during the War, when he was in America. Opinion hardened against such an obviously partial and inept appointment, and a capable general, Von Schleicher, took his place. He too had to attack the big estates, and he too was therefore thrown. Then the Nazis, who had been losing support — the Communist vote gained at their expense at the last free election — were let in by the old man obdurate for his class

and backed by the Thyssen Steel Cartel, which saw a greedy market for its goods if homicidal mania could be fanned in Europe.

We have lived to see this German variant of the violent movement of the lower middle class show its blind anti-Semitism and then be throttled off from its social policy and its threat to the great estates. The issue rushes beyond our time. The methods — propaganda, organised beatings-up and assassinations by ' irregulars,' victims ' shot when trying to escape,' ' found dead ' and ' found having committed suicide,' and a secret murder society which becomes when power is won the secret police, — these features which we have traced working themselves out in Ireland, in Italy and in Russia are here characteristically present. Sociologically these experiments need the most careful and unbiased study. As the Government *de facto* gains in defensive power, if it is to be undermined this must be done by propaganda. Propaganda is the supreme power to-day. The radio makes it possible, but also makes possible counter-propaganda — which is as bad as letting in light other than through the lens on a plate which is being exposed. The democratic Governments based on the Liberal tradition are very vulnerable. They can only resist if Liberals are as ready to defend the freedom of all as partisans are to attack it. The veto on uniformed parties, a veto whereby Henry VII gave peace to England when he fined out of existence any great baron who kept his retainers in livery, seems a necessary and effective step to prevent the gathering of civil-warring forces.

As the Nazi movement has used so largely direct intimidation by a uniformed order, it is hard to judge how

far its newer methods of propaganda (through the radio and the cinema) are decisively effective. If this new method of direct explanation and suggestion really works, then the elder, more clumsy, indirect method of establishing autocratic power through an armed order — through what is, after all, an extension of the praetorian janissary system — must lapse. In the end praetorians are as dangerous to the autocrat as to the over-awed population he has used them to master. At best he has to share his power with them and buy them off with privileges ; at worst he sinks to be their puppet. Both the people and its executive would no doubt like to be able to get rid of the uniformed party-middleman if they could.

It is this attempt to get rid of the political middleman and his machine, which representative democracy requires and which the new autocracies develop into armed party organisations, that makes Roosevelt II's experiment begun in 1933 of such immense significance. This President is convinced that in order to save the United States from economic collapse he must replan its economic system and do away with the blind *laissez-faire* which the people have been brought up to reverence and the politicians have learnt to exploit, not to the public advantage. Yet the President has no power save from the people, and the Constitution is deliberately framed to guard against his being able to act in defiance of their elected (if not intended) representatives. He certainly cannot organise a Youth movement which will put its shirt on him and take the colour of that shirt as a sign of its resolve to push through his programme by violence if necessary. It is all the more interesting, therefore, to watch his use of radio, and how at the beginning once a week and

now at frequent intervals he takes to the Heaviside layer and from that point of vantage directly addresses quite as high a proportion of the hundred million citizens who elected him as did Pericles of his few ten thousands of electoral Athenians.

It is possible that with broadcasting, democracy, by becoming once again direct and not so elaborately indirect and machine-made, may be revived. It is further possible that schemes of replanning, which if launched by dictators have to depend for their success on the armed retainers who push them through and which often fail because of the opposition, resentment and hatred these retainers and their methods arouse, may be carried out successfully in those popularly-governed states where the Executive, instead of attacking and imposing, rallies and mobilises popular enthusiasm for causes which are for the public benefit.

In more backward states experiments with 'improved democracy' are also being attempted. The new Constitution in Portugal framed by a Dictator's Grand Vizier (an ex-Jesuit who has studied economics) is a very interesting example. Passed by a law which assumed not unjustly that those who abstained from voting supported the Government, this Constitution now gives the vote to those who have responsibilities and to those who are ready to pass an examination to show that they are qualified to use the suffrage with some degree of understanding. The future of this experiment will be watched with interest. It does not seem impossible that by these new methods popular government — the essential assent of the people — may be preserved and an intelligent, critical and constructive political consciousness, at present

lacking in democracies as a whole, and sufficient reason for their collapse, may be built up.

Without some such method of rousing and winning popular support, democratic Governments cannot fail to become corrupted by the 'rigging' necessary to keep up the appearance of popular control, and dictatorships, defying and dreading an awakening of public feeling, must either gamble in foreign affairs till they lose and crash or increase suppression until the popular pressure explodes, their systems are overthrown and anarchy results. Whether this public opinion can be roused and kept alive by these new methods it is yet far from certain. What does grow increasingly clear is that if some method cannot be found to keep going the circulation of assent and responsibility, of choice, counting the cost, and acceptance of implications of policy, between the Executive and the people on whose behalf it acts, then dictatorship is not the goal; the only outlook is dictatorial suppression always alternating with blind outbursts of popular anarchism. The other fact that has grown startlingly clear is the equal inadequacy of capitalism and communism, representative democracy and dictatorship, to prevent scandals of enormous dimensions, indeed of such outrageousness as to indicate a degree of lowered social vitality which suggests that the will to live in modern states may have sunk below any natural recovery.

Three incidents of international importance, though two were personal, illustrated in 1932 that supreme need of civilisation — the necessity of a state based not on greed, fear, violence or cunning, but on a clear realisation that society is an organism and individuals can them-

selves only live in it, and itself can only survive, if the aim of their lives is in sustaining and developing society. The change in the feeling-tone and principle in the directors of Russia has been noted, a change compelled by the fact that human nature had not advanced as fast as economic theory. In the United States the need for some new understanding of human nature, the evidence that the current assumptions as to the motives and restraints that affect, order and control social behaviour among human beings in a modern nation were badly out, were illustrated by the Lindbergh baby scandal. The child was kidnapped ; the kidnapper, failing to get his price, destroyed the baby as ruthlessly as the great entrepreneur destroys a crop the hungry may need but for which the middle-master cannot get sufficient profit. The real horror of this murder was that it was not exceptional, that this business of brigand blackmail and murder had become a standard and organised occupation for many enterprising citizens of the United States. The body-politic had scattered throughout it such cancer cells.

The third symptom that the world's insufficient knowledge of itself and its motives was passing the danger-line came from Scandinavia. The Scandinavian countries, of all the states of the world, have probably raised the standard of life furthest with the greatest balance and the least violence. Education (information), taste, tolerance and hygiene had kept abreast of an increasing supply of goods. The suicide of Ivar Kreuger in the spring of 1932 was therefore all the more significant. This man, the Swedish match king, had by the architecture of his splendid factories quite as much as by his

industrial hegemony (he manufactured in forty-three countries and held concessions in sixteen states) and his financial greatness made people think that here was the master mind the world's economic sickness required. It seemed fitting and reassuring that this quiet genius, young, slim, good-looking, should come from clean, comely Sweden. When he was found shot dead in a Paris hotel, informed opinion still believed that it was simply overstrain — the great heart had broken under the blind contradiction of stupid and reactionary men. He had tried to save the world, but the world had been too strong for him.

It had : but the world which had defeated this adventurer, who with all his powers did not know where he was going, was not the world of the distracted mob and the fanatical politician, but that world of greed, of contemptible ambition for wealth and financial power, the world which is one part of the infernal trinity, world, flesh and Devil. Kreuger had swindled for years as vulgarly and with as little vision as a three-card trickster on a race-course. The only difference was that his cards were forged certificates for millions of pounds. His crash revealed not only what a hollow figure men had looked up to, but in the tear it made in the structure of civilisation could be seen exposed the credulous greed of so many persons who had passed as men of judgment and of honour.

Yet even he was not, as people concluded, the *unscrupulous* financial buccaneer, the business superman beyond good and evil. He, too, had to salve his conscience by pretending to himself that he was really only raking off a profit from a great public international ser-

vice. When he brought off his largest and most impudent fraud, the forgery of Italian bonds and securities to the face value of £28,668,500, he had to declare to his 'technical collaborator,' 'I have succeeded in a noble enterprise. This Italian affair contributes more toward accord among the Powers than the (disarmament) conference at Geneva.' Such is the searching force of social obligation, and such the power which a sane and honourable society might have at its disposal to keep its citizens loyal.

This couple of close-ups may end this rapid review of our society at this moment. It is clear it is in danger because it does not know itself, does not know what it wants or how to get it, and even more, it is ignorant of what it is itself. That coming to itself, shocking though it may be, is its one chance. It may have time to learn itself, to make the anthropological approach to the problem it presents before its partial, unbalanced and blind actions precipitate an outburst of violence, scientific in means, lunatic in end, with which it may wound itself mortally. Societies are tougher than our parents ever imagined. We have seen that proved. Russia holds together ; Germany is still a unit ; the United States is still united ; Italy, though it cannot prevent its bonds being forged and its wealth exploited by a Swedish match manufacturer, and so obviously does not realise the world in which it lives, feels more united than perhaps at any time in its history. All these societies have forces tearing at them, yet all are still alive, if gravely near the brink of dissolution.

The United States actually managed to imprison its chief brigand Capone for eleven years on charges of

evasion of income tax. Since then it has set about repealing his opportunity, the condition in which such parasites have grown — Prohibition, the law which no one pretended to respect and which therefore brought the idea of law into contempt. And there in the United States we are now seeing perhaps the most gigantic effort ever made to rouse a people outwardly at peace, and whose instinct of self-preservation is therefore not being stimulated, to realise that inwardly it is in a state of national peril equal to any war's, and it must attempt a new way of industry and society if it is not merely to advance but to prevent collapse.

What is clear is that the old methods, by whatever names they call themselves, dictatorships red, black, brown or blue, are simply a return to the use of fear, while on the other hand the old lack of method is simply the abdication to greed as the one impulse which will get things done. Both are bankrupt : both defeat themselves. There is another way, for we know that there reside in human beings great creativeness and capacity for co-operation. We do not, however, yet know how to release and guide those forces. Probably we have been too reasonable about them, and the anthropological approach to ourselves will mean that if we are to become more intentional and wise in our conduct we first have to realise that we are far more impulsive and stupid than it has been possible up to the present for our vanity to allow.

For this purpose we must be prepared to learn from the violent dictatorial social experiments, for these masters of the masses have undoubtedly known certain things about human nature which were hidden from the Liberal,

the Rationalist and the academic Sociologist. These experiments are not advances, it is true, but they are very significant reactions, reactions from an internationalism whose real strength was purely economic and indeed sometimes only financial. Behind all the xenophobia and true patriotism, the sincere love of culture and a selfish wish to cling to ancient and narrow privileges, the economic integration of the world goes on, and as it advances, suspected and opposed by cultural interests, though its growth can apparently not be stopped by militarism, communism, idealism or common sense (for example, the great armament firms seem to combine under the very frontiers the maintenance of which is their *raison d'être*), that growth is at best inhuman, at worst — as when wars are planned for profit — diabolic.

The force behind the modern dictatorships is therefore not merely a reaction from communism or the middle classes' manifestation of class-consciousness. There is beneath these outbreaks a deep set of the tide, a profound regressive movement which is due to the feeling that all the efforts at internationalism, whether communist or capitalist, have been purely economic, that cultural and psychological values have been disregarded, are essential, and will only survive if the small communities with ancient traditions refuse to be merged and choose even a certain degree of economic backwardness so that values not otherwise to be preserved may not perish from the earth.

The task, then, is to give the new and irresistible force of international economic amalgamation a consciousness (let alone a conscience), to make it realise that it cannot continue to combine as blindly as coral reefs heap them-

selves up from the sea-floor. It must realise, as when money first appeared in the world the first bankers had to realise, why the common traditional man detests this new power.

Internationalism is inevitable unless the world smashes, but unless internationalism comes to understand values, it and the world may be smashed by nationalism just to prevent the other alternative. The internationalist, economist or financier, must realise that unless he understands why this uneconomic survival opposes him, the anachronism will destroy the present and all hope of the future. The cultural nationalist must realise that he cannot prevent internationalism unless he so smash the world that his nationalism and certainly his cultural values will be destroyed. The only future for nationalism is to educate international finance. The only future for international finance is to appreciate the psychological and cultural forces which exist in nationalism, to find expression for them in an international frame and system. So again we see that the future depends on the recognition and application of anthropological knowledge.

CHAPTER II

THE FORCES BEHIND

If it is difficult to trace in the last three years the events of permanent significance, it is even more difficult to indicate by examples the pressure of the forces which are shaping the future. Perhaps, however, the increase of speed, the direction of exploration and the development of new senses may be taken as three advances all of which will influence soon and radically the life of man, and may change, once again and profoundly before it passes away, the life of this our generation.

The increase of speed has been swift, accelerated and spectacular. The English held until 1933 the speed record of the air and for the longest non-stop flight — the one over 400 miles per hour and the other a flight from Cranwell in mid-England to Walvis Bay in South-West Africa. In 1933 the Italians held the speed record, and the French, with a single flight from New York to Damascus, the long-distance record. The speed record has only been advanced by a few miles, and there are aero-dynamic calculations to suggest that somewhere above 450 m.p.h. air resistances — increasing geometrically — may make advances with the present type of machine impossible.

The range distance of flight is also restricted by the weight of petrol this type of aeroplane must carry, though the new automatic flight-control instruments, allowing the pilot, once he has set his course, to rest (for under their control the machine becomes almost as

directive as a migrating bird), make petrol consumption and no longer human fatigue the limit of range. The exploration of the upper atmosphere, the two voyages of Professor Piccard (1931 and 1932) which reached the stratosphere and went some ten miles high, and the Soviet ascent (1933) of 12 miles, were therefore significant not only because, having discovered all the new areas on the world's surface, man now starts to explore new areas above and to study strangely different conditions, but for practical reasons. Already planes are being constructed to fly at this height, where there are no storms, mist or cloud, and the resistance of the air is immensely lessened, so that speeds unattainable in the thick lower air can easily be reached. The tenuousness of that air might make a driving screw fail to find sufficient purchase, but this difficulty can be overcome by the rocket principle — charges of explosive shot out from the rear of the plane being able to propel it if necessary in a complete vacuum. Experiments with rockets have led to this idea being worked out, until it has suggested an exploration which never before seemed anything but moonshine — the idea of sending a vessel to the moon. Such an idea is now a possibility, and it shows the way the powers of man have grown : though it may, it seems at present, remain as useless as the knowledge that sea-water contains gold.

Another of the new outbursts of what may be called the new vertical exploration are the plunges of Professor Beebe in his steel ball into the ocean. Though he has at present only gone a step toward that goal — some 1400 feet, while the full depth of the abyss is some 7½ miles — nevertheless his advance has been revolutionary,

because before these plunges men had stopped short in their direct experience of the deep at a few hundred feet. Direct physical experience, is, however, of less importance owing to the rapid advance in instruments, and the growth of television to accompany 'tele-audience' (the first Derby to be viewed by an audience which was not present was shown in Pimlico, London, in 1931) shows we are on the brink of a new age when to go-and-see will be less and less necessarily associated, and sitting at home, with his mechanical receptors, man may yet with eye and ear range the world.

Beside such radical advances, such undertakings as the great Central Electricity Board which has covered England with the Pylons that carry its 'Grid,' the immense Dnieperstroy dam, the greatest turbo-generating plant in the world, the gigantic St. Lawrence water-way power plant which uses the spill-over of those inland seas, the American Great Lakes, are of principal interest because they illustrate, each in its particular way, the necessity for a new sort of public utility planning. Private distribution cannot dispose of and discharge such vast wholesale production.

Whether the state calls itself Conservative, Republican or Soviet, it would seem that the form of management (the Public Utility Corporation, a business run by business experts for the sake of the community) must always tend to be the same. 'For forms of government let fools contest'; what's most efficiently administered is best. Giant industry is therefore making a significant contribution to sociology and the structure of the contemporary state.

Another such striking community achievement against

nature was the closing of the Zuider Zee by the Dutch and giving it from the barren ocean to the farmer. The only doubt about such an achievement is whether, when science is on further points of its front making possible ever more radical ways of making food, it is worth while with immense engineering science to make fresh land on which the farmer shall pursue on hard soil a hard livelihood which science may render unnecessary.

So once again it must be noted that, spectacular as are such efforts, their significance is far more social than physical, psychological than economic. As physical achievements they are only successive incidents in an advance which can not only be foreseen attaining much more striking results (such, for example, as the damming of the Mediterranean at the Straits of Gibraltar for a European power scheme and the flooding of the Sahara so as to remake the climate of North Africa), but they can be seen as tending to eliminate themselves.

When we have more efficient forms of power production we shall no doubt see the ruins of the present-day super-power plant standing like the pyramids, neglected by all save tourists and archaeologists. But as social symptoms they are of lasting importance, as they have revealed the necessity (without which there can be no further physical advance) of these vast enterprises, which even now overstep the limitations of nationalism, being run by internationally and yet socially minded men.

The most striking social development of the last thirteen years has been the reaction against the doctrinaire belief in the equality of man with its *reductio ad absurdum,* that the mass — the uneducated — which in a

modern society are not even a majority — have a divine right not only to revolt but to rule. It is contrary to fact, and the efforts to make it work have had increasingly to be rigged. The reaction of the middle class, hysterically nationalist (partly because of Socialism's internationalism) and xenophobiac, has, however, been only a reaction, and therefore led to as great absurdities.

Even Hitler's determination to apply eugenics and to sterilise the unfit is stultified by talk about his Germans being Ayrans — which has no anthropological support — and of the baseness of the Semite, which is contradicted alike by history and by present impartial experience. After these swings and counter-swings, whether under the labels Democratic, Proletarian or Socialist, the world will realise, if it is to avoid chaos and reap the harvest of power, it must be run by those who are so expert that they are engrossed by their work and live for its fulfilment. So the wish and need for efficiency may lead to a sane social order based on specialised service ; new means for old ends may lead to new ends, and the best machine require and obtain the best machine-minder.

It seems, then, that the revolt of the middle classes which we are watching to-day (though at present blind reaction, partly against the fear of other nations and partly the insults and threats of communism) really marks the rise of professionalism. On its positive side it is the assertion of two new truths : one, that modern society is not made up simply of workers and usurers but of a third essential but disregarded estate — the managers, the experts, the technicians ; and, two, that modern technical society is not run by greed or fear or class-consciousness, but through the love the expert has

in performing his skilled work ever more efficiently. We are watching that consciousness, the realisation of those truths, slowly inform and quicken civilisation, combine all those who come to that consciousness and make both the middle-class nationalism and the proletarian internationalism sink to their true proportions and be seen for what they are — temporary phases of a sense of wrong which will disappear with a clearer sense of how things can be put right.

The social movement of to-day is, then, a dawning consciousness among the specialised experts that they can no longer leave the direction and exploitation of their essential services in the hands of men who do not understand the pursuit of truth, the love of precision and exactitude, and the patient submission of ascertained fact, which have built up, now sustain, and are essential to the advancement of, all technical undertaking. From this dawning consciousness there must arise first a resolve to refuse to serve anachronisms and delusions, then a determination to create at least enough social order to assure that the special studies will not be extinguished through general social collapse, and finally a policy, a social plan, which shall assure the same spirit of critical understanding and reasonable arrangement in human relationships and all government as have succeeded so well in all the specialised services in which they have been employed.

LITERATURE

The Literature of these latter years has reflected the dawning light of this discovery : the discovery that we have first to understand ourselves ; then to understand ourselves in interaction — society ; and finally, each in

his special function, to carry out our expert detail as a co-ordinating part of a general plan.

Wells, who still remains, as Anatole France once remarked, 'of all contemporary writers the one who matters most,' both from the intensity and persistence of his devotion and the breadth of his appeal, followed up his *Outline of History* and his *Science of Life* with a concluding volume of this huge trilogy, *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind,* a vigorous and directive sociological study of civilisation. His imaginative forecasting romances of what the world would become through science were taken up by Professor J. B. S. Haldane in *Possible Worlds,* Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World* and Olaf Stapledon in perhaps the most remarkable of all these imaginative works, *First and Last Men.* They all showed men become more powerful than wise, but arriving at some degree of wisdom by power. Their outlook was that stimulating 'voluntary meliorism' which sees that mankind can advance if it chooses, and its one real danger is self-ignorance.

Kipling, the poet of Empire, still alive, still a master of language hardly surpassed by any of them, was yet silenced, for his Empire was gone — as Michelangelo found no further inspiration to complete his Brutus when his Florence ceased to be the republic he loved. Undoubtedly the key to the new poetry and the new prose literature is that man is entering upon an epoch of self-discovery beside which all achievement and discovery in the outer world is the more indirect, if not the smaller and less significant half. Where art is used not to explore the human spirit but purely as propaganda, as in Germany or Russia, it withers. This is another argu-

ment, and a very powerful one, in favour of the discredited ideal of liberty. Subjectivity has seemed to increase in art, but this may be due to the fact that the artist is unconsciously being driven to express himself in obscure terms because he dreads the effect of interference on his creativeness. No doubt at present much pure art is more obscure than art has ever been before to its contemporaries, but then never before have artists felt themselves to be so interfered with and so outraged. If liberty is granted, it seems possible that they will learn to use a medium which will convey their new impressions. As soon as they realise that the community does not want to crush them if those impressions do not fall in with current social practice, they will record faithfully and clearly what they experience.

Another striking factor in modern literature is the inability to handle the happy ending. This is in reality a confession of weakness, for simply to let the narrative conclude in collapse is not an artistic achievement any more than is decay and dissolution. This failure to make happiness convincing is also shown by the inability to describe great states of happiness or great nobility of character. Both these things seem to the modern writer of ability to be states of which he has so little experience that he could not describe them with any sincerity.

How the horror of life, even when the war-theme had grown stale, could still inspire the modern author as lyric love once inspired, is brilliantly shown in the work of such a writer as William Faulkner. It would seem that, needing the stimulant of strong emotion and incapable of obtaining it from any pleasurable state, horror has to be drunk like a wine in order that the writer may feel

creative conviction. It does not seem possible that such an attitude can be other than a reactive emotion, perhaps partly due to the State requiring too much dishonest propaganda of its publicists, and partly to a profound subconscious disappointment that sexual freedom, which seemed to the suppressed such a rapturous goal, should have turned out to be boring and even revolting.

PURE RESEARCH

In Pure Research the same tendency, the tendency to see ourselves and how we understand as the main problem of science, has continued to develop. Physics had reached a state in its research into the ultimate structure of the outer Universe when, as the Duc de Broglie, one of the foremost of these explorers, has said, it is doubtful not only whether any physical picture helps us to understand, but whether even the ordinary conception of causality any longer serves. Schrödinger, to whom with Heisenberg is owed most of our mathematical knowledge of the Principle of Indeterminacy — the impossibility of knowing both the speed and the mass of an electron — himself believes this principle has a bearing upon consciousness and tends to remove the physical objection to free will — that the whole Universe is fundamentally determined and therefore can have no place for voluntary action of any sort anywhere.

In April 1932 Rutherford reported that in his Cambridge laboratory his assistants had transmuted an element with an unexpectedly low charge. This was the first transmutation brought about by artificially generated current. Since then, both with lower bombardments and with other elements transmutation has been

effected. So grows continually the power of radiation in human hands to undo that knot of radiation we have till now taken to be matter, and so it is demonstrated that the world is made of nothing else but radiation. More than a hundred octaves of this radiation are now mapped by instruments (though our sight only responds to one), from waves of more than a mile big which can carry radio to waves (the cosmic radiation) which are so fine that they can penetrate half a mile of water and, though of a strength of many millions of volts, have until lately completely escaped detection. Through these superfine instruments the electrical charge surrounding the living cell and the index of its life has been read and measured.

Two years before this new decade opened (1928), Sugar — an essential food — was first synthesised by ultra-violet radiation out of inorganic, unnourishing chemicals. So radiation promises us atomic energy, transmuted metals, food directly out of the laboratory and, as we have seen, even the power to create new species of plants and animals.

By knowing this secret of the outer world's structure we have the path opened to inexhaustible power, wealth and plenty. The knowledge itself is, however, more than the power, for the power can only change our circumstances and give us inexhaustible means to remain as we are. The knowledge can change our conception of what we are and so alter our awareness and our being. For, through the advance of the most modern physics we are made to realise how powerfully selective our scientific apprehension of the outer world has always

been and is now. Mind, therefore, is no chance puddle that between storm and drought mirrors blankly for an instant an alien Universe that rolls above it — rather it is a pole of reality between which and the outer thing the Universe flashes over into understanding. Mind is neither an irrelevant accident in chaos nor an outside intruder into an endlessly repetitive machine. Because of this, science is as selective and as creative as art. This startling discovery, that without being aware of it, thinking they were simply observing and not composing, physicists have been finding in mathematics ever more comprehensive hypotheses, which astronomic and atomic research afterwards confirms, has been illustrated these last few years by a curious fact. All the unsuspected breaks-through of speculative thought in physics have been made by very young men. As Mozart had his music, so they seem to have their mathematics born in them, and de Broglie, Dirac, Schrödinger, Heisenberg and Le Maître, who enlarged our notions of that space-time bubble we call the Universe — all made their revolutionary advances when they were scarcely of age. Indeed, so fast has become the advance that ' too old at forty ' is becoming a fact in mathematics and physics, for the new conceptions become so radically strange that only a new mind, which has not too long accepted a Universe too narrowly conceived, can take them in.

Another example of applied and empirical research tending to return to pure research and to find its true value not in the immediate and practical results that can be obtained from it but in the widening of our outlook on the Universe, is strikingly shown by the latest

developments in practical psychology. Freud himself has now said that his famous method of Analysis is, he believes, more useful as a method of collecting facts about the depths of the mind than as a cure-all. This admission may once again permit exploration which the Freudian hypothesis, because of its apparent finality, has done much to arrest. For Freud's influence has been so great that almost all psychiatrists, whether adopting all the detail of his scheme or no, did accept his fundamental assumption. This is *au fond* anti-intellectual, and so must end in the arrest of research. For if you believe that the subconscious is the final dictator of life, you will attempt only to make such changes as will render the conscious life conformable with the essential demands of the life-below-the-threshold. You must regard as hopeless an effort to master, direct and shape this profound force. When, therefore, you have made it possible for the double life of conscious and subconscious to be carried on without disaster, you have done all that is humanly possible and further knowledge of the deeps is not required, for it can only be used to derange the only possible balance.

Till Freud's time the explorations of the psyche, carried on from Puységur, Mesmer's successor, to Braid, Elliotson, Esdaile and such contemporaries as Wingfield, had not made this assumption about the subconscious, and through hypnosis profound exploration was being carried out. Such research should be restarted. It has, of course, dangers, but it seems unavoidable that all research which approaches any real centre of power must accept this risk. If the casualty rate from 'exploratory operations' were ever published we should not find that

the few cases where deep hypnosis was followed by catalepsy, and catalepsy passed into death, could be compared with those on the operating table.

And this research into the depths of the mind must be resumed not merely for the sake of psychotherapeutics and to make the ill well, but because it is dawning upon us that without a fuller and profounder knowledge of the mind and its unsuspected compass we are unable to solve either our social problems — the relationship of men to each other — or, the even profounder problem, our relationship with the Universe, how we apprehend it and our position in its system.

Here, then, we must leave scientific research, seeing the corner turned. Man, who in physics thought he was going clean away from his uncertainty, his values and his indeterminacies, finds he has instead made a vast circumnavigation of outer fact and is returned to the other side to find himself, in the search for ultimate outer reality, back at himself.

THE PLASTIC ARTS

The less conscious developments of the last three years have also continued to be symptomatic of change, intensifying in speed and as rapidly altering in quality.

The Plastic Arts continued to show ever more clearly the symptoms already noted. The new styles indicated a sense of the increasingly rapid exhaustion of the conscious surface of the mind and of deliberate efforts, in consequence, to penetrate below that surface to fresh dark sources of inspiration. Art has never been so conscious as in this attempt to be unconscious — as is the case of the man who says ' I *will* and must get to sleep,'

and by the strength of his wish only forces himself more widely awake.

A fear of exhaustion hangs over the most active, and a sense that none of the traditional forms can ever again be made hold the spirit of life. When it can be said of one of the most productive of modern artists, Max Ernst, that 'he has the most magnificently haunted brain to-day,' it is clear from what direction paralysing fear is approaching — not from the deeps of madness but from the ever-widening sterile spaces of the commonplace. As Mr. Herbert Read has said in his illuminating book, *Art Now,* 'In the practice of the modern artists there has been a deliberate attempt to reach back to the naïvety of the childlike outlook.' There is fear of understanding, fear that it may show that there is nothing in the whole Universe which, seen as it really is, can amuse.

It has, however, already been suggested in this book that this 'recessionalism,' this Youth movement, may not in the end prove mistaken. 'If the fool should persevere in his folly he would become wise,' said a wise, and also a mad, artist. The movement in art to-day can therefore be taken to be significant of the widening of consciousness, a retreat from under a too highly specialised tradition and from too narrow terms of reference — whether or no the artists themselves are conscious that this is the fundamental significance of their activity.

Another significant development in the latest art is that, having escaped from Representationalism, from any hint of telling a story, it goes further and tries to clean its work of any anthropomorphic taint or trace. Forms are shown which are described by the non-committal, scientific, generalised terms such as Zoomorphs. The

artists' minds seem groping back, seeking for a time when form itself was not hard, definite and geometrical, but when energy expressed itself in vague cloud-like emanations.

A third important indication of the age's character is given by what may be called the sketchiness or impromptu style of work in modern art. Nothing is finished elaborately. By the time you have completed an elaborately worked-out picture the whole style of painting will have changed and you yourself feel as though you were an Impressionist set to complete a half-finished Moroni. In the Middle Ages architectural styles changed before many of the cathedrals could be finished ; nevertheless the work was carried on, for it still had a certain organic unity. To-day, however, the speed is so much greater that the break with the past of yesterday is complete. If a man would put down anything, he must put it down in shorthand. Otherwise it will never be recorded.

Finally, contemporary art illustrates not only the speed of our age but the result of that speed's acceleration to the present pitch — that we have really broken with the past. There is no longer an evolution but a revolution going on in the minds of men, and this break with the past, which is without precedent in the whole history of mankind (and which therefore it is difficult for us to realise) is clearly evident in the latest works of art. To quote again Mr. Read : we are to-day ' now concerned . . . with a development for which there is no historical parallel . . . with an abrupt break with all . . . preconceptions of what the art of painting should be.' Further, Mr. Read goes on to point out that music also shows this same strange characteristic to-day by this un-

precedented plunge into subjectivity and the attempt to explore the subconscious. For the laws of tonality, which gave structure to all previous music and made it a clear ' medium of exchange,' have been abandoned for a-tonal music in which whoever chooses to listen shall hear what he chooses.

ARCHITECTURE

In Architecture, Functionalism now at last attained the courage to break through, and the public eye, once accustomed to such works, realised it had at last the basis for a contemporary style. From that moment the archaistic masks that had been accepted as architecture began to appear as a dull form of fancy dress.

Functionalism has not, however, yet attained even the functional goal — to tax each material, concrete, steel or glass, to its utmost capacity and so to make it yield geometric beauty. The margin of safety which ferro-concrete and steel give is so much beyond that of stone and wood that in no structure framed to house human beings has it yet been approached. Only in bridges has that limit come close enough to effect structural lines. Bridges are, therefore, the outstanding achievements of present-day building, and we can watch the superb constructions casting from their giant limbs the petty frills with which academic architecture would attempt to disguise their tremendous natural proportions, until with the work of Freyssenet spans are attained in which any attempt at conventional decoration would be completely lost. Beyond the functional goal — itself too simple — there are discoveries to be made in proportion and scale far more subtle and aesthetically satisfying than the

immediate and obvious pleasure of geometrical symmetries. With a new material which gives a radically new power of span, thrust and tension, and so a new possibility (which alone must revolutionise architectural conception) of revealing instantaneously to the eye interior and exterior as one dynamic three-dimensional design, new possibilities of elaborations of pattern and organic form are arising and must result in the working out of completely new problems of Empathy.

CLOTHES

Because, then, functional architecture is still so rudimentary, this may be the reason why the new style in building has till now so little affected fashion in clothes. Costume, which should alter as style in building changes, has remained uncertain. Woman's dress has become again more distinctively female, concealing and deliberately inconvenient. Long skirts again appear, for the approximation of the sexes which had set the style till 1930 had certainly not been true of most women in form or character and they were willing to get back to a more feminine fashion. The restrictions of physique and the baroque exaggerations of bodily feature and carriage were, however, not brought back. Instead, the much easier but quite as arresting practice of the heavy use of cosmetics was developed still further, and a painted woman ceased to be a phrase for a prostitute and became a description of almost any woman who was going into fashionable company. The extension of cosmetics from the attempt to imitate the appearance of health, vitality and youth (the stage reached by 1929) to deliberate departures from nature was a small but significant symptom of subcon-

scious change. The return to normal cosmetics which mimic nature had about it nothing revolutionary. But the use of colours which nature does not employ in the human skin, hair or cuticle was a real break-away, Blue nails, green eye-sockets, purple hair and orange lips showed a desire to get away from the limitations of nature without the inconvenience and expense of clothes or the ineradicability of tattooing. A desire for change, fluctuation and disguise, themselves symptoms of a growing awareness of distinction between body and mind, convention and taste, seems, then, to be expressing itself in these extreme vagaries of mode.

Men's dress conspicuously failed to respond to the programme of self-conscious reformers, who thought only of physical hygiene and of looseness as the only way to attain that particular health. No new style appeared, but there was a considerable increase in freedom which was permitted. The forces of revolt were not canalised, and rebels were divided in aim. Anthropological knowledge had shown that clothes are not worn primarily for protection or for comfort, but for bracing, stimulation and a heightened sense of physical awareness. Dr. Köhler discovered that even his chimpanzees wore processional dress when occasion seemed to demand it. To untie every band and loose every brace is not, therefore, to give men the sensation they are unconsciously seeking. Self-consciousness had done away with uniforms which were magnificent and which displayed a fine person and carriage, yet colour was returning.

It looks, therefore, as though with a functional architecture which is bringing back colour, and a costume which has already somewhat recovered it, we shall, as

soon as architecture has developed a little further its new aesthetic canon, see, in response, a tailored style, a cut which will also be functional (*i.e.* anatomical) and will again act as costume has always acted till the nineteenth century, as a secondary sexual characteristic. It is hard to see how frankness about sex can be continued without this fact becoming obvious. If sex is no longer suppressed in discussion, neither will its expression be long forbidden in style of dress.

Another important psychological fact male fashion illustrates at this time. Like all the conventional arts, costume is divided into many styles. There are two evening dresses, day formal and informal dress, and sports clothes. None of these ever actually became uniforms, yet all were so stylised as to make them almost impossible to change. From full evening dress to hunting dress hardly a button could be altered without the most ancient and effective penalty of 'outsider' being incurred. Full evening dress came to resemble more and more closely the cut if not the colour of a century before. The only changes that could be deliberately made in costume, especially in its colour, were in clothes worn for new unregulated sports. It is evident that the style could only be changed where it was not too set. To start a new fashion you must try it out when 'on the loose.' The significance of this, as a symptom of advance by throwback, will be commented on in the final chapter of this book.

MORALS

About morality as a whole, public opinion remained very uncertain. Owing to the speed of change there

were now many people remaining over from a time when it was still considered safest not to discuss fundamentals, in the belief that until they were discussed there was a common foundation of assumption as to their number, nature and force. Changes, owing to a hundred different fundamental discoveries : such as in physiology, birth-control methods ; in anthropology, discoveries of the varied moralities throughout the world ; in psychology and biology, the importance of sex and the need for its expression ; in economics, the restricted but definite place property need occupy ; in physics, how copiously physical wants could be supplied, — all made men realise that they must consciously reset the foundation of social action and the rules and sanctions of behaviour. They had no choice. Much that had been fundamental was seen to have melted away. Much that was taken to be principle was seen only to be accident. A new social doctrine of creativeness, compassion and understanding could be reset and would carry the weight of a complete social structure — but not that old accidental accumulation that went by the name of social structure — that was clear. Though more rest-pauses, more holidays, more serious long-scale thinking and more meditation were necessary than the Victorians had allowed, the Victorian Sabbath was not necessary or defensible. Though a higher standard of life for all could be demanded and could be granted, and privacy and certain personal possessions were probably psychological essentials, unlimited property and exclusiveness could not be maintained. Though a more considerate standard in personal relations could be required, yet the rightfulness of individual possessiveness on the ground of sexual

relationships could not be deduced from the new knowledge, neither could the Law's interference with personal relationships of adults who keep the peace and treat each other with consideration be justified or any longer permitted.

Puritanism, we have seen, failed, in Prohibition, in attempting to enforce a standard which people could not feel to be a question of the morality which is enforceable by compassion or understanding. Puritanism was also failing in its natural but mixed wish to interfere with the gambling impulse, an impulse which is probably an outcome of the taste for risk necessary in a vital animal and seriously balked in a dense society which has to have the damping motto ' Safety First.' Like many other symptoms of balked disposition, gambling may prove to be quite easily curable not by repression but by giving the need for risk and excitement expression in explorations such as Beebe's into the ocean, Piccard's into the stratosphere, Philby's into Central Arabia, Stein's and Andrews' into Central Asia, Wegener's and Watkins' in Greenland.

Meanwhile, the huge Sweepstake and Lottery movement developing in England is showing how little the Puritan can enforce the Law though he may indefinitely veto its reform. And owing to his fear of thinking too clearly, the Puritan here again has laid himself open to the charge of hypocrisy. He will not allow gambling among the poor, and yet the rich are allowed (though not by the strict and consistent Puritan) to ' buy for a rise and sell out for a profit,' never attending to interest but watching simply the gamble of the stock quotation. It is now proved, after the financial crashes of the last

three years, that such speculation is not only an extreme form of gambling (when holders buy and sell stocks which they never hold, but simply on expectation and on margin), but one which by disorganising the security market with violent fluctuations, which have nothing to do with demand and supply for real goods, makes for much more serious social dislocation than putting any amount of money on horses, dogs or cars. We see here, then, that there is evidence that morality must increasingly depend on social suggestion and the general sense of right feeling. Lacking that, all the forces of repression, however traditional, fanatical or inquisitorial, cannot make men behave according to the Law.

More striking, however, is the positive evidence of the new morality which without legal support or punitive ' sanctions ' can give rise to a new code of conduct. The new developments in ethics are solely enforced by an opinion as to how a civilised being should behave. The growth of compassion and the understanding of human motive is not only changing rapidly the penal system. The criminal, the really anti-social person, is now seen as a person who has fallen below the necessary standard of social health and so to be treated for recovery or — a permanently sub-normal type — to be restrained, but not as a sinner to be punished.

The same growth in knowledge and in sympathy is also spreading towards animals as they are realised to be man's relatives. Sport has therefore undergone, and is still rapidly undergoing, an immense change. Never were contests more popular throughout the world, and never was so little harm done in provoking such intense, cathartic pleasure. The blood sports even out in the

open are getting less and less popular. The thought of smashing up small animals for pleasure is becoming increasingly disliked and disapproved. Indeed, it seems that in another decade, unless a war should come to toughen people, only the elderly will really enjoy a battu, and they under the pressure of this new public opinion will realise it is a secret vice which they will be ashamed openly to confess.

That compassion for animals is a symptom of some profound extension of human sympathy no one can doubt who compares two facts. When St. Paul is attempting to spread through the former civilisation a higher sense of compassion, he can nevertheless remark in a contemptuous aside which dismisses the question : Does God care for Oxen ? The Nazi movement to-day, which seems to outsiders wholly to be bent on toughening German sensibility, has passed stringent rules restricting vivisection and attempted to prohibit it altogether. This is not to suggest that people who are considerate to animals can be merciful and understanding to human beings. Anyone well acquainted with this obscure passion can have no doubt that animal lovers can behave like sadists toward those who maltreat their protégés. That fact, however, should not make us blind to the importance of this symptom in modern life. It looks as though the extension of consciousness is bringing a new sense of direct sympathy with other forms of life.

In the evolution of sport — from a savage's carnivoral frenzy in running down his prey to the superb, elaborately-controlled and formalised contests of, for example, the supreme sport of to-day, Lawn Tennis — can be seen

the building up out of animal passion of a great work of dynamic art. And not only the chase but the desperate conflict of the fighting males is here expressed, combined and reaches its sublimation. It may be in this English intuitive development — the word 'sport' now enters every language — a social invention of very great value has been worked out. With it we might learn to sublimate our natural passionate energy. The will to train, to contest to the limit of endurance till we can face defeat with more than calmness, with generosity, and victory with the balance and forgetfulness of self that avoids all boasting and rancour, such a discipline seems to hold out the hope of educating our emotional nature to obey the dictates of our reason.

Certainly the great advance of tennis, the game of almost agonising energy, where passionate strength and perfect concentration meet in what is indeed the highest activity of dynamic form, is a symptom of this age. It has drawn away from the too-extended formalities of cricket, and even from the less-balanced energies of football. It is without doubt the athletic art of our age, capable not only of releasing basic energies otherwise destructive, but of creating an expression of intense beauty which gives our civilisation one, and perhaps not the least, of its justifications.

CHAPTER III

THE TREND

It is a paradox of our peculiar time that though it may be impossible for us to be sure in our estimate of the Forces Behind which of them are really decisive, about the fundamental Trend which moves below those forces we have a fair degree of certainty. For it is clear that certain vast conflicting tendencies, which early in our life pursued their developments largely disregardful of each other, are to-day locked ; neither side will permit the other's right further to develop, each claims the entire control of man, and yet neither can eliminate its rival. These two forces, the complexes of ideas which we have seen throughout these thirty years drawing together under the two poles of Realism and Humanitarianism, have to-day become so distinct and self-conscious that they are dividing humanity between them. In consequence, to many people this seems the end of civilisation. Agreement, tolerance, critical appreciation and free creativeness seem swept aside. You must join one side or the other. Either you must support a class and get rid of geographical frontiers by imposing social frontiers, or you must support a nation and get rid of social divisions by shutting yourself within territorial divisions.

Yet this diagnosis is not profound enough. The real dispute is not between a class culture which believes in an economic settlement and would then give complete psychological freedom, and a national culture which

holds to a psychological conservatism and for its sake will preserve and render endurable economic inequality. The real issue is between Realism and Humanitarianism, between those who believe that outer conditions as we have perceived them must dictate ever more thoroughly our social organisation and our personal values, and those who hold that values must be developed until they can assert themselves as facts in social relations and throughout the practical world.

It is too often taken for granted that Humanitarianism is beaten, and that the only place for new values and a richer life must be found in the military revolutionary camp, when greater force shall at last have beaten the reactionaries with their own weapons and, the phase of dictatorship over, a classless world will be free to pursue freedom. This assumption disregards two facts. The first is that the Nationalist reaction against the class war is, as we have seen, itself a cultural reaction. It is, with all its crudity and its failure to avoid being exploited by self-seeking cynical interests, feudal and industrial, a protest against the assertion that economics are fundamental, and an assertion that psychology and values are primary. The second fact that is at present disregarded is that Humanitarianism is not yet defeated. Our problem would be far simpler were it so. The fact remains that, though for the moment Liberalism and Social Democracy, which were supposed to be the executives of Humanitarianism, have been deposed in many places, the force they all too slackly and equivocally acted for is not liquidated. It is deprived of many of its instruments. Its Governments are being dismissed from office, but that is because they were incompetent and inconsistent.

Humanitarianism is still growing to the final crisis, and the end is not yet. For example, look at topical Germany. The Jew is baited with an almost medieval brutality, but, as we have seen, the same Government has passed one of the most stringent Acts against cruelty to animals and vivisection. To go back a little further, the late Dictator of Spain, though he took away the people's liberties, made the first rule to humanise the bull-fight. Such measures are highly significant and would have astounded even a cultured man of the Middle Ages. Countries such as Germany may be suffering from hysteria, but hysteria and even madness does not mean that the patient becomes nothing but a homicidal maniac. To say he is becoming unreasonable is only a negative diagnosis. We need to know what path his new devotion or obsession will make him pursue. He will not behave with complete incoherence or inconsistence, but in accord with another notion of values and possibilities than that which directs us. Though, then, the topical confusion in civilisation is great, we must not assume that it is complete chaos ; rather it is the interplay of two interpretations (that of the dictatorial nationalist and that of the democratic liberal internationalist) to render in a balanced proportion these two forces, the Realist and the Humanitarian — the sense of what the world actually is and the sense of what the spirit of man demands. To illustrate from yet another dictatorship : Mussolini maintains that he is not a militarist desiring war for war's sake, but one who is compelled to strive by all means for the uplift of his people. He quotes as his moral the timid (certainly not chauvinist) statement of ' my master Machiavelli ' : ' the prophets who have disarmed have always been de-

stroyed.' Historically this is far from accurate : as an expression of policy it is almost defensive.

This diagnosis, therefore, compels us to go deeper. The line of fissure, we now see, runs under all the frontiers and breaks up both national and class solidarity. Liberal democracy, Soviet dictatorship and National dictatorship all have these fissiparous forces tending to shatter them. We have so many new experiments in government to-day *because* the critical strain between Realism and Humanitarianism has become so acute that men are trying every new kind of political invention to prevent the community being torn asunder by, on the one side a pitiless realism, a sense that physical fact is the only reality, and on the other a passionate humanitarianism which will defy any reality which challenges its right to set aside circumstance, and deny any authority which would sacrifice the individual to social ends.

Once this fact is disclosed — the fact that no State is really going back, but that each is making desperate reactions to the acute tension of profound conflicting forces which they all experience — we can go a step deeper and see several outstanding and apparently conflicting facts as evidence of the same basic force and tendency. We have seen that one of the most important symptoms of our generation was the Youth movement, the tendency which Barrie expressed for the English-speaking Puritan peoples in *Peter Pan*. We have also seen that the Youth movement had, especially in the last three years, unexpectedly swung over from aiming at a gay irresponsibility to attempting a sudden and violent seriousness. Escape into the nursery has been countermanded by the order, Escape into the school-yard. The desire to be supple and

light has been exchanged for the determination to be hard and intense. Yet in both cases the same force is in play — the desire to escape, to avoid the patient negotiation of hard circumstance and the toil of thinking things out. The rock is being struck because it did not seem to yield at once when it was spoken to. But for the moment any suggestion of rock-boring is out of fashion. These youngest and intensest of reactionaries and their immediate predecessors, those youngest and most expansive of Liberals, are therefore both symptoms of the same force, are successive replies to the same question.

Undoubtedly, then, the Youth movement is an escape, but it is not therefore a mistake. Undoubtedly our generation has experienced one profound fact, the unparalleled intensification of self-consciousness, the final term and phase of that partial and disbalanced development which through the modern age, and especially through the nineteenth century, gave rise to the disproportionate increase of powers and means, until men lost sight of adequate values and ends to shape those means.

Faced with this fact of intensifying self-consciousness, of having to be fully aware not only of what one does but of the lack of social authority and so the entire individual responsibility for the doing of it, there has been, naturally, a strong desire to retreat. Ahead there seemed to lie only subjectivity. Back, then, to the safety of the nursery : back to where I can be irresponsible because older and wiser authorities take the responsibility. But the nursery is no longer there. We cannot eat of Alice's Mushroom, shrink again until parents and nurse once more tower over us and we are safe.

So, nursery and the ' grown ups ' having failed, we turn

on them. Why won't they protect us ? They are soft and rotten. We must sweep away the incapable, hesitant old. We must be hard and gallant little heroes. We will show them that boyish courage can cut through all the tangles they have made. These doubts, difficulties, distinctions, differences and divisions are all pretences. There is a firm and obvious world straight in front of us. Everyone good, clean and young can see it. Those who cannot are perverse or senile and must be beaten up and swept away.

So here again we see, as in the ' nursery ' movement which preceded it, another passionate reaction against the present way that self-consciousness has grown, and a feeling that somehow we must get back because the line developed so far and so fast has exhausted itself and led to confusion. There has grown so acute a conflict between what we see and what we feel, a conflict so balanced that the victory of either side is fundamentally impossible, that our whole culture, consciously or unconsciously, is being driven to realise that only in a profounder synthesis, a reconciliation in the depths of our nature, can peace, salvation and sanity be found.

Nor is this crisis apparent only in the political world. In Art we have seen the same movement. Once Representationalism had been given up, then in painting subjectivity rapidly advanced, until with the Surrealists images are put on canvas which are intended to be the pure products of Free Association — the artist is aiming at rendering the reaction of his subjective mind without any attempt to interpret his unique sensation to a beholder. Fear that inspiration should be completely exhausted through growing analytic knowledge of how art has

been achieved and how the designer, the draughtsman and the colourist got their effects, has made this great increase of analytic knowledge not help but paralyse invention. In consequence, we have the deliberate effort to be undeliberate, a conscious attempt to recover the spontaneity of the subconscious. The method is probably mistaken, as we have seen. Here, however, we are considering it as one more symptom of a change and increase in consciousness. Of this it is highly significant.

On the other hand, as we have seen, Architecture, which cannot be subjective but which has also found tradition dead and constrictive, has swept its structure clean of all recollective decoration. In the clear mirror of areas which are purely functional and geometrical it trusts, in time, to find reflected patterns which are too fundamental ever to be captured and set by the conscious mind. Beauty must be a divine accident or a sudden uncovenanted bounty that is imparted to work, that does not dare to dictate where it should flower, but leaves the house empty, swept and garnished for its entry. Whether the spirit that enters is creative or itself has only been wandering 'in dry places, seeking rest and finding none,' at least it is clear that here, too, we have evidence of the belief that the self-consciousness has developed to such a point that it is exhausted and there is need for an artesian renewal from a dark depth.

In Psychology we have seen the rapidly growing importance given to the subconscious, and the growing belief that no logical or rational statement can affect psychological conditions. Mood, character, temperament and experience can only be changed by changes below the level of opinion and intellect.

In Physics we have seen the complement of this movement. Doubts have at last arisen as to whether the data of experience are really objective, and as to how far the five senses may not be interpreting and reinterpreting the outer world before they permit our minds to work on the material they hand to us, and which we can only obtain through such indirect channels. Epistemology, the most interior of the sciences — the study of how we know and whether we can know — has therefore suddenly to be given priority of place, before even the most exact and objective of the sciences. So here also the growth in self-consciousness, in a new realisation of what the mind is doing, compels us to explore our subconscious levels, and so calls a halt in the uncritical, partial and unbalanced development of intelligence and requires a new growth of apprehension through other less developed channels of awareness.

When, then, we take all these outstanding symptoms and place them side by side, the conclusion seems clear. Firstly, the main Trend at the present moment is toward an acute development of consciousness. Self-consciousness has reached such an intensity that it has made the arts sterile, life valueless to the individual and society to be in danger of dissolution. In consequence of this there is a reaction. The arts attempt to get inspiration from the subconscious and become subjective. Those who are politically-minded attempt to escape into emotional simplicities and youthful conviction, uniformed and uninformed. Even that stronghold of conservatism, Religion, moves, we are told, from reliance on authority to reliance on ' individual spiritual experience.' Even Science itself realises that it was self-deluded in its belief

that it was objective. Self-consciousness compels it to explore its own consciousness before it attempts further to interpret the outer world that consciousness mirrors so strangely.

This development has seemed to many onlookers only 'the treason of the clerks,' the betrayal of reason, the blind escape into childishness, superstition and self-comforting illusion. If this were a conscious movement in its origin, that might be so. But it is not. The reaction may be conscious. The way people are behaving in politics, religion, art and science *may* be prompted by cowardice and defeatism. Whether that is so or not, however, is not our chief concern. What we have to focus upon is the force, the cause which has produced that reaction. That force is under no man's will, however dictatorial, however inventive, however creative. It calls : to it we answer according to our capacity.

Considering it through these its symptoms, we see the path of a consistent drive. We see self-consciousness brought to a pitch at which it discovers its own partiality, and in that partiality the explanation why its achievements (because wrought by what is only an aspect of understanding) are inadequate, unbalanced and dangerous to life, heaping up means and obscuring ends. We see the balance begin to be corrected and, with the discovery of wider apprehension — with a further area of the subconscious becoming fully conscious — the opening out of a new life, a new interpretation of existence and a new and adjusted pattern of conduct.

Taken together with the new apprehension in science, the new explorations in art, and the new discoveries in psychology, we need not therefore be unduly perturbed

by the new experiments in Politics. These are all part of a growth still largely blind to-day but making for a new sanity. A birth of a wider consciousness is taking place among us. The climax of self-consciousness has been reached, and having fully explored that province, we are now beginning to penetrate into a larger being, a new continent of consciousness. That is the Drift of our evolution to-day. Such a crisis is naturally dangerous. Taking place at its present unprecedented speed, it cannot be other than painful. But it is also hopeful. We may not get through. But at the same time there is no inherent reason why we should not. The development is natural, inevitable, and a growth in which our volitional co-operation is decisive ; and even if we as a society fail, each of us may know we are carrying out an experiment which will be full of useful lessons to those who will hereafter succeed.

We see, then, that the basic division to-day, between Humanitarianism and Realism, is itself able to be analysed still further, and at a further depth reconciled. As often, each side has been right in what it has maintained and wrong in what it denied. Humanitarianism is right in maintaining that the individual is essential and that the State, as it is to-day, is committing wrong when it sacrifices its individual constituents to itself, for this is the sacrifice of the higher to the lower and the total loss of a more advanced form in a more backward. Where Humanitarianism has been wrong was in saying that there is nothing beyond or above the individual. Realism is right in saying that the individual by himself is nothing, cannot maintain himself and is a blind alley. Where it has been wrong was in denying that the indi-

vidual is an essential step in civilisation and that there is any escape from the dilemma between the sacrifice of the individual or the dissolution of the State. It was wrong in denying that the individual can develop into a larger life in which the State can be maintained and yet the individual fulfilled. The new development in consciousness points the way (but the only way) whereby these apparently conflicting claims can be reconciled and which if not reconciled will destroy civilisation. For as individual consciousness has reached such an intensity that it now 'turns the curve of the spiral' and discovers that it cannot itself go on unless it discover a larger consciousness as real but more embracing than self-consciousness, so too the community sees it cannot go on unless it can become in reality the larger life of its constituents.

That larger consciousness is not only being sought today, but the outlines of that sunken continent are already being recovered. The facts of thought-transference confirm the convergent tendencies of the arts, the sciences and all the social movements of our generation. They point to the fact, which thought-transference demonstrates, that we are becoming aware of being parts of a larger consciousness, and that in realising that consciousness not only does our individuality find its fulfilment and assumption (instead of ending, as it otherwise must, in futile extinction), but a community is built up worthy of the individual's devotion and repaying it because only through such a communion can his development be completed.

In short, it is through the discovery of this larger consciousness, of which the individual consciousness is a rudimentary 'nucleating' growth-phase, that Humani-

tarianism, with its claim that the individual must not be sacrificed unless it is for something he can realise is his higher development, and Realism, with its claim that the individual must be organised and the community made supreme, can alone be reconciled, neither one nor the other being crushed. It is painful to admit this new awareness, this larger consciousness, as painful but also as necessary as the first breath which we all had to take when we were finished with the parasitic life of the womb.

Such a conclusion, such a solution, such an interpretation is perhaps more startling than all the outward accidents that have befallen us. Rather than believe they point to such an unsettling meaning, we may prefer to leave them as blind accidents, a catalogue of aimless calamities. Therefore, that this conception (of the present critical development in all lines of human thought and action, as a symptom of a psychological revolution) is not arbitrary, an illustration from scientific discovery may render more credible. In this chapter it has been maintained that what has seemed to be a retreat from Reason and the collapse of a too intense self-consciousness is not so, but rather a turn in that gigantic spiral whereby life enlarges itself and whereby the power to apprehend outer reality is enlarged by an extension of consciousness beyond those channels and apprehensions which have now been brought to the maximum of their capacity.

The subjectivity of modern art, the epistemological doubts and speculations of modern science, yes, even the puerilities of the Youth movement, whether gay or violent, are symptoms not of oncoming collapse but of an

oncoming extension of understanding. This may seem too bold an optimism. Do not these symptoms all show too clearly the second childhood of our culture ? As Nicodemus asked, expecting to end the discussion which had grown too transcendental, Can a man enter again his mother's womb and be reborn ? That undoubtedly is the question with which civilisation is faced to-day : Can there be rebirth, or must the attempt at metamorphosis always mean death ?

It is on that peculiar and vital point that we have to-day through science a most significant addition to our knowledge. To-day we know that this way of rebirth is the way whereby all great critical advances have been made by Life. Because 'Nothing fails like success,' therefore the perfectly efficient is the perfectly finished. All profoundly new development, all development after the stage of complete functional power has been attained, must be and can only be by a profound sloughing and, more, by a recasting of the elder form and a completely fresh growth built up from the basic materials. This is the great principle called now in science Foetalisation, since its supreme biological importance has been discovered, but known for long to the 'artists of thought' as metamorphosis or rebirth. Through this way, it is now known, the insects which adopted it attained to the height of individual mental power and psycho-physical specialisation and social development. In this manner was derived the dog from the wolf and man from the ape. The process seems to be a retreat out from under a functional and expert specialisation which commits the creature to a limited achievement back to a more generalised outlook and approach. The intensely narrow, effec-

tive focus is expanded and, ' becoming like a little child,' the creature is able to take in a new range of reality. It casts its narrow defences and embraces a new kingdom.

This, then, seems the character of the crisis that is upon us. The incoherence of art, the doubts of science, even the childishness of the men of action, is a confession of need, of a new apprehension gradually dawning, and of a still vague but enlarged sensibility.

Naturally, faced by this demand of Life, faced with this dilemma to take in more reality and to fulfil more courageously the psychological demands of his nature, man shrinks from the only way forward — to keep on opening his mind, his heart and his apprehensions. He feels that he is being torn asunder and dissolved. Birth is as terrible an agony as death. That it shall be birth and not death depends on the creature's vitality. One thing is certain, that the old narrower life is over. For a short time we shall see the violences of this profound conflict, by those who suffer from them, thrown out into the outer world of action. We shall see the outer violences of class wars, experts' wars, nations' wars and age-group wars — all projections of inner conflict striving to avoid the crisis that must be fought out in itself. But in the end the force within us, which we are now attempting to get rid of by our violent actions in the world without, will turn in upon ourselves. For we are not answering its demand that we should change ourselves by these our violent efforts to overset the world. We cannot say whether we shall learn in time where lies the true centre of our distress and so realise how it may be cured, and cease before we have done fatal damage by striking blindly about us as lunatics strike with mad fury

at the phantasms projected by their diseased minds. What our present knowledge does tell us is either we shall shortly emerge into a new world in which value and reality can be seen reconciled, or we shall die, leaving a lesson and an empty field for those next chosen by Life to attempt this crisis of creation. We can see the deep Trend under us to-day so clearly because to-day it is risen almost to the surface and, a swift embracing current, is sweeping us to the brink.

CONCLUSION

A CHRONICLE which ends with to-day must conclude with epilogue-prologue. The review of our acta closes, and without a moment's pause we go on into action : the dispositions of our forces dictated by those deeds, our strategy governed by the thoughts that went with them.

Gibbon, summing up the stateliest review ever made of fifteen hundred years of our ancestors' history, concluded not only that he had shown ' the triumph of barbarism and religion,' but that all history was in the main but ' a catalogue of the crimes, the follies and the misfortunes of mankind.' Though we have only lived through a fiftieth of the span covered by his survey, and though we are possessed of far less than a fiftieth of his power of review, it does seem that we have a right to draw conclusions, and that they may differ from his. For, though the times we have recalled have been so short, we ourselves have been able actually to recall them. They are not a history only to be resuscitated through documents, but are our very experience.

Though we have forgotten much and mistaken more, yet these acta have been our personal deeds and sufferings. Even when we have failed to account fully for them or have misapprehended them, still they have been built into us, making our characters whereby we interpret the past and giving us our powers and aims with which the future of to-morrow will be shaped ; still they have been the environment which moulded us, the food

that nourished us, giving us not only energy but personality.

Even though the span has been so short, such has been the unprecedentedly accelerated speed of change that our thirty years of contemporary Europe have not only been far more full of history and achievement ' than a cycle of Cathay,' but more, too, than the Roman Empire's fifteen hundred years of decline, fall and gradual reascent.

And finally, though that portion of the process we have had to study is so brief, not only is it one in which change has been incomparably faster than in any other period, but what is even more instructive, it is a period in which a new power of viewing, evaluating and, we believe, understanding human nature has appeared. The observation under the microscope by an expert cytologist of a single cell will give a truer judgment of the nature of a growth than the opinion of a layman who has the whole body before his eyes. So we believe that, (i) our generation's growth in self-knowledge, (ii) its discovery of where are to be sought the hidden springs of human motive (though they are yet to be mapped and their volumes gauged), and, even more fundamental and more consequential, (iii) the discovery which unites the new self-knowledge with the new outer knowledge, the discovery that not only is our most detached observation of the outer world an act of creative selection but that that selection is made because of and through a fundamental relatedness between inward consciousness and outward experience, between ' mind ' and ' matter,' — these three discoveries mark our age and generation as one of such advance that its thirty years may claim to

be equal to the sum of many previous generations ; they may also show that as we have this power of interpreting our own actions, and through them the problem of human behaviour, and of conceiving the relationship of our minds with the Universe as no other generation has been able to conceive, our experience has a qualitative importance which no other age could attain.

The epilogue of this outline of our Time Past is, then, that in our lifetime humanity entered upon an unparalleled and critical stage of its growth. It has, under our eyes and in our persons, been going through a convulsive conversion. The revolution is from man's immemorial habit, his unselfconscious effort to satisfy his nature which he did not understand by causing changes in the outer world (the necessary behaviour of man as long as he is an animal, and continued until to-day). The revolution is directed to change that simple and now fatal reaction into a critical apprehension of human nature and to control over that nature.

Our thirty years have been so important and so revealing because all our power and knowledge have converged and culminated in this revelation of self-knowledge and of the extent and power of the mind. The meaning of our age is summed up in the new apprehension of meaning, of purpose and of interest, a new apprehension in which the efforts of past ages have their fulfilment.

The prologue of this outlook on our Time to Be is that, because of this discovery about ourselves and our mysterious connection with the Universe, our feet are on the threshold of an age of creative thought and action inconceivable to those who went before us. Our powers may grow beyond limit because the Universe can give us

unlimited support if we understand ourselves.* If we can ask the question right, it seems the answer will never be withheld. It is in framing the question that our character, our degree of self-limitation, is revealed, and so the limitation of the depth to which we can penetrate into the Universe. For here the Newtonian law holds : Action and Reaction are equal and opposite. We cannot advance outward to further knowledge of the outer Universe unless we advance proportionately inward to deeper knowledge of ourselves, of consciousness. The two worlds are equal and are balanced the one against the other because they are complementary aspects of one whole of experience and being.

This, however, is no easy uplift, nor does it dissolve the problem and doubtful fate of our future, out into which we are stepping to-day, into an idealistic dream where we have only to wish for reality to be transformed into what we desire.

It is true that we have come to realise that the will is creative, but we have also, with that realisation, come to see that that will has not to transmute the world to our present limited and transitional wishes but to transform our vagrant wishes to a set purpose and a creative discipline in which the will may be expressed worthily and so to the full capacity of its tremendous power. Because consciousness and experience are two reciprocating sides of an evolving psyche, we have to learn to create as much by understanding the outer Universe as

* Speaking of the increase in our new geometries, which have been invented by mathematicians but all of which are objectively valid and sustained by observation, an eminent physicist said the other day : 'It is all a matter of mental force. If you can construct further mathematically sound geometries nature will continue to hand you "the outer facts" with which to confirm them.'

by willing the fulfilment of the inner Universe. In short, we are entering upon an even more exacting crisis than that which we have passed through this generation, a crisis to which the first part of our lives is but the prologue.

Natural selection, as has often been lamented by the Eugenists during these years, has been arrested by sentimentalism, and where sentiment rules, the human race must decline. Physical natural selection, however, probably ceased to play with adequate selective pressure on our species almost as soon as it became human, as soon as it had acquired the brain that let man present only those surfaces which he chose to the carving force of this blind wheel of fate (witness the survival of our teeth, our failure to evolve adequate abdominal muscles, etc.). It is not the rise of sentimentalism but of intelligence that thwarted physical selection. Yet it is true that in our age physical selection has been deliberately banished as never before, the last traces of its pressure sought out and relieved. This does not mean, however, that natural selection has ceased. On the contrary, it means that it is brought to bear just on that unique development, the intelligence and conscious mind, which in protecting the body from this pressure of natural selection exposes its own self completely to that pressure.

The problem that confronts our age immediately is how far it dare face the facts of self-knowledge which that pressure has brought to light. Already we see whole nations and classes of humanity retreating back into the protection of illusion, to escape the vision of reality, to escape the self-knowledge and the need for

action upon the self which that knowledge demands if it is to become actual and to be further advanced.

On one side we have the return to elder religions which, assuming authority, promised to relieve individuals of their task of self-understanding and self-transformation. On the other we have religions such as Christian Science and some forms of Spiritualism, which teach that the present private will and its still largely animal desires can and shall be satisfied.

Even cruder, we have the national and class dogmas which will give those who join up a heightened sense of superiority over their fellows and the delusion that they have the right to express the violence they feel, at the price of understanding. More advanced, but hardly more subtle, we have the popular applications of psychology which teach that the mind which has discovered the clue to human behaviour is itself an irrelevant accident, incapable of shaping action (though capable evidently of confusing it), and so is reason used to prove that reason can never prove anything or lead to anything.

These teachers lead their willing postulants to where it is proved to them that they must follow a life guarding against reason, yielding to impulse and guided by instincts, of which there is no evidence that they can guard or guide. In exchange for the task of constant discovery — as compensation for the defeat that confesses that there is no meaning to be found — men are to be given the satisfaction of impulse. So they, too, are escaping from the pressure of natural selection which would drive us all on to fuller understanding of ourselves, a new outlook and a new way of life.

Because, then, we can now see that our future rests with and in ourselves, in gaining more understanding of our nature rather than increasing power over the outer Universe, that does not mean that the future which lies in front of us is easy or even sure.

The frightened and reactionary forces may gain until they can forbid advance even to those who have the courage to go on : they may destroy this contemporary civilisation which is the springer from which that advance must be built out. The task itself, even if undertaken by sufficient numbers, may prove so much more exacting and exhausting than the most far-sighted can now suspect, that few may persevere and many who are to-day progressive may live to die reactionaries and to throw their weight against advance.

Yet though understanding offers us no guarantee that it may not, before this our generation reaches its end, present us with problems before which we shall be arrested, it gives us this hope with which to make the venture. We are not attempting a wholly alien knowledge. The critical problem we study is part of our actual being. It is part also of a long and unbroken series of advances. Because understanding has won in the past, there is this earnest that it will win in the future.

Moreover, our topical and intense problem is the conflict in human society itself. Here, too, the advance toward a solution is far from hopeless. In our own time we have seen the triumph of sympathy-understanding (the emotional and intellectual aspect of a new power of interest) in those fields of living relationships where, before, timidity said no advance was possible.

In anthropology it has been proved there is no people

or tribe so backward, so shut-off or so suspicious that it cannot be approached and made friendly and, more, able to give knowledge needed by humanity, if the brave and unequivocal approach of friendliness, patience and fundamental courtesy is employed. In psychiatry it has been shown that the insane (people also suffering pre-eminently from intense suspicion) can best be approached in the same manner, with complete fearlessness, without a shadow of threat or violence, and with a profound sense of willingness to help. In animal training the same unexpected fact has emerged : the basic problem is the existence of suspicion and fear. Absolute confidence, patience and goodwill can render friendly even the carnivores. But — and here is a fact which may explain the failure of timidity in human relationships — not even a hint of fear must enter the tamer's mind, or his malaise, causing an involuntary vasomotor change of the sweat-glands, will change his smell — unnoticeable, of course, to himself but instantly recognisable to the animal, a signal that the man is frightened and so (instantaneously intuitive and fatal deduction) must be about to fight in a defensive-offensive.

If, then, we can safely and beneficially get into touch with the remotest savage, the lunatic and the carnivore, is there any reason to suppose that we cannot understand and co-operate with our own selves and our own societies which have already achieved so much co-ordination ? We still have much of the timid and conventional savage, the self-centred and suspicious lunatic, the nervous and violent carnivore in our nature, but we have seen that all these defences do yield to sympathy and understanding, and that civilised man is civilised because he had the

courage to discard these defences and to begin to take the generous initiative.

There is a hope, therefore, for our generation in so far as it has a courage intense enough to be quiet, a faith clear and a kindliness pure enough to be free of any wish to exploit its object, and vision sufficient to realise that its gain is in understanding and in benefiting its fellow-creature, that, in fact, its own individuality is only a phase in its growth, and that it is evolving the next stage of its being by co-operation with other individuals. This may be a high fate, but surely one not too stern. Surely everyone who reflects wishes to be possessed of such powers, and with them infinite achievement is possible.

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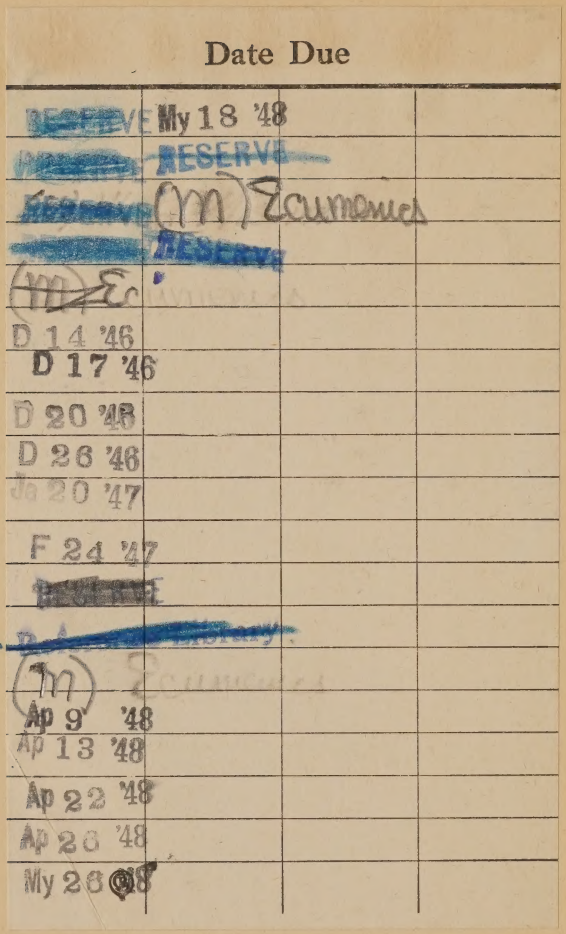

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